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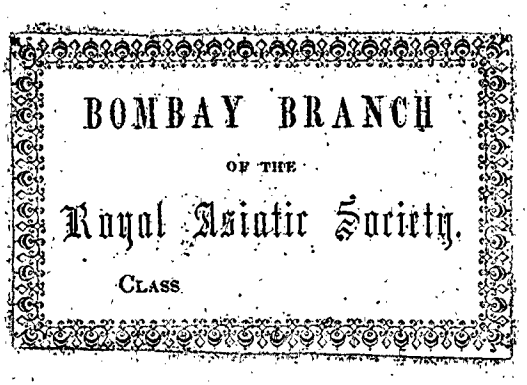


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# THE SPAS OF ENGLAND.

## NORTHERN SPAS.

SCARBOROUGH NEW SPA.

THE

# SPAS OF ENGLAND,

AND

## PRINCIPAL SEA-BATHING PLACES.

BY

A. B. GRANVILLE, M.D., F.R.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE SPAS OF GERMANY," "ST. PETERSBURG," &c.

## NORTHERN SPAS.

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SCARBOROUGH.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,

GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1841.

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TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

QUEEN

VICTORIA,

WHO

HAS CONDESCENDED

TO

ACCEPT THEIR DEDICATION,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE,

WITH THE DEEPEST FEELINGS

OF

LOYALTY AND RESPECT,

INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

# PREFACE.

SISTE VIATOR!—was the emphatic phrase of olden times, by which the attention of the casual passenger was suddenly arrested, when the writer of an epitaph desired to secure to himself a succession of readers, and engage their sympathy in behalf of the subject of his composition.

I wish I could use an equally successful mode of checking, in those who may be inclined to peruse my present volumes, the proneness so prevalent nowadays to pass by the preface and proceed at once to the subject-matter; for in no case has the author of a work of facts stood more in need than I do of being heard preliminarily, owing to circumstances which were not contemplated when the present book was first undertaken.

Therefore it is that I most respectfully request my readers not to refuse their attention, for a few moments, to the contents of this Preface; inasmuch as without the knowledge of them, some part of the narrative, and a few of the arguments and descriptions that follow, would seem incomprehensible and defective.

And first it is important that it should be stated that the TOUR of which my two volumes purport to give an account,

was made principally during the summer and autumnal months of 1839, and not completed until the summer months of 1840.

Those readers who are aware of the heavy responsibilities and duties that attach to a London physician of twenty-three years' standing, as well as of the importance of the inquiry I had undertaken, will readily comprehend the motives for this division of labour, in the performance of one and the same task; they will recollect that such an author cannot command his own time for any extra-official occupation he may undertake, and has often to abide the will of others and of many.

In the second place I am bound in justice to myself to declare, that nearly the whole of the First Volume was written and *printed* soon after the completion of the first or principal part of the TOUR—that is, in the spring of 1840. As it was my intention to send it forth immediately, the sheets were printed as soon as written, and were ready before the concluding information I required for the second volume was personally collected.

At this conjuncture my personal attention to the continuation of the work was suddenly and most effectually prevented, by a professional engagement of such honour and importance, that it could not be refused without derogating from the character of an upright, consistent, and humane practitioner.

That engagement necessarily required my absence from England for several weeks in the early part of the summer of 1840; and on my return, the season for publication, according to the technical arrangements of the trade, was passed. I therefore profited by this species of recess, and devoted a

few leisure days in the autumn to the completion of my materials for the second volume.

It is these explanations which I am naturally anxious the reader should peruse, ere he proceed to look into the work itself. They will enable him to understand that, in whatever part (if any) of the present volume I may seem to him to have been anticipated by other writers, the fact is not really so, since the contents of the following pages were not only written, but actually printed, more than a year ago; and that wherever he may imagine that I have omitted facts or observations concerning some of the Spas, it is because those facts have only come into existence since these sheets were printed.

Without trespassing too long on the patience of my readers, I will, with their permission, illustrate each of my positions by a suitable reference.

The subject of railway-travelling had never, before the year 1839, that I know of, been treated *ex-professo*, in a medical point of view. Being about to describe a very extensive tour through nearly the whole of England, the principal object of which was the consideration of certain natural agents, capable of assisting in the recovery of health,—and railway-travelling having entered largely into that tour, and being likely to do so with many of the invalids whom the perusal of my work may induce to perform the whole or any part of the same tour,—I deemed the subject not only a legitimate but a most appropriate point of consideration; for which reason I began my work with the introduction of two Chapters upon that mode of travelling.

Subsequent events have proved how accurately I had calculated on its importance; and writers of every class

and degree—particularly those in the public journals—have been teeming with discussions on the same subject, drawn from them by the too-frequent occurrence of those very multifarious dangers and accidents, which will be found fully descanted upon, deprecated, and described, in the present volume. Nay, the legislature itself has since been roused (though but partially and imperfectly) to the real state of the case, as between speculators and the public, and something like the remedial measure which I have stoutly demanded (and I may appear to have demanded *ex post facto* in these sheets) has been adopted.

But neither in the arguments of the writers alluded to, nor in my recommendation of a remedial measure,—still less in my descriptions of the intolerant impertinence and shameful neglect prevalent on certain railroads, and of their rapacity also,—have I been anticipated by a single writer; for the two Chapters I here offer to the public were written almost immediately after my return from the Northern Spas of England, in July, August, and September, 1839, and sent to press soon after,—as the gentlemen connected with my publisher's establishment can testify. At that time, neither journalist, specific author, member of government, or member of parliament, had grappled with the subject; and it was not until a twelvemonth afterwards, subsequent to a committee of inquiry upon it, that the legislative measure which was proclaimed in these sheets a year before, to be both necessary and absolutely called for, as well as consistent with the usual practice of the country in analogous institutions, was partially adopted.

I do not dwell upon this explanation from a disposition to attach any importance to such a claim of priority, since,

after all, the consideration of the subject is so natural, and so forced upon every one by what we see daily to occur before us, that there is hardly any merit in being one among the first to discuss it. But I bring the explanation forward, lest I should be accused by all those writers who, in reality, have come after me, of having taken up a portion of my volume with a repetition of what had already been stated and re-stated by them; and by my readers, of having ridiculously insisted upon the necessity of a controlling power over railways, after such a controlling power had been established by parliament.

I only wish, in common with all my fellow-men, that such a controlling power had been more efficient, and just the thing that was wanted. And still more do I heartily wish that subsequent events, and the further experience of myself and others, had enabled me to qualify the condemnation of the system pursued on certain railroads, but particularly on that which is more specifically alluded to in my first and second Chapter.

Unfortunately the reverse is the case; the more I have examined that establishment during the many occasions I have had since of travelling by it, to visit patients on different points of the railway—the more reasons have I seen for allowing my reflections upon it, written more than a twelvemonth ago, to remain unaltered. But what stronger argument can I add in confirmation of those reflections, than the able and timely remarks brought forward at the close of a late memorable coroner's inquest by the foreman of the jury, in their presentment?

Thus much in illustration of my first position.

With regard to the second; namely, that if I should seem in the following pages to have omitted any facts connected

with certain Spas herein described, it must be because the facts themselves did not exist when these pages were printed, but have come to light since;—I may illustrate it by what has occurred at Shotley Bridge, where a second and a very important mineral spring has been discovered since my visit to that Spa; or by what has been done at Scarborough, where the whole extent of the ground behind the Spa,—which in my description I lamented was not decked out with plantations and promenades,—has since been converted into a most charming garden and shrubbery; or lastly, by the many improvements that have taken place in one or two other Spas, which did not exist when my account was written. Had my volume appeared at the epoch for which it was intended and nearly ready, no such apparent omissions would have existed.

It is precisely because the delaying any longer the publication of the first part of my TOUR, referable to the NORTHERN SPAS, which forms as it were a work of itself,—with a view of affording me time to complete the second part, relating to the Spas of the Midland Counties, and of the South, including the most popular sea-bathing places, as well as those which in my professional opinion are the most desirable,—would inevitably produce further appearances of deficiencies on my part, and anticipations by others, that it has been determined to lay at once before the public the first volume, without waiting for the completion of the second; although it will follow in a very few weeks.

A few lines more and I conclude. To those who are acquainted with my previous work on the Spas of Germany, it is needless to observe that I have followed, as nearly as it was possible, the same arrangement of matter in the present publication which I adopted in the other; and that I have

endeavoured to treat the subject likewise in that same general, miscellaneous, and popular manner, which public opinion has largely sanctioned by their countenance of the former production. In this manner I thought I could best evince my desire to be perfectly impartial in my account of the Spas of the two nations. My motto has been "Things as they are," without instituting invidious comparisons. By following this determination on many previous occasions, I have invariably reaped the reward which ought best to please an author—the satisfaction of those whose places I described, because I did so impartially; and the approbation of the visiters to the same places, because they had found the descriptions accurate, and had not been disappointed.

Lastly, I must add that I have taken every pains to supply each volume with a correct table of analyses of the several mineral waters, (as in the case of the Spas of Germany) which may be referred to with confidence in the respective authorities, without interrupting the perusal of the narrative, or the account of the several Spas: and I have in a similar manner introduced a general skeleton map of all the English Spas that have come within my own knowledge; as nothing of importance has been admitted into this work from mere hearsay, or at secondhand, or which is not the result of my own observations.

Although the form of the present is smaller than that of the previous volumes, it is not because less pains have been taken with the Spas of England than with those of the continent: the contrary, I trust, will be found to be the case; as a much greater *quantity* of matter has, by typographic contrivance, been compressed into the present form.

The Illustrations, of which there is a greater number in the

present than there was in my former work, are, with three exceptions, executed in wood by Mr. Orrin Smith, who, entering into the spirit of the author, and anxious that the Spas of his own country should not lag behind those of Germany, has omitted no exertion to render his share of these volumes deserving of the patronage of the public.

109, Piccadilly.
Dec. 1840.

A. B. GRANVILLE, M.D.

# POPULAR CONSIDERATIONS

ON THE NATURE AND USE OF

# ENGLISH MINERAL WATERS.

## 1. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

CONSIDERING the great indifference which prevails among the reading classes of society in this country for any description or systematic account of their own native land, its natural beauties, its many striking objects, and local advantages, and even some of the most interesting of its natural productions,—I am perhaps imprudent and ill-advised in attempting to draw attention to a work, such as I venture now to offer to the public.

Had it been written in a foreign language, or by a total stranger to England, on his return to the continent, after a brief and rapid run, *de longue en large*, through this country —as in the case of the illustrious Pückler Muskau, and Mine Herr Waagen—curiosity, perchance, or the expectation of having a hearty laugh at many anticipated blunders, would have induced people to look into the book, and place it for a season on the drawing-room table.

But neither the author nor the work in the present instance being in that predicament, my chance of being accepted with

indulgence as a new candidate in the field of graphic delineation of the fairest and largest portion of England, must depend on the importance of the principal object of my volumes, and the strict accuracy of the descriptions they are to contain.

Novelty, as one of their elements of attraction, must at once be admitted to be out of the question. Yet, as there is a novelty of manner, as well as of matter,—and as, where the latter is impossible, the former may reasonably be received as a substitute,—I would fain hope, that in having treated an old subject in the manner I have done—(a manner I am not aware to have been adopted before on the like subject)—I have taken the most proper course for securing the attention of my readers.

That subject is the examination of the principal Spas, or Mineral Waters of England. My former work on the mineral waters of Germany having been received with great kindness by the English public, I was almost bound in return to make known as extensively those of this country.

The study of mineral waters, after having formed the object of my leisure moments, has since engaged a large portion of my professional time. From the extensive researches I have been able to make into their nature and power, and the numerous occasions I have had of witnessing their effect in a variety of diseases, I have been led, very naturally, to form enlarged views of the subject. These are not only applicable to foreign waters, but to those of this country as well; and although, as we shall have occasion to see in the following pages, the latter are neither so various nor so potent, yet their claim to the serious consideration of the profession and the public are sufficiently strong to authorize me to bring them forward in a parallel publication to "The Spas of Germany."

That the latter has had the effect of sending thousands

abroad, many of whom would probably have remained at home, and drank at the fountains of health in England, had a work of a general and popular character upon them existed, like "The Spas of Germany," there is much reason to believe. But still more firmly do I believe that such a result will now proceed from a publication of that description, when so many thousands of English people, having returned from the foreign baths, will be able to compare with them those of their own country, provided they can find in a professed work on the subject, the same prominent features which first attracted their attention in "The Spas of Germany," and subsequently determined them to proceed thither.

This is what I have felt, and what I have endeavoured to accomplish. I undertook the task with no other view. I entered into it earnestly, and executed it consecutively, even at considerable personal inconvenience, and some detriment to my professional practice, owing to my absence from London during three or four months, though not all at one time. The means I adopted for securing success was to admit nothing in my notes, but what I had myself seen and could vouch for. In the few instances where that could not be so, from obvious or unavoidable reasons, I have quoted the authority, and leave to my informant the responsibility of having stated the truth.

What I have recommended, I recommended from a conscientious impression that the object deserved recommendation; and where, on the contrary, the result of my own unbiassed observations has been to induce me to withhold praise, or to decline to join in the praises given by others, or I have been obliged to censure or criticise, I have done so from precisely similar conscientious motives.

In following my researches, and examining such a variety of establishments, I felt anxious to keep aloof from all possibility of a bias. I have therefore abstained almost always,

from making myself or my errand known, when on the spot, to proprietors of mineral waters, Spas, hotels, and other establishments; and in a few cases even to some of the medical faculty resident at the Spa, when I knew that they were either obstinately against, or extravagantly in favour of, their own mineral spring—when, in fact, some made the using of mineral waters the butt of their discourse, and others the hobby of their professional life.

Yet I have been too happy in receiving at the hand of some, that degree of assistance which would facilitate the object of my researches; and to the few who have so aided me I gladly avail myself of the present opportunity of acknowledging generally their kindness.

That there were but few of my medical brethren who assisted me in the pursuit of my present inquiries, is neither to be attributed to any want of notice they might have had of my intention, nor to be explained by the little interest which the inquiry might be supposed to have excited.

With regard to the latter supposition, I know the contrary to have been the case; since in almost every leading provincial paper of the time, my visit to the several Spas of the country has been noticed with satisfaction: and as to the first of the two suppositions, I can declare that every legitimate means was adopted by myself, at no inconsiderable expense, of informing the profession in each separate county I intended to visit, of the object of my visit, by an advertisement in the principal county journals. In it I stated that I should receive with great thankfulness any information which medical men, or proprietors of, or other persons connected with, mineral watering-places, or insulated springs, would feel disposed to communicate to me, particularly with regard to those which were less known or of recent discovery, and all of which I offered to proceed to examine without any charge whatever.

For a month previous to my departure from London, and

during the whole course of my inquiry, not more than a dozen answers worthy of notice reached me; the rest of the correspondence, and it was voluminous enough, being manifestly dictated by selfish motives, and not from professional persons;—and out of that small number, five only were from medical persons honourably interested in the success of some mineral spring in their own immediate neighbourhood.

True, I did receive, after my return to London, when it would have been exceedingly inconvenient for me, as well as unjustly burdensome to my purse, again to quit my post in search of a mineral spring—and after the expiration of the period to which I had limited my readiness to undertake the inquiry at my own risk—several accounts of mineral waters I had not seen in my tour, or had only heard of accidentally; but those accounts were from self-interested persons, who called upon me to introduce the same into my volumes.

Such, however, was not the line of conduct I had chalked out to myself in my present inquiry, and the admitting any description of places or springs into my volumes, which I had not drawn up myself on the spot, was what I had determined not to do. The accounts, therefore, remained unnoticed; nor do I regret it, except in the case of two or three minor Spas which I have admitted and dotted in my map, but of which no description will be found in these volumes; because upon my offering to proceed to examine them, ere I could admit any account of them in my intended publication, provided my necessary expenses were defrayed, the offer was declined, and the mere copying of their own printed descriptions and commendations politely requested.

These explanations argue no doubt great apathy among the different classes of persons to whom I have alluded, respecting an inquiry to accomplish which I had myself undertaken an arduous and expensive task, and for the completion of which I used all means in my power; flinching from no difficulty, and disregarding personal fatigue and incon-

venience; travelling upwards of three thousand miles of ground, and committing to paper, invariably on the spot, every fact, statement, or description, which the contemplation of the various places or objects before me elicited and rendered necessary. In executing this, I have sometimes come in contact with lukewarm or hostile medical brethren (otherwise amiable and respectable), on the subject of the treatment of disease by mineral waters, whom I have had the great satisfaction of rousing to a due sense of the importance of the question, and of converting to my views on the subject. They are looking forward with anxiety for the appearance of the present publication; and the consideration of this one pleasing fact makes me forgetful of the little I have encountered that was the reverse of agreeable.

Such is the origin, the motive, and the scope of "The Spas of England," and such are the bases on which they have been constructed. That I have adopted the popular style rather than the professional in their composition—that I have chosen the form of a continuous narrative or a tour, rather than a stiff, systematic classification of English mineral waters, learnedly discussed—that I have mingled the jocose with the serious—the grave with the gay—that amidst descriptions of naturally medicated waters, I have inserted delineations of many other subjects—all this is not to be wondered at, since to precisely such a course do I ascribe the good fortune of having been extensively read and extensively consulted on the subject of the German waters. That which has succeeded once may succeed again; and, at all events, English readers will not blame me for having assumed a manner of treating matters so immediately interesting to them, which they have already approved in regard to matters to them only of indirect importance.

As I wrote "The Spas of Germany" for the information of English readers (although translations into foreign languages have since been made of that work abroad), so I write

the present work on "The Spas of England," not without some hopes and expectation that the information they contain may be of use to foreigners, who will probably evince sufficient curiosity to know what there is of analogous between their own establishments of that sort and those of this country. It is for this reason that I have deemed it expedient to introduce many details, much collateral information, and several descriptions of localities and institutions, with which the English reader is no doubt already familiar, but the omission of which would have rendered my present performance almost unintelligible to continental readers; thereby defeating one of the objects I had in view in writing it—that of exhibiting in their true light the English Spas abroad, as I endeavoured to exhibit those of Germany at home.

## II.—Remarkable Change that has taken place in England, in regard to the Knowledge and Use of Mineral Waters, in the last Two Years.

In the second section of the "Popular Considerations on the Use and Power of Mineral Waters," published in "the Spas of Germany," I had occasion to descant on the indifference and want of knowledge that prevailed at the time in this country in respect to that subject, and pointed out how little medical men, in great practice in London, were conversant with it:—nay, how hostile most of them appeared to be to the recommendation of foreign baths. I proved the assertion by numerous facts and illustrations, and its truth was never denied or called in question by that part of the press which undertook to give an account of the volumes containing the assertion.

During the London season which followed immediately after the appearance of the first edition (1838); I could already perceive a gradual change working in this respect,

first among the public—the middle as well as the upper classes—and next among some of the leading physicians and surgeons, whom I met in consultation, at the request of patients determined to give foreign mineral waters a trial in their own complaints, after having perused the work in question.

The season of 1839 was even more triumphant for the German waters, and the cause of mineral waters in general—including those imitated by Struve's process at Brighton, which I had been in the habit of recommending ever since their first introduction into this country in 1825, and respecting which I had published my opinion as far back as 1828. Not only the converts to the belief in the power of the German mineral waters, amongst the better classes of society, had prodigiously increased in that year, but the incredulous practitioner had ceased to be so—had become suddenly the advocate of the cause I had strenuously contended for—and, lastly, had taken the lead with his own patients, in recommending a journey to some German Spa, without the necessity of consultation, but with such knowledge of the subject as he himself had gathered from reading.

The year just about to close has supplied me with evidence of this almost sudden and favourable change in public opinion on the subject of mineral water, many degrees stronger than that of the two preceding seasons—and I may at present confidently assert, that the utility, safety, and importance of the treatment of chronic and painful diseases by foreign mineral waters,—to encourage which I had exerted my utmost zeal and humble abilities,—are very generally acknowledged and likely so to continue.

Nay, the tide would seem now to be about to turn the other way; and we are probably destined to see this particular point of medical practice ridden to death as a hobby,—if one is to believe in the variety of new spas which people are discovering in all directions,—and consider the number

of publications that are promised on the same subject, both at home and abroad—as well as those that have appeared since "The Spas of Germany."

Thus, a gentleman, whose previous slender account of *all* the mineral waters of Europe I had occasion to notice, by pointing out some mistakes, and the many omissions found in his book—has reproduced part of that same book, for the purpose of repeating, on a somewhat larger basis, his previous account of a few of the Nassau Spas, so fully described in my own publication, and has entitled his *ri-faccimento*, "The Baths of Germany"!

In it the author has exhibited some little degree of ill-humour that is quite amusing, at my having praised Kissingen and Wildbad above some of the Nassau *baths*. But in return he has made the admission, and with a *naïveté* which enhances its merit, that when in his former little work he had himself written slightly of Wildbad, he had *not then seen that Spa*

I had suspected as much when I referred to that work in my own; and, further, I had occasion to hint, that Wildbad was not the only place that author had described without having examined or seen it.

As the writer in question has thought it necessary, notwithstanding my extended account of Baden, Wisbaden, Ems, and Schwalbach, the four principal Nassau Spas, to publish separately a more enlarged description of those places, by himself, than he had previously written;—I concluded that he had something new to say respecting them, and gladly referred to the work, in hopes of finding therein fresh arguments in support of my favoured subject—the use of mineral water in disease; or some novel description of the places which might have escaped my attention. If those readers who have done me the honour of perusing my account of the Nassau Spas, in "The Spas of Germany," will also refer to

"The Baths of Germany" for a description of the same places, they will see at once if there was any need for the latter performance, in which nothing appears more conspicuous than a desire to lower the principal medical man in one of the most popular of those Spas, by statements and insinuations beyond the limits of fair criticism.

The English work I have just referred to has been written abroad. At home we hear only of works to come, on the subject of foreign mineral waters. One, it is understood, is to be entitled, "The Pilgrim to the Spas of Germany," or some such title. If it proceed from the pen which has been hinted at to me, the public will have reason to be satisfied with the performance, and I shall have to rejoice in an able coadjutor in maintaining the cause of mineral hydro-medical practice; a coadjutor, too, who is an old friend, and was once a brother officer in the naval service. If this author should, perchance, introduce into his intended work an account of Pyrmont, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Kreuzenach, three important Spas, with which I am personally as well acquainted as with the rest, (but my description of which was omitted, from a desire of my publisher to avoid the necessity of a third volume to "The Spas of Germany,")—he will have assisted in completing the medical history of the Spas of that country, drawn up for the information of English readers.

A second work is also announced, from a gentleman at Brighton, whose name the medical profession has not had the pleasure, I believe, of hearing before; but who, in a small pamphlet on the subject of the artificial mineral waters sold at "the German Spa" at that place, written in such a manner as if no one else had ever written upon them before *ad satietatem*, states, that "considering that there is not in the English language a standard work on the mineral waters of Germany" (!) he had been induced to prepare, and was preparing for the press, an extensive work on that

subject; founded, of course, upon as enlarged an experience and personal knowledge of it, as he has had of the artificial waters at Brighton.

Besides these striking instances of the interest created in the medical world by the publication of "The Spas of Germany," both in England and on the Continent,—the republication of that work in France, in Belgium, and in two different cities of Germany,—its translations, and the many original works on mineral waters, in German, as well as French, which have appeared within the last three years, and are constantly issuing from the press,—together with the great attention which practitioners and the medical press in this country are beginning to pay to the subject—serve to prove to conviction the assertion with which I set out; namely, that a great change has taken place in, and a new and favourable turn been given to, the public opinion in England, respecting the efficacy of foreign mineral waters.

This is as it should be: and if such is the case, with regard to foreign mineral waters, shall it not be so also with respect to those of this country? I hope so, and believe so. In endeavouring, by the present work, to bring about the realization of such a happy result, I do not pretend to take the lead of my professional brethren. Many have distinguished themselves in the same good work already, by treating of some of the leading mineral springs; and many more are at work in their respective districts to promote the success of the mineral-water treatment in their own neighbourhood. With such coadjutors, and a publication like the present, embracing a much larger field of information on all the mineral springs of note, the use of mineral waters in the cure of diseases in England may be expected to become deservedly popular.

## III.—Principal and striking Differences between the English and German Mineral Waters.

The mineral waters of Germany principally employed in the treatment of disease, and of which I have given a full description upon another occasion, differ, chemically, from those of England in a most remarkable manner. I am bound to state this at once, and without reservation, of all the principal mineral waters of the two countries.

In the first place, all the cold mineral waters of Germany abound in carbonic-acid gas. Of twenty-one such waters, given in my analytical table, not fewer than seventeen yield from *five-and-twenty* to *forty* cubic inches of carbonic-acid gas in a pint, and are consequently highly effervescent. The others have not less than an average quantity of fourteen cubic inches of the same gas in a pint; and even two of the thermal or hot springs, Ems and Carlsbad, boast, the one of seventeen, the other of eleven and one-half cubic inches of gas in the before-mentioned proportion of water.

Now, the reader who is familiar with the agreeable taste of Seltzer or of soda water; or who knows how much more pleasant it is to drink a fizzing solution of the so called Seidlitz powders, than a flat mixture of Epsom salts and water; or how much more agreeably one drinks off a dose of magnesia with lemon-juice and soda-water, instead of its simple suspension in ordinary water—such a reader, I say, must be aware that those pleasing effects are owing to the presence of a large quantity of carbonic-acid gas in the liquids he has taken. Just so it is with the German mineral waters of a low temperature, as contrasted with the English mineral waters of the same or analogous temperature usually drunk medicinally.

In looking at the analytical tables which accompany the present volumes, the reader will at once perceive, in the

column headed " free carbonic gas in cubic inches," that the quantity of that gas in the eighth part of an imperial gallon (a little more than a pint), of twenty-three different waters of low temperatures, out of thirty-two English mineral springs, is under two cubic inches ; that in five only it a little exceeds two inches ; and in one other it is stated to be as much as eight cubic inches. As for the thermal or warm waters, they contain little or no gas of this kind.

This striking deficiency is of the utmost consequence to those patients who are ordered to drink day by day, and for some time, a succession of glasses of a mineral water generally endowed with a saltish, or bitter, or soapy, or astringent, or nauseous taste, whether they drink it with the agreeable sensation of a pleasantly sub-acid effervescence, or without it. In the former case not only is the natural unpleasant taste of the water masked at the time of drinking it, but the water also sits more lightly on the stomach, and is not likely to produce nausea.

But there is another and much more important reason for deprecating so great a difference between the cold mineral waters of the two countries, in respect to carbonic-acid gas, and its deficiency in those of England ; and that is, the much greater degree of solvent power which the said gas imparts to a mineral water containing it ; whereby not only a larger proportion of the active ingredients are constantly kept in solution in the water than would be the case without it, but the said proportion receives an additional as well as beneficial energy in its action on the system.

This, in the case of chalybeate or steel waters in particular, is of incalculable advantage—an advantage that may easily be noticed while drinking Tunbridge water at home, or the Bruckenauer water abroad, each of which contains nearly the same weight of steel, but differs in the quantity of carbonic gas as one to thirty-six and one-half.

The next most remarkable difference between the German

and English mineral waters—one indeed which the mere inspection of the respective chemical tables will at once point out—is that which exists in the total quantity of the saline ingredients in equal measures of the water. It will be seen at once that in this respect not only are the English mineral waters totally deficient in some of the salts to be found in those of Germany, which give to a mineral water virtues in the cure of certain disorders that one would seek in vain in waters not endowed with the same salts; but that the total or absolute quantity of the saline ingredients altogether—particularly of those of a solvent or purgative character—is inferior in the mineral springs of this country.

Thus it will be observed, that whereas in the German table there are columns for phosphates and fluates of lime and of magnesia—of nitrate of magnesia—of muriate, sulphate, and carbonate of potash, and of oxide and carbonate of manganese; no such columns are to be found in the English tables of analyses. And again it will be noticed, that most of the German waters hold in solution a much larger proportion, than do the English waters, of muriate and sulphate of soda, of sulphate and carbonate of magnesia, and of the salts of lime: and finally, that whereas a pint of most of the more active and esteemed German mineral waters contains never less than from 200 to 350 grains of active ingredients; corresponding mineral springs in England do not hold more than half that quantity.

With all these admitted differences, however, there still remain a number of mineral waters in this country, presenting a happy combination of certain ingredients, which render them sufficiently active and efficacious in the cure of special disorders, and in respect to some of which they are even superior to the German springs I have described in my previous publication. Such is the case, for example, with regard to the large proportion of iodine found in the Woodhall and Tenbury waters. The Germans have also an iodine

Spa *par excellence*, Kreuzenach, a description of which I did not include in my former work, for reasons already alluded to in the preceding section, and the nature of whose water approaches somewhat to the Iodine Spas at home: so that in this respect the two countries may be said to be on an equality.

One only ingredient, and that of the gaseous kind, is found (as it seems) in almost every one of the English mineral waters I have inquired into, obtained authentic analyses of, and admitted in the tables of the present volumes, which has hardly ever been detected in the mineral waters of Germany. I allude to Azote, or that principle so abundantly entering into the composition of our atmosphere or common air, which will be observed to be present in twenty-nine out of thirty-six springs inserted in the English tables.

This remarkable discrepancy in the constitution of the mineral waters of the two countries,—this constant finding of azote in those of England and never in those of Germany, leads one to suspect that some false result is probably obtained during the analysis of the gaseous parts of a mineral water under examination, through the adoption of some peculiar mode of operating for the detection of gases. It is not impossible that common or atmospheric air, either intimately and naturally mixed with the mineral water under examination, or collected with the water about to be analyzed, may have, in the course of the several manipulations, lost its oxygen and left the *azote* behind, which has been falsely ascribed to the mineral water itself.

The almost invariable finding of that peculiar gaseous substance, by the English analysts of modern times, in the springs of this country, would seem to countenance such a surmise. At the same time I am not prepared to gainsay its existence as an insulated ingredient in those waters; for it is just as possible that the German chemists themselves may have overlooked the azote in their own mineral springs, or may have set it down as common air accidentally mixed with

them. Yet considering the immense reputation of such men as Berzelius, Sigwart, Kœlreuter, Gmelin, Federhaff, Kastner, Vogel, Struve, Bischof, and others who have analyzed those waters, such an oversight can scarcely be credited.

Admitting, however, for the present, that azote, in proportions such as I have quoted in the analytical table at the end of each volume,—proportions which are by no means despicable, and which certainly do constitute a marked difference in the English waters,—actually exists; the question would be—what influence, if any, the presence of such a gaseous principle can have, in giving new properties to the mineral waters; in modifying those which they might otherwise possess through their other component parts; or, lastly, in annihilating certain of those medical properties altogether?

Of azote, as a medical agent, we know nothing, except that it will not support life. We are, on the contrary, perfectly conversant with the physiological as well as medical effects of carbonic-acid gas, and sulphuretted hydrogen gas, so frequently found in mineral waters, both at home and abroad. On this point, therefore, we have probably much, or nothing at all, to learn; for it may turn out that the presence of azote in water does materially affect it; or that, in almost constantly proclaiming its presence, the analytical chemists of this country have been led into error.

The question must rest there for the present, and with it I terminate what I had to offer respecting the differences between the mineral waters of the two countries.

## IV.—Possibility of curing acute, as well as chronic Diseases, by either natural, artificial, or Struve-Mineral Waters.

Had I not so recently addressed the public "on the mode in which mineral waters act, and how they ought to be employed," in one of the sections of my introduction to a former work, this would have been the place for bringing forward the notions which long experience has induced me to entertain on the subject. To do so, however, would be a mere repetition, and I pass, therefore, to the brief consideration of the important proposition placed at the head of this section.

It is assumed that a mineral water taken inwardly, acts on the system, through the stomach, in the first instance, by the agency of its own peculiar ingredients. A pill, or a draught, or any other form of internal medicine administered to a patient by his physician, in no wise differs from this supposed preliminary mode of action. By the stomach is meant, of course, the whole of the digestive tube; and by the *mode of action*, is understood, the first or *direct* effect produced. What the second, or indirect, or reflected effect, may consist in, and on what part of the organization the mineral waters produce that effect, is not so readily surmised; except from some consequences or other which may have been observed to follow frequently, if not invariably, the use of the same mineral waters in individuals affected by a similar disease. It is not otherwise with regard to all artificial medicines, whether simple or compounded, which are exhibited to cure that same disease. Mineral waters, therefore, are medicines, and they are medicines prepared in a laboratory, the constant accuracy of whose results is so certain, that we ourselves

cannot be sure of success in any of our chemico-medical compositions, except in as far as we follow the laws which seem to regulate the laboratory in question, namely, that of nature.

These premises being granted, for they admit of no dispute, wherefore shall we not consider mineral waters as capable and sufficient to combat and remove diseases which other compound medicines, imperfectly put together as compared to fluids naturally medicated, are expected to combat successfully and remove?

We will suppose, for example, that a happy combination of sulphate of soda, or glauber salts, with some sulphate, carbonate, and subphosphate of lime, besides muriate, sulphate, carbonate, and nitrate of magnesia, sulphate of potash (the general reader will forgive me, I trust, this introduction of technical names, that are *untranslatable*), and minute proportions of alumine, silica, iron, and manganese, be required to remove a severe disease of the kidneys, and the consequent derangement of its peculiar secretion, accompanied by its inevitable concomitants—an impaired digestion, and weak stomach; it having been ascertained from long practice, and empiric observations of the effects of such chemical agents on that region, that the result, by employing them, would be the one desired; what better course could we adopt than to prescribe, either all conjointly, or separately, the said agents, in the most convenient and least disagreeable form? Now, *long practice*, as well as empiric observation, has shown that the Seidschütz water of Bohemia, containing all those very agents, has been pre-eminently useful in the removal of the diseases in question, and I can most conscientiously vouch for the fact. Are we not then authorized to take those chemical or medical agents where we find them already happily combined, rather than to attempt to combine them ourselves in the chemist's shop? when, the attempt being made, we shall discover that some of those agents or salts will not apparently

dissolve and combine, and the mixture will continue thick or opake, as well as unpleasant to taste; whereas, in the Seidschütz we shall meet with nothing but a brilliantly clear and almost sparkling water, having a moderate degree of bitterness in the taste.

I could multiply cases and analogies to a considerable extent. In the treatment of fevers—particularly those of the bilious or inflammatory character—we often require saline combinations, first, to assist other and more potent as well as expeditious agents, such as mercury and bleeding; and, secondly, to dilute, promote perspiration, and other fluid secretions,—quench thirst, lower the pulse, and in fact abate irritation.

For the production of the last-mentioned effects, Riverius, an Italian physician, invented the never-to-be-forgotten "saline draught," either mute or effervescent, into which modern practitioners not unfrequently dissolve some aperient salts, whereby they have obtained very happy results.

But frequently such a draught is found insufficient—or after a few times it disagrees with the stomach, or becomes inert. Often other ingredients are rendered necessary in the draught, to make a more effectual "fever draught;" and yet, by the ordinary laws of human chemistry, such ingredients would be deemed *incompatible* with those already entering into the composition of the saline draught.

Well then, where man is at fault, nature triumphs; and if on such occasions, and in such conjunctures, small two-ounce draughts of one of the many saline mineral waters of this or any other country were used, containing the requisite ingredients which we ourselves know not how to combine,—we should obtain all the desired effect, and benefit largely our patient smarting under fever.

Led by considerations and persuasions of this kind, I have often prescribed in fevers some of the German or English saline waters, alternately with other necessary medicines

and auxiliaries,—to the simplification of the treatment, the hastening of the recovery, and the satisfaction of the patient.

But the class of diseases not of the chronic sort, in which the appropriate and daily use of mineral waters has more eminently succeeded than any ordinary compound medicine in my experience, is that which embraces all the varieties of indigestion, and a disturbed state of the functions of the liver and intestines—under which a very large number of men in the prime of life in this vast metropolis labour.

Such disorders generally begin abruptly, and after a succession of years, during which, the individual having enjoyed the best of health, has indulged in all the pleasures of the world, thinking himself invulnerable, or has applied too earnestly and continuously to too fatiguing and exhausting occupations.

In the former class will be found your young noblemen, and eldest sons of people of wealth, leading an independent life—your club-men—your young unmarried bankers—your officers of the household troops—and, finally, the *viveurs*, as the French call those who look out for exquisite cookery and high living.

In the latter class, much more to be pitied and more numerous,—we reckon the professional people of sedentary life, such as lawyers—men of letters who are at their desk all day, eat a hearty dinner, and sit up again late at night at the desk once more—artists—merchants devoted to their counting-house—and above all, clergymen without number.

It is curious how few females suffer from the dyspeptic and biliary disorders under which all these people suffer. The latter are seldom attacked before thirty years of age. But it is between the ages of thirty-five and forty-two or forty-three, that the disturbance in the general health begins: and when it does so, it is generally accompanied by symp-

toms which seldom fail to alarm or disquiet the patient, who thinks himself lost. For he has frequent palpitations at the heart—or his pulse intermits—or he has a constant noise and swimming in the head—or a beating at the pit of the stomach—or a sudden shortness of breath—or a disposition to faint—and other symptoms too many to enumerate.

Hence despondency; hence a misanthropic or gloomy view of the world; hence a change from an even and amiable, to an irritable and morose temper; hence a desire to seek relief in medicine, a flying from one medical man to another, without any firm reliance on any, or a fair trial given to their prescriptions; and finally, perhaps, an entire surrender into the hands of a quack, who very speedily brings the disease to an unwished-for termination.

These cases are not, properly speaking, instances of chronic, but of acute or recent disease. They are often, very often cured by being sent to an appropriate Spa; and in that respect I have reason to be highly satisfied with the numerous examples of perfect recovery which followed the recommendation I have given to patients of that description, when consulted by them. But I contend that they may, are, and have been cured at home also, by combining with the appropriate treatment which most medical men know how to apply to them, the use of such mineral waters as are suitable to the case, instead of the *black* doses and *soi-disant* strengthening draughts that are made to follow.

Pullna water is one of those; the Seidschütz another; the waters of Kissingen; those of Marienbad; the Woodhall Spa water; the real Cheltenham; the Tenbury; the newly-discovered waters of Shotley Bridge; all these mineral waters may be employed with success in the cases under consideration, provided a proper choice be made, and the necessary rules, imperative in the use of mineral waters, be observed.

That such mineral waters will expedite the cure they are intended to perform (far more than some of the means

generally employed) in combination with mercury and other necessary medicines, I can with confidence promise.

It is almost incredible, for example, the number of persons, principally of the better and higher classes of society, who have been benefited by substituting Pullna water for every other sort of physic. M. Schweitzer, of the German Spa, at Brighton, has sent me word that this water, which after my recommendation of it in the first edition of the work on "The Spas of Germany," began to be drunk, and went on increasing in sale, so that on the appearance of the second edition in 1839, I had his authority for stating that it had then doubled; has, since that time, more than quadrupled in its circulation, which continues on the increase.

Many other practitioners in the metropolis now recommend it to their patients, in which they evince their good sense; while many more patients take it of their own accord, from what they have learned upon the testimony of others.

In fact, mineral waters, whether of home or foreign origins, including those so ably imitated by Struve's process, and by that only—properly selected, and accompanying alterative and prudent doses of some mercurial preparation, or other apt substitute, suitable to the individual constitution of the patient—also, regimen and above all a proper diet, which should invariably be well explained to, and insisted upon with, the patient; these will be found to cure recent diseases better than a farrago or a never-ending change of medicaments.

I have entered into this subject (which to most of my general readers will appear new), because I am not aware that any of my brethren have before publicly recommended the adoption of the plan explained in this section, and in order to do away with the common error of supposing that mineral waters are only effectual in the treatment of chronic diseases.

## V.—Reasons of the recent Disfavour of English Mineral Waters, and of the Decline of most of the once-fashionable Spas.

No one can deny, who is acquainted with the social and medical history of this country, that mineral waters have, for the last thirty years, been growing out of fashion; that those, even, which were most in repute have become nearly forgotten; and that if one or two mineral watering-places of recent formation have, during that period, started into existence, their temporary elevation has been due to causes alien to the intrinsic and legitimate object of mineral waters; while their continuing or not in the enviable position they occupy is becoming every day more and more problematical.

Need I quote Bath and Tunbridge to illustrate the first, and Cheltenham and Leamington to illustrate the second part of my proposition?

There is probably no modern literature in Europe that can supply a larger collection of works, of different degrees of merit, on the subject of mineral waters, than that of England. Not only have general treatises on that subject been written at various epochs, from the time of Dr. Short in 1734, to that of Dr. Saunders at the beginning of the present century; but many monographs and very curious accounts have been published from time to time, both before the first, and since the second of those authors, on separate mineral springs or baths.

Most of their works would be of little use now; for neither their chemistry, nor their principles of medical doctrine and physiological inferences, are on a par with the advancements that each of those branches of knowledge (so essentially necessary in the true estimation of mineral waters) has made in our days. They, however, ended all, as might be

expected, in praising their favourite or respective *Spa*, or mineral spring.

In more recent times, publications on the subject under consideration have been of a different and more influential character; and I need only mention the respected names of some of their authors, to medical as well as non-medical readers, to prove that the publications in question are entitled to confidence. Pearson, Babington, Falconer, Gibney, Murray, Hunter, Scudamore, and others whose names do not at this moment occur to my mind, are the writers on special mineral waters who in our days have most attracted the attention of patients. Their writings, like those of their predecessors, conclude by recommending the virtues and efficacy of their respective Spas.

As far, therefore, as writing and descanting on each and every particular mineral spring, and forcibly introducing them to the notice of the public, the Spas of England have not lacked advocates and supporters within the last quarter of a century, and ought not, therefore, to have fallen into an almost total disuse, as the greater number of them have done. Where, then, lies the cause?

When a once highly-fashionable Spa fails in popularity, and gradually sinks into "a thing that has been," the causes of such a change may be traced either to the virtues of its spring having been originally exaggerated or altogether misrepresented; or to the mismanagement of its water; or, lastly, to the interference of some extraneous circumstances, inimical, if often repeated, to the quiet enjoyment of the benefit of mineral water.

Where neither misrepresentation nor exaggeration of the virtues of a mineral water has taken place, no such falling off in popularity has ever been observed. Look to Carlsbad and Aix-la-Chapelle abroad. Are they not now what they always have been—most valuable (as they have ever been represented), and therefore most frequented? And look to the Hot

Wells at Bristol, and to Tunbridge Wells, at home—are they not now deemed much less valuable than they were formerly? (because they had originally been misrepresented), and are they not therefore much less attended?

When I visited both those Spas, in the autumn of 1839, and summer of 1840, I had full proofs of the facts of such an untoward change having taken place in both, from finding that not above a hundred people of any consequence had, during that season, drunk of the tepid stream at the former, and not more than double that number of the steel water at the latter; while, moreover, at the only bathing-establishment with mineral water in the latter place, one or two baths daily were administered, "and no more," as the omnibus legend has it.

The reason of these dismal truths is manifest. The effect derived from using those Spas had not answered the expectations raised among invalids, by those who, conscientiously or otherwise, had strongly recommended them to the public attention. Hence their decay.

And how is it with Bath in our days? Where is the splendid era of the "king of the feast;" of him whose portrait is even now suspended as a decoration in the Great Assembly Rooms of that city—Beau Nash, the *arbiter elegantiarum*, whose history is the most eloquent eulogium of the palmy days of that Spa? Can we compare that with the present epoch, or even with the history of Bath as a watering-place during the last twenty-five years? Has not the falling off there been as great as it is indisputable?

And what has been the cause of such a disaster? First, mismanagement of the waters. What, for example, would my readers think of the propriety of sending Bath water to every part of the country, in bottles, at the recommendation of medical men, and of raising the expectation of cure by them with such invalids as were unable to attend the Spa from a distance? Could they bottle, along with the water,

its *natural* heat, in which consists the most powerful of its virtues?

Oh! but the bottle was heated by being immersed into ordinary hot water previously to its being drunk. If such a process be sufficient to realize the true Bath water, then Carlsbad salts, which are the residue of Carlsbad water after evaporation, would be as efficacious as the far-famed Sprudel from which they are taken, when drank, dissolved in common hot water, at 162 degrees of Fahrenheit.

But who pretends to assert as much? Certainly not those best acquainted with the nature and intrinsic virtues of the waters in question.

Here, then, mismanagement had damaged the reputation of the Bath waters when drank.

Mismanagement of another sort, but still mismanagement, though dependent only on ignorance of chemistry, damaged, no doubt the fame of the water at Tunbridge. This water owes its virtues to the presence of iron. As there must have been thousands of people who could not leave home to travel thither, the water, with all its virtues—that is with the iron—was sent carefully bottled and corked; but when the water came to be drunk, it failed of its effect. How could it have been otherwise? Those medical readers who may happen to have perused the twenty-first volume of the Medical and Physical Journal, edited by myself some eighteen years ago, will have found in a note, that Wurza, an eminent continental chemist, on examining some bottles of chalybeate water, was surprised to find no sign of iron in them; and that, on seeking the cause of that circumstance, he discovered it in the astringent nature of the corks, which had combined with the metallic substance. And so it was with the Tunbridge water in bottles; the iron was gone, and with it its virtues, and therefore was Tunbridge Wells gradually damaged.

These are only the two instances of mismanagement which I can introduce in this place; more will be found under their

proper head, in the second volume. For the present they suffice to show the effect they had of completely annihilating the reputation of Bath and Tunbridge waters, when sent out in bottles to distant patients.

Secondly, the turmoils of electioneering for the choice of that most preposterous of all offices, a master of the ceremonies; which, in the case of Bath, as it is well known, was carried on with the same violence, acrimony, and disturbance of the city, that a disputed election of an M. P., by the Westminster Rump, used to give rise to in days not far remote from us; when brickbats and cabbage-stalks were as numerous as votes, and broken heads as plentiful as speeches; all for the sake of exhibiting the *freedom* of election, and the independence of the citizens of Westminster!

Another cause of the falling off of Bath has been its very unnatural growth and extension, as the result of its pristine splendour, thus converting a Spa with a town, into a town with a Spa—a state of things seldom favourable to the duration of the latter.

Lastly, much of the decline of that as well as of other English Spas, may be ascribed to the great proneness of successive medical men,—established, and invariably found to multiply in a city which possesses a mineral spring in great vogue,—to interfere with the natural action of its waters. In such a case two inevitable effects are produced. The patients become soon disgusted with, or are disappointed at, the mineral water; and the medical practitioner ultimately disregards the said waters altogether, and becomes incredulous of their power; a condition of things, in which, as was elsewhere observed, I found mineral-water practice in this country, when I published "The Spas of Germany."

When any or all of these deteriorating and destructive causes are in operation, the several appliances and establishments connected with the Spa become neglected, and cease to be worthy of the patronage of the public. In some re-

spects this has been the case at Clifton, Tunbridge, Gilsland, Bath, and many other Spas.

But a new era, I am happy to say, is dawning for the last-mentioned beautiful city, whose mineral water is, indeed, the spring *par excellence* of these islands, and whose bathing and drinking establishment ought to constitute it the Sovereign Spa of England. It will not be any lack of desire on my part, in doing justice to that most important source—or any shrinking from the exercise of my usual exertions in the cause of a genuine mineral water like that, as will be seen when I come to treat of Bath in the second volume,—if that Spa be not speedily restored to the highest rank it formerly occupied in this country.

The same resuscitating effect I hope to witness in the case of other Spas; while the examples quoted will be a warning in time to Cheltenham and Leamington, where all the said deteriorative and destructive causes have been silently operating for some years, in spite of the many efforts made by some spirited and well-intentioned inhabitants of the former, to retain a renown which is escaping from their hands.

To the newly-discovered Spas now forming, the lesson also will, I trust, not be thrown away. Matters, in respect to treating diseases, particularly with those wonderful gifts of Providence "Medicated Waters," must be managed differently nowadays. The public have their eyes open; the *prestige* of a mysterious art no longer binds them; and the intercourse between physician and patient, in order to be successful, must be marked by candour, explicitness, straightforwardness, and the absence of all intentional delusion.

As far as the humble efforts of the author of "The Spas of England," and "The Spas of Germany," could contribute to foster and maintain such an improved state of things in medical practice—at which all respectable physicians must equally rejoice—they have been placed at the service of the public, with a frankness that none will deny, and a total

absence of technicalities and unintelligible jargon, which every one will perceive.

One concluding remark on a further cause of the progressive decay of some of the English Spas before I have done. It refers to the exorbitance of the charges, and consequently to the enormous expense which families of the middle classes have to encounter at these places of public resort, when they desire to live according to their station in society, at some of the principal hotels. I have alluded, in treating of Harrogate, to the weekly expense of a gentleman and his lady, with three daughters, and two men and a woman servant, who while living at one of the principal hotels at that Spa, and using the public rooms, was disbursing seldom less than twenty guineas a week; and had he desired a private sitting-room, the charge would have been three guineas more.

Now mark the difference in this respect at the Spas in Germany. The same number of persons would have been magnificently lodged, and sumptuously fed, in the New Hotel at Wildbad, called the BELLEVUE (which has started into existence since my first commendation of that Spa, and is one of the most showy and comfortable establishments of that kind in Germany, and much to be recommended), for 189 florins a week, including every possible expense for master and servant, instead of 281, which are the representatives of twenty-three guineas. Again, a single gentleman, with a servant, who desires to pass his allotted time at the crack hotel of "The Dragon," at Harrogate, must consent to pay five guineas a week, using the *table d'hôte*, and the public sitting-room. But at the same Spa of Wildbad, in the comfortable hotel of Mine Herr Klumpp, I have known a dignitary of the church, during the last season, occupy an extremely neat room, with another for his valet, and to have two excellent repasts, besides breakfast and the board of his domestic, for forty-five florins, or one-third less than the charge at the English Spa.

## VI.—Concluding Observations, touching the Auxiliaries of Mineral Waters—Rules of Diet—and Sea-bathing.

Among these preliminary and popular considerations, I must find a place for the consideration of the "auxiliaries to the powers and virtues of mineral waters;" of the "special object in using mineral waters;" and, lastly, of the "regimen and diet proper during the use of mineral waters, with rules for taking the same." But these are *general* considerations, applicable, not to one, but to all Spas; not to the Spas of a particular nation only, but to those of any nation. They are, in fact, generalities, and not specialities.

Now, as I have entered fully into them, under the very heads quoted above, in the Introduction to my former work on the German Spas, which is especially devoted to English readers, and for their guidance, it is not necessary so soon after their publication to reproduce in this place the observations they contain. To that work, therefore, must I beg leave to refer my readers, for a more extended information on these essential points in the management of mineral waters, whether considered as medical aids to cure, or merely as preventives to impede the coming on of disease.

The auxiliaries alluded to are all those several circumstances which attend the use of mineral waters taken at their source. One must travel thither. The air is naturally changed in so doing. The mode of living is no longer the same at a Spa as at home. There is, moreover, an end to all ordinary or fatiguing or worrying occupations. Business and anxiety are equally thrown on one side; and the daily rounds of amusements that people seek in general at a Spa, and the gaiety for which some of them are remarkable,

are all circumstances which assist in hastening the recovery of the patient, under treatment by mineral waters, and render that treatment more pleasant.

That such adjuvants are essentially necessary, will be admitted by all; but none will contend, for a moment, that they are absolutely required when a cure is to be performed by means of mineral waters; since many such cures, and by such means, are daily effected at home, in the very heart of the metropolis; and under circumstances neither of gaiety nor amusement, but rather the reverse, as I have stated in a previous section.

It is, however, always desirable, when the complaints are of a protracted or chronic character, and likely to require the repetition of the mineral waters for two or three successive seasons, (which is the case in many of the disorders of the articulations, in palsy, liver complaints, and in nervous disorders) to send the patient in search of health to the source itself, and thereby place him in a condition to profit by the auxiliaries alluded to.

Of these several auxiliaries, travelling and change of air are probably the most important; and these the English Spas offer to a sufficient extent. There is hardly one of those establishments that does not require the former, as they are all more or less at a distance from the metropolis and principal towns; although the journey be not so long, nor so interesting from local circumstances, as that undertaken by an invalid who has to proceed to any, even the nearest, of the German Spas. It is, however, possible, when a longer period of travelling is necessary, to facilitate its accomplishment by judicious *détours*, which in England, perhaps, better than on the continent, may be rendered easy to the patient as well as useful, owing to the superior facilities and comforts one meets in almost every part of the country, provided one is prepared with a well-filled purse.

Under our present view of travelling, the railroad is out of

the question, for the patient would be presently whisked from his home to his destination, ere he knows how that has been done; whereby the object of travelling, as an auxiliary to the mineral water, would be defeated. Posting, therefore, in his own easy carriage, open or otherwise according to the weather, is the mode which would best attain the object in view. But here, unlike the posting in Germany, this mode of travelling involves an expense which a very large number of invalids would rather not encounter, and which, with the much higher charges made for every thing at the Spas, raises the total amount of expenditure for the one single object of trying mineral waters as a means of cure, too high for, or beyond the reach of, the majority of persons requiring such a mode of treatment.

If, for instance, any one out of that number of patients, after having for some weeks sojourned in the character of a quiet bachelor at St. Leonard's for the sake of sea-bathing and excellent houseroom, desired to try the effect of the vaunted steel-water of Tunbridge, and proceeded thither in a posting carriage, he would find that a sum of money sufficient to have enabled him to continue where he was a fortnight longer, would pass from his pocket into those of three post-masters and postboys, and not fewer than *twelve* turnpike-men, upon his line of distance, nominally of thirty, but in reality only of twenty-seven and a half miles.

This is only one of the many examples of this class I could cite from experience. Now the same distance performed by similar means, whether in Nassau, Bavaria, Würtemberg, or Austria, would cost exactly one-third of that sum. Hence the adjuvant of travelling is more easily attained abroad than at home, both with regard to private as well as public means of conveyance.

Change of air, another of the adjuvants, this country offers abundant ways of obtaining, and of a very marked character also. The transition from the southern and sea-girt countries

to the midland ones, or from these to the upland regions of Yorkshire and Northumberland; the passing from the bracing and dry north-west or north-east corners of England, to the south-west and south-angles—warmer, but moist and relaxing; together with many other changes that may be suggested to patients by a medical man conversant with the several topographies of the country, and above all with the general aspects of their towns and villages—these are the ways by which an invalid requiring mineral waters may obtain the adjuvant of a change of air.

I attach great importance, and have always paid great attention to the topographical climate of a Spa, or a sea-bathing place; and even to the particular exposition of the dwelling houses for invalids. The medical man who has neglected that study is incapable to advise a patient rightly.

As to the contemplation of a beautiful country, in many parts equal, and even superior, to what one beholds near some of the Spas abroad; or the view of interesting objects, particularly those of human industry and agriculture; or the display of country residences and superb domains; or the sight of neatness, comfort, and order, in general prevailing among the country villages and country towns;—in all these things, supposing them to act, as there is no doubt they do, influentially and beneficially on the invalid who journeys to his allotted Spa—England affords them all to a degree that leaves no room for envying those of continental nations.

It has been one of my particular objects throughout the following pages to put those things forward in the most prominent manner; and in so doing I hope I have done professional as well as general service to my readers,—all of whom cannot have been travellers, even in their own country; inasmuch as by following such a method I have exhibited to them many of the auxiliaries said to be necessary in the cure of diseases by mineral waters.

Those who, never having left their fireside, or not having

traversed the country in all directions as I have done, shall peruse the present volumes, will perceive and admit that none of the auxiliaries thus far discussed, are wanting in England, save and excepting that of a genial climate. But even in regard to the latter, as the season for travelling to and from the Spas is at the most favourable part of the year, the natural inferiority of the climate of this country at all times will not interfere much at that particular period of the year; especially if, in recommending a Spa to a patient, the medical adviser takes care to select it with such a climate, and such local advantages, as will suit the case and constitution of that patient.

Hence, and from all that has been stated on the subject, it will be seen that in order to prescribe successfully to an invalid a treatment by mineral waters, it is not sufficient that the medical attendant should be acquainted with the precise composition and declared virtues of those waters from reading—he ought also, if possible, to be personally conversant with every minute particular, and distinguishing characteristics of every sort, of the place to which he is about to send his patient.

The want of knowledge like this has led people into fatal errors, and sometimes into ludicrous mistakes. I remember a gentleman residing not many miles from Stanhope Gate, telling me one day last summer, that upon a friend of his, a baronet, asking a leading physician, who had been long in attendance upon his lady, whose health had been for some time in a very indifferent state, whether any of the German Spas would suit her case,—the reply had been that the patient might very likely be benefited by drinking the waters of Ems for ten days; then for as many days those of Wisbaden; and lastly those of Kissingen for the same length of time.

Now, setting aside the somewhat ludicrous character of such a recommendation, *per se*,—which would be somewhat as judicious as that of a physician in London who should send a fair lady for ten days to Bath, then for ten days to Buxton,

and lastly for as many days to Cheltenham; and disregarding also the important chemical as well as medical facts, that no three mineral waters can differ more than the three before-mentioned German Spas do; there is the climate to be considered, which is again as diverse as the water is in each of those places, as well as its exposure or aspect, the nature of its soil, and the character of vegetation around it; all influential points in a question of adjuvants or auxiliaries.

That people in this country should have been unacquainted with the peculiar climate of Kissingen, the last of the three Spas recommended by the medical gentleman in question, is not surprising, seeing that even the name of that Spa, and much more its peculiar virtues, were unknown to the English until my description and recommendation of the place appeared in this country; since which time many hundred patients from hence have gone thither to try the effect of that water. Had the patient in the case of our anecdote asked her physician, who recommended the three places, whether he knew well how far the air, the climate, and the aspect of those places, together with any other peculiarities for which the place might be remarkable, were likely to suit her constitution, she would have soon seen, by the sort of answers he had given her, whether she could place any confidence in his recommendation.

Patients in their own interest would do well to put a question or two of that sort to their own medical advisers. One often hears that such a person has been ordered to Nice, and such another to Madeira, and so forth. It is no trifling matter for a patient smarting under disease to be torn from home, sent upon a difficult and expensive journey, and deprived at once of his daily and customary comforts—to meet perhaps with nothing but disappointment after all. In order to prevent this, the patient should endeavour to become thoroughly convinced, from the lips of the very man who suggests the expedient, that he is himself perfectly acquainted with the

many peculiarities (particularly of situation) of the two mentioned places,—of Nice, for example,—where many patients would be seriously injured by a mistake in the choice of the particular region (of which there is more than one there) the most suited to their case. When Dr. Pitcairne returned from Lisbon with the tracheal disease to which he ultimately fell a victim, he told Dr. Baillie, whom he had left in charge of his London patients, that he had gone thither because he had been told to do so, upon the general but loose impression then prevalent among the leading medical men of the town—who had, however, no practical knowledge of the place. "But," added the eminent and amiable physician, "now that I have been there I will take care not to send a patient of my own with the same complaint, if I am spared."

Another, and a very striking illustration of the truth and accuracy of the principles laid down in the two preceding paragraphs, occurred in my practice last summer, when in the case of an illustrious foreign prince, the application of thermal baths was deemed necessary, through the effect of which he ultimately recovered from the distressing results of a most sudden, and at one time very threatening attack of illness. Various warm mineral baths had been named in consequence, and recommended by friends, relatives, and even medical persons; but the one which was finally selected, and which produced the happy and wished for result of a complete restoration to health, was that recommended by myself, in consultation with the two eminent and leading physicians who had attended the case with me; simply because being on the one hand well acquainted with the patient's constitution, and at the same time with the local peculiarities and advantages of the Spa I recommended—peculiarities exactly suitable to such a constitution—the medical attendants called upon to decide adopted the course most likely to be successful, and eschewed the hazard of a mere experiment, as the sequel has proved.

I will not trespass for the present on the time of my readers, with the consideration of the minor auxiliaries to be expected at the Spas for the quicker recovery of health, such as amusement and gaiety. Unfortunately these are but sparingly to be found at the Spas of this country, as will be seen in the perusal of the description I have given of each of them in the following volumes; and, unless invalids themselves, and their friends, who congregate together at those public resorts of health, exert themselves more than they have of late years done in such places, these are likely to continue, as I have found them almost every where, in regard to gaiety and amusement, "flat, and unprofitable." It is a pity it should be so, and still more a pity because true.

Of diet and regimen suitable to the employment of mineral waters in the treatment of disease, I have spoken at such great length in my Introduction to "The Spas of Germany," that I must simply refer those of my readers who are likely to avail themselves of any of the counsels contained in my present work, and desire to know how they are to live and what they should eat, to the pages of that Introduction: inasmuch as the rules of diet and regimen there fully laid down for such as are likely ro require the use of foreign mineral waters, will serve admirably, under similar circumstances, in using the mineral waters at home. In that respect, mineral and medical hydrology admits of but one system, the particulars of which have been embodied in the essay in question; in the same manner that all the chemical analyses of the mineral waters described have been embodied in a general table;—for the purpose of not interrupting the continuous thread of the narrative by stopping at each Spa to tell the invalid of what his breakfast and dinner should consist, or of what particular ingredients the mineral water he is to drink is composed, and in what proportions he should drink it.

If it should appear, after the perusal of these volumes,

that the English Spas, take them all in all, are not quite so excellent as those of Germany, the reading of my description of the principal sea-bathing places in this country will, on the other hand, show that England excels all other nations, in the possession of some of the very first-rate establishments of that sort. This I have taken care, in the following pages, to bring prominently forward; and as, in the consideration of the treatment of disease by the system which I advocate, the operation of cold and sea bathing of every form and degree is, to a great extent, naturally and essentially included, it is satisfactory to find that, in this one point, England outrivals every other nation in the north and west of Europe.

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## ERRATA TYPOGRAPHICA.

Page 25, line 32, for *established, be through*, read "be established through."—p. 30, l. 4, for *unwieldly* read "unwieldy."—p. 46, l. 15, for *S. E.* read "N. E."—p. 61, l. 8, for *that the lists*, read "that the number in the lists."—p. 66, l. 29, for *Studely's Royal stately park*, read "Studely Royal, stately park."—p. 130, l. 32, place *and* before "owes its striking."—p. 150, l. 16, for *Olive Mount*, read "Oliver Mount."—p. 184, l. 8, for *Cross*, read "Croft."—p. 290, l. 10, for *Magazine whom*, read "Magazine which."—p. 345, l. 27, for *Geneva*, read "Genera."—p. 378, l. 10, for *impetuous*, read "reckless."—At pages 392, and 394, l. 21, the article *the*, has been omitted before "conveying" and "water."—p. 397, l. 29, the pronoun *its* has been omitted before "re-establishment."

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# FIRST TOPOGRAPHICAL GROUP.

## NORTHERN SPAS AND PRINCIPAL SEA-BATHING PLACES.

# NORTHERN SPAS.

## CHAPTER I.

### CLEARING THE WAY WITH THE PUBLIC.

A Dialogue introductory—Character of a travelling Physician—Pros and Cons—Remonstrances and Explanations—Ignorance better than Wit—Silence wiser than Talking—Can a Book on English Spas be made attractive? Reader, read.

"So here you are again, just returned from another grand *aquatic* tour of some months," observed to me an old and very intimate friend, on my getting back to my quarters, late in the autumn of 1839, after having travelled very nearly 3,000 miles in search of information respecting the mineral springs of England.

I assented.—"The necessity of such a tour," I observed, in reply to my friend, "seemed to have been made manifest by the success of my account of a previous tour to the German Spas; by the eagerness with which the better classes of people in England availed themselves of the information contained in that account; and lastly, by the anxiety evinced

by thousands of invalids to try on themselves the efficacy of those health-giving springs."

"Truly," rejoined my friend; "but you seem not to have contemplated, while planning and executing this second task, how far your own personal interest might be injuriously affected by the variety of observations and opinions which the completion of that task and the publication of its result would inevitably give rise to."

My looks betrayed the difficulty I experienced in comprehending the precise meaning of my friend's allusions.

"You require an explanation, I perceive, and I will give it to you candidly. First then let me assure you, that in the great world here, this frequent appearance of a physician before the public, in the character of a traveller, must damage his success as a settled London practitioner. On assuming the latter character you spontaneously entered into a compact, to be at the beck and service of those who are disposed to place confidence in you. The first return they expect from you for that confidence is, that you shall always be at your post. But how is that compact fulfilled by you, if when most needed, the suffering patient or his friends learn that you are at some hundreds of miles off, gone heaven knows where, to Russia or to Italy perchance; to Germany or to France; or perhaps only to the fens of Lincoln and the moors of Yorkshire? If the world finds it is so once, twice, or thrice, they set you down at last as a mere *travelling* physician, pleasant enough to peruse in writing, yet inconvenient to have to consult personally. In good truth such is the actual opinion entertained by many in regard to yourself, as I have repeatedly heard to my sorrow; and your brethren have not taken any especial care to enlighten those many on the subject of their misconception. I put no hypothetical case, but a real one for your consideration."

It was impossible to mistake the zeal and friendly intention which dictated these remarks. Still it was in my power,

if not to doubt the consequences with which I was menaced, at all events to contradict the facts from which it was supposed that those consequences would flow.

"I admit," was my answer, "that the impression gone abroad may be such as you have hinted at. I have myself found it already formed among patients, in more than one provincial town, during my recent tour; and it must certainly prevail to some extent among my provincial brethren also, or I should not have remarked that previously to their addressing patients to me for consultation in London, no matter at what period of the year, they write to ascertain 'whether I am likely to be in town.' And yet how incorrect such an impression would appear were the real facts better known! and if incorrect, how unjust to encourage it, and suffer it to produce such consequences as you threaten me with! I am therefore glad you have afforded me an opportunity for an explanation.

"What are the real facts? It is now three-and-twenty years since I regularly settled in the metropolis as a candidate for practice. In the course of that long period I have absented myself from town on five different occasions. Twice on account of my own health, seriously damaged by the exercise of one of the most arduous branches of the medical art, which I practised for eighteen years incessantly, and to an extent that few have exceeded while it lasted; and thrice besides on professional engagements. The entire period of absence, taken collectively, has extended to twenty months; making hardly one month in each year of my service to the public. Why there is hardly any one of the London physicians in extensive practice who does not take a longer holiday every year."

"Still from the manner in which you occupied your time during your absence," replied my friend, "and from having told the reading public how you were employed, even in their service, when not at your post, by the production of octavo

volumes of travels—people have come to the conclusion that you must be better pleased to be away than at home; and even your uninterrupted residence of nine and ten years at one time, without ever leaving the metropolis for more than one day (which I happen to know to have been the case), goes for nothing, or is forgotten."

"So then, had I held my peace after my return from my occasional peregrinations, and kept to myself the fruit of those peregrinations, or what is still safer perhaps, had I wasted the time of my absences in amusements, and returned to my professional labours at the commencement of the season, without the information I have gathered, I should not have exposed myself, according to your present belief, to the chance of being looked upon as a medical attendant who is here one day and away the next, and consequently not to be relied upon. Well! if such must be the price at which I am to secure the continuous support of the public, I at once renounce it on such terms; and will proceed in my own way to tell that public what I have endeavoured to accomplish in my absence, for their benefit and information."

"But you will have also to submit to the penalty of such a resolution. I will now proceed to give you my second reason for considering this new task of yours likely to act injuriously to your interest. The great success of the book on the spas of Germany, you say, has made manifest the necessity of another book on the spas of England. The proposition is a *non sequitur*. But grant that the necessity for such another book does really exist, you surely have chosen the time for its publication too precipitately! The curiosity and the interest excited by the work on the German mineral waters are scarcely sufficiently abated for you to hope to supersede it by a second publication on an analogous subject. You therefore damage the value of the latter, and your own reputation as the writer of it, if you cannot secure public attention to its subject."

The reply to this second scruple of an over-anxious friend is as conclusive as that in the first case. "By the former work on German mineral waters, I sought to benefit a class of opulent and aristocratic people, who may amount perhaps to five or six thousand yearly visiters to those waters. A very large proportion of these I have seen and sent thither myself since the publication of that work, and on their return they have testified to the great efficacy of the waters in their own various cases, of which I keep a faithful register. The remainder are directed to those springs by my professional brethren, who have all, at last, found out that their patients, encouraged by the contents of the book in question, are determined to try the effect of the German spas. It being clear that thither they will go; their professional advisers recommend them to do that which it is not in their power to prevent.

"But what are, after all, five or six, or even ten thousand individuals who may be partial to foreign mineral watering places, and likely to keep to the perusal of my former work, compared with the hundreds of thousands of almost every section of what are denominated the easy classes, who may be expected to require, and to be ready to use if properly recommended to them, the home mineral springs, and consequently to be likely to take considerable interest in a work which shall detail to them every particular connected with those means of cure as well as diversion? The only thing needful to attend to, in order to command attention to another work on spas, is to make it as full and as useful as the first has been considered to be; and the result cannot be doubtful. The consequences, therefore, which you seem to deprecate, my good friend, as likely to arise from this new production of mine, the result of an absence of about three months from my post during the last summer, I hope are not likely to follow its appearance."

"May you prove correct in your conclusions. To the

third ground of objection which I take against your present task, however, I apprehend you will not be in a condition to direct any thing like a satisfactory explanation. With all your experience as a traveller, and a writer of travels, it will hardly be possible for you to invest the subject of mineral waters in England with sufficient interest or importance to secure a proper return for your trouble, labour, and care, in an increase of confidence on the part of the public, either in the treatment by mineral waters in England, seeing that they are notoriously inferior to those of Germany, or in yourself as the practitioner who recommends them. Is it not true that almost all the English mineral waters are inefficient in comparison to those of the Continent?"

It is evident that I could offer to my over-scrupulous interrogator no better answer to his third objection than the perusal of the whole work, the existence of which he so pertinaciously laments, as likely to prove injurious to his friend the author of it. To that perusal, therefore, did I urge him to apply himself with convenient speed, and until completed, "to suspend his judgment;" and I ask the same favour of the reader.

## CHAPTER II.

### RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

Quick Travelling makes Short Books—Prince George, Arthur Young, and the Railway—Is the latter a blessing, or the reverse to Travelling Invalids?—Important Question for a Doctor to solve—Supposed grievances and positive Advantages—Author's Experience—Qualifications and Exceptions—The London and Birmingham Rail-Concern—Its Bustle and Bullyism enough to kill a Nervous Patient—Contrasted with other Lines of Railroad—Difference between Promises and Deeds—Imposition and Rapacity—Necessity for a Parliamentary Interference—The London and Birmingham, and the Grand Junction Contrasted—Other Sins of the London and Birmingham Line—Promise kept.

Of the many unexpected results consequent upon the enormous change in the internal communications of the country, brought about by railway travelling, there is one in particular at which writers, as well as readers, of books of travels, ought equally to rejoice. Railway travelling has left the former no excuse for dilly-dallying at the very outset of a journey, on a long, tedious, and uninteresting road, to regale their readers with some exquisite bit of novel information, touching the number of milestones and turnpike-gates; and it has taken from them the power of filling up the first twenty pages of a book with preliminary *verbiage* about what nobody cares for: it has, in fine, compelled them to plunge immediately *in medias res*—that is, to come to the

purport and burden of their song at once, and leave all preparatory notes, of difficulties to be overcome, and fatigues to be undergone, out of the question. This is no trifling boon to the reader, who thus finds his curiosity likely to be speedily gratified without previous tantalization.

Nothing is so tedious as the narrative of preliminary steps in a book of travels. The *locomotive*, thanks to the philosopher of Soho, has at one stroke of a piston, swept all such prolixities away. When Prince George of Denmark undertook to visit Petworth, the royal traveller was engaged for nine hours in toiling down to his destination (a distance of about fifty miles); and the account given by contemporary chroniclers of the measures taken to ensure safety and expedition on that occasion, together with the narrative of the mishaps on the journey, is as irksome to read as the journey itself must have proved to the royal traveller. Now behold the difference which a little more than a century has brought about in these matters! Look at the wonders of a *locomotive* as compared to a state-carriage!

Another royal prince, on his way to this country, to become what George of Denmark was at the time, quits the station-post of a Belgium railroad at the extremity of a line of one hundred miles, to reach the sea that separates him from his queen; and in half the time of his royal predecessor, accomplishes more than double the distance without a single event the telling of which could occupy more than a line in the narrative of his journey.

Arthur Young was a great traveller in his day, and wrote almost as many books as he had journeyed miles. But look at his narratives! One-half of the time of his reader is taken up with the perusal of entire pages of anathemas against roads and road-makers, and in lamentations at his own slow progress.

"I know not in the whole range of language," he exclaims in one of his tours to the North of England, "terms suffi-

ciently expressive to describe this *infernal* road," &c. &c.; and further on he adds, "Let me most seriously caution all travellers who may propose to travel this terrible country, to avoid it as they would the *devil*—for a thousand to one but they break their necks or their limbs by overthrows or breakings down."

And where do my readers think that such dismal adventures were portended to the traveller in honest Arthur's time, namely, just seventy years ago? Why, between Preston and Wigan, a nearly direct line of about seventeen miles in length, which I actually rolled over twice last summer, in less time than one occupies in sipping his breakfast—that is to say, in twenty-eight minutes each way!

How delightful it must be to all who feel the *pruritus peregrinandi* to know that from the identical place whence an active traveller dated his lamentations of old against the almost insurmountable difficulties of journeying to his destination, lines of communication, of equal velocity to the one I have just referred to, are shooting out in a northerly direction, one of which will reach Lancaster before the expiration of 1840, thereby affording the means of transport in ten short hours from London, to within twenty miles of the pure atmosphere of *Winander Meer*, and the other lakes in the north. To a person of delicate health and susceptible nerves, such a journey, with comparatively little or no fatigue, and less of adventure, must be a real blessing.

But is it so, in sober earnestnesss, with regard to all invalids or susceptible persons who may attempt or be recommended to avail themselves of these propulsory modes of travelling? What is the formed opinion of medical men on such a point? Have we sufficiently studied the operation of railway travelling on our patients, or even only upon such people as are prone, liable to, or threatened with disease? What, if a person is endowed with such exquisite sensibility of the nervous system, that the clumsy slamming of a door by

a careless footman at home, or the tumbling down of a set of fireirons, at once produce a start, a commotion, and a headach for the day? Can such a person trust himself to railway travelling? And if a lady be thrown into a fever and a state of agitation at the sight of mere ordinary bustle—at the incessant grinding of a carriage ploughing a gravelled road—or at the rapid passage of objects before her,—is such an individual fit to travel by railway? Should, in fine, a person of either sex, subject to what is commonly denominated fulness of blood in the head, risk a rapid journey in one of the locomotives of the Western or the South Western trains, to rattle on at the rate of thirty miles an hour?

These are important questions for a physician to treat; esspecially if, in undertaking a work wherein travelling may form a prominent subject of recommendation, he is likely to point out the convenience and facilities of the new and striking mode of transport, which forms the subject of the present chapter. Such are precisely the reasons which gave rise to the chapter itself, and but for which some of my readers might think it out of place in a work on "The Spas of England!"

I am not aware that the question has been fully considered or discussed in medical works. Incidentally there have been opinions mentioned as emanating from medical authorities, which are, however, as yet unsupported by sufficient experience and undoubted facts. Some one or two awkward or unfortunate events that have occurred on a railroad, to travellers supposed to have been in infirm health, have been explained in an off-hand manner, and upon very feeble evidence, as the effect of railway travelling on such constitutions—nay, some of my brethren have gone so far as to analyze with mathematical and nosological precision the different degrees of mischief, which the various incidents, inseparable from railway travelling, are likely to produce.

It has been alleged, that the being wafted through the air at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, must affect delicate lungs and asthmatic people; that to such as are of a sanguineous constitution, and labour under fulness of blood in the head, the movement of rail-trains will produce apoplexy; that the sudden plunging into the darkness of a tunnel, and the emerging out of it as suddenly, cannot fail to make work for the oculists; and finally, it has never been doubted, but that the air in such tunnels is of a vitiated kind and must give rise to the worst effects; while that at the bottom of deep cuttings or excavations, being necessarily damp, will occasion catarrhs, and multiply agues!

Such is the list of alleged grievances said to have been started by medical men, against railway travelling.

I have availed myself of that mode of conveyance as often as possible upon all rail-roads, good, bad, or indifferent, in all directions and in all classes of carriages; from the superb mail chariot with its spring cushions and well-stuffed back and sides, to the open platform in which passengers of the humblest description, as on the Manchester and Leeds rail-roads, are penned-in like sheep. I have tried a journey of nine hours consecutively in one of the close carriages, and again, in the second or open class of vehicles. In the course of all these goings and comings, I have studied not only myself but my neighbours, and purposely entered into conversation with them as to the effect of railway travelling, on themselves and their friends or acquaintances.

It is in this manner alone, that positive information on such topics can be obtained. Well, the result of all my observations is, that there is not much of truth in the alleged medical grievances against railway travelling, and that, *per se*, such a mode of conveyance is not more likely to do mischief to people's health than any other hitherto adopted.

I am bound, however, to qualify this declaratory opinion by stating, that constituted as rail-roads are at present, with-

out proper and responsible control, or uniform legislative regulation; and varying, as almost all of them do, in their mode of construction, management, and condition, so that while one is smooth, joltless, and almost noiseless, another is the very antipodes of all these; it is not impossible that some easily affrighted dame, some highly nervous old gentleman, or a readily excitable person prone to fulness, may suffer from railway travelling or from some of its concomitants.

But these are the exceptions and not the rule. I admit, that if the first of those morbidly disposed individuals, on presenting herself at the station of the London and Birmingham line in Euston-square, in order to procure a ticket for any one of the classes of carriages on the rail-road, is made to go through the necessary process in the most hurried manner possible, and without the smallest chance of gathering a syllable of information, or a civil answer to a question, from one of the spruce clerks busily employed in slicing and distributing pink, blue, and yellow slips, for pounds, shillings, and pence, which keep flowing in from every quarter: I admit, that if, at the beckoning of a policeman, the same easily affrighted lady be squeezed through a funnel-like passage, as if she were forcing her way with the rabble at half-price into the pit of old Drury, in order that she may afterwards find her way, *tant bien que mal*, to the platform from whence she is to embark on her venture: I admit, that if, having once reached the platform, dragging her own portmanteau and *sac-de-nuit*, she finds the former suddenly snatched from her by some lusty porter, and thrown upon a new-fangled pair of scales at the bidding of a young fop, who at the same time peremptorily demands some additional ten or twelve shillings, for an alleged excess of weight in her luggage: I admit, that if, marvelling at so exorbitant a demand while questioning its justice, the first signal-bell for the passengers to take their seats is heard to sound, and the servants of the company, running to and fro, hardly offer to

relieve her of her burden, or place her and it in the carriage she is to occupy, but leave her to do all that in the best way she can: I admit, that if, while perplexed as to what she ought next to do, she hears the last signal-bell ring, and a second policeman addresses her with "Now, ma'am; you'll be too late, ... . . in with you, ma'am, quick, quick, or you'll be left behind;" lifting her at the same time from the platform on to the step of the nearest carriage (probably not the one she ought to take for her destination), and the train all the while moving forward: I admit at once, that if all these things are to take place, if an easily affrighted dame is to be thus jostled, hurried, and bullied, then the railway journey which is to follow is likely to prove of serious injury to her.

But reverse the picture: see the same person going through the quiet, easy, civil, and reasonable proceedings which accompany railway travelling on any other line, the South Western for example, and our easily affrighted lady will find no inconvenience whatever, but on the contrary every comfort from that mode of conveyance.

The rail-road, from London to Birmingham, is in fact an ill-managed concern. Present yourself in any garb you please to the counter of their offices, assume the most affable or beseeching tone of inquiry you can, still you will either get no answer at all, or one which you would hardly give to your own menial servant. The difference in that respect between the two ends of the line, the London and the Liverpool lines, is quite striking; as compared to London, all the officers and servants at the Liverpool terminus are perfection, and their arrangements incomparably superior.

The rapacity, too, of the persons managing the concern has no end. I have before me their soft-lipped, alluring prospectus of 1833. Not only was *safety* and *expedition* promised, but *economy* also. The latter was illustrated by comparison to the then inside fares of stage coaches, of which the charge for the first class of carriages on the rail-

road was to be less than the half. This forbearance did not last long. The price was soon raised to the full amount of the inside of an ordinary stage coach; and within the last few months, with as much reason for any further increase in the fares of the principal classes of carriages as there was for any addition before,—namely none, but the good will and pleasure of the directors, and the despotic uncontrollable power granted to them by a loosely and vaguely defined act of Parliament,—they have raised the principal carriage fare by an additional half-a-crown, and have visited with a still heavier demand the traveller who prefers the second class of carriages, by increasing his fare five shillings more, that is, double the increase upon the first class carriages, by way of penalty, it must be supposed, for presuming to prefer the second to the first class of vehicles!

This is hardly honest towards the public; and done too in the face of many successive favourable reports from the Board of Directors, upon the progressive gains of the company, and the declaration of high dividends.

Where is this eagerness after lucre, unvisited by any usury laws, to stop, if Parliament does not interfere in behalf of the public, which the legislature has hitherto left unprotected, and at the mercy of any set of rail-road monopolizers?

It is really worth while, as we are on the subject of rail-road travelling, and as I am disposed on the whole to recommend the use of it to certain classes of invalids, not only as a convenient but as a salutary mode of transport from one place to another—it is worth while, I say, to reduce to a few formulæ of numbers the iniquity of this mode of proceeding on the part of the London and Birmingham Railway Company. For this purpose we have only to contrast what is done in regard to charges upon the two extreme lines, between London and Liverpool, which meet at Birmingham as a centre.

The distance between the last-mentioned city and Liver-

pool by railway is ninety-seven miles and a quarter. The charge for the first class carriages is and has invariably been one guinea. That it is a remunerating charge, we may conclude, first, from its never having been raised; and, secondly, from the recent declaration of a very high dividend to the shareholders. Between London and Birmingham the distance by railway is 112 miles (so laid down in all their maps and sections); the charge, therefore, if that of one guinea for ninety-seven miles and a half be an equitable and remunerating charge, ought to be twenty-four shillings and fourpence. But it is, in reality, thirty-two shillings and sixpence; *ergo* there is, in this case, a positive extortion of eight shillings and a fraction above what is *equitable*.

Such an extortion, however, becomes even more glaring when we take into consideration the London and Birmingham fare for the second class of carriages, which, as before stated, has been lately raised without notice or reason to twenty-five shillings. On the Grand Junction the distance of $97\frac{1}{4}$ miles is charged 14*s*. 8*d*. for that class of carriages. The proportionate charge, therefore, for the same class of carriages on the London line should be 16*s*. 3*d*. Instead of which it is 1*l*. 5*s*.; *ergo*, there is here an excess of nearly nine shillings above what is just and equitable! And the legislature, in granting acts for this new mode of conveying passengers, never provided against the possibility of such extortions being practised on the public!

But these are not the only sins against the London and Birmingham management. Their behaviour with regard to the charge for luggage is even more reprehensible. In all their printed documents it was stated that all excess of weight of luggage above 100lb. would be charged one penny per pound. Even to this day it is so printed on some of the luggage tickets. It is the charge still demanded on the Junction of Liverpool line, and I may add on many other lines; though several of them make no charge whatever for

luggage. But one penny is not so good as double that sum: so thought some able financier at the board, on some unlucky day for the public;—and his compeers assenting, the printed *one* is forthwith changed into a written *two* on the luggage ticket.

In that guise the charge stands on my own ticket of the 18th of July, 1839, now before me (8 P.M. o'clock train), by which an excess of luggage weighing 72 lb. above what is allowed, and which, according to the declaration of the chairman of their board to a committee of the House of Commons, made two or three months before, would have been charged six shillings, now cost me twelve! What Chancellor of the Exchequer would, by the stroke of a clerk's pen, venture upon doubling the amount of any tax on the public, in the truly off-hand manner of these executives?

The said luggage consisted of a leathern portmanteau *only*. It was rather bulky to be sure; still it was but a portmanteau, and I could carry it with one hand. I ventured, almost tremblingly, to put in one word of remonstrance against the unexpected transmutation of one into two, which I saw juggled before me by the clerk's quill, and also against the amazing ponderosity discovered in a *clin d'oeil* in my portmanteau, which had been thrown carelessly on a new-fangled weighing machine that left no leisure or means to verify its operation; but I was instantly abused.

As I am not of the most pacific temper in such sudden emergencies, I, too, raised my voice and plucked up courage to demand for myself, and others (who by this time had entered the office with similar protestations), some explanation. But lo! I might as well have tried to out-whistle the steam which just then was rushing with a violent hissing noise out of our locomotive. "Pay, or your luggage *shan't* go!" I did pay, and told them they should hear from me,—and thus I keep my promise.

## CHAPTER III.

### RAILWAY TRAVELLING CONCLUDED.

**Abuses Abroad and Abuses at Home—Reform necessary—Every other Species of Conveyance under Legislative Control except Railroad—Dangers and Inconveniences of Rail Travelling—Author's Experience—First start—Darwin's Prophecy—Progress—Impediments—Accidents—Delays—Result—Sum total of the Benefit to Mankind, and Invalids in particular, from Railways.**

I DARE say that when these pages see the light, some one will stand up to defend the Company in the proceedings described in the last chapter. But then I know, that the whole voice of the public is with me on the subject. Some reviewers, too, will be retained, to show up the Author for introducing questions of this nature in a work professing to treat of mineral waters.

When on a former occasion, treating of the mineral waters of Germany, I exposed the impositions practised at the frontiers and custom-houses of some of the continental ptaces on those who travelled to and from the several spas, no one found fault with my proceedings, but rather applauded the act. Is it only when abuses are met with in foreign countries by a traveller, that their exposure is proper? and if the same individual travels at home upon a like errand, and discovers equal, if not worse abuses, does he not render the same service to the public by exposing them likewise?

That a corrective reform must take place of all such abuses connected with railroad travelling, and at the hands, too,

of that very legislature which allowed the creation of many fruitful sources of these abuses,—every thing around us seems to indicate; and that reform cannot come too soon. Railroads, to be a blessing to this country, must be placed under wholesome and distinct parliamentary regulations, and watched over by authorities *wholly independent* of the speculative part of the undertaking. Not the pecuniary part of that undertaking alone, should be regulated and put under control, with a view to the protection of the public; but the safety of the latter also should be considered—a point of the most vital importance, for which, as yet, no provision whatever, of an official character, has been made or thought of.

If a smack, or the smallest bark, is to be licensed to trade from London to any port of Great Britain, certain precise and definite regulations to ensure its safety and that of the crew are strictly enforced, by a Trinity board or some such authority. Some of these vessels, placed under the command and management of a master, may be manned, perhaps, by three seamen and a cabin boy only. Yet that master has certain strict orders to observe, for the protection of the four lives temporarily placed under his care.

The legislature has in such cases, and from time almost immemorial, interposed to save human life. Among the many public carriages that convey a dozen passengers to and from the various cities of England, not one is permitted to ply without strict rules being laid down, established by acts of Parliament, by which its management and progress on the king's highways are strictly defined; so that the limbs of the traveller therein and thereon, may be, as far as possible, protected. In this second case again has the legislature interposed to save life.

But how differently stands the case with the new mode of railway travelling authorized by the very same legislature! Why, instead of three or thirteen, three hundred, or three thousand lives have often been committed in one day, on the

several railways of England, to the sole direction of one man, an engineer, so called, or engineman, whose skill, prudence, sobriety, alertness, presence of mind, strength of nerves, promptitude in action, and knowledge of the Leviathan power he has to control, have never been preliminarily examined or ascertained; neither have they been acquired by regular scientific training or education! And yet on the failure of all or any of these requisites, in a man having the momentary charge of so many human lives, may the whole or most of those lives be suddenly extinguished, or as many limbs maimed and disfigured.

I would advise those who have feeble nerves, and especially travellers of the weaker sex, when once embarked in one of the well-stuffed coaches of the Great Western, or of any other railroad, after having surveyed the superb display of closed and open vehicles arranged on rails under a splendid colonnade, in one almost interminable line, teeming with live beings,—not to suffer their thoughts to revert for an instant to the consideration of how and by what mighty power, and under whose sagacious and provident direction, all these creatures, beaming with life and spirits, are to be transported to their remote destinations. Such a reflection, at such a moment, would deter them from the prosecution of their journey, or make them miserable throughout it if they proceeded. It is in such cases as these that I admit the possibility of railway travelling being likely to prove detrimental to health.

To glance at all the possible dangers to which the traveller on a railroad is at present liable, from the mere want of a uniform and intelligible legislative enactment to regulate that new and prodigious invention, which seems destined to annihilate space,—is a task to be shrunk from, were it not thrust upon us by the very nature of the subject and intention of the present chapter. In fact, no other mode of travelling is encompassed by so many dangers.

In the course of the professional tour which the following

pages are meant to describe, the author purposely availed himself of every species of conveyance along a circuitous route of nearly three thousand miles, ranging through almost every county in England; in order that he might be prepared to give his best advice, founded on personal experience, to those who are likely (as in the case of the Spas of Germany) to apply for that advice, respecting the most eligible mineral spring to be resorted to, or the most desirable mode of conveyance thither to be adopted.

Railway travelling formed the larger proportion of the various modes adopted by the author. Carriages drawn or pushed by locomotive as well as by stationary engines; carriages sliding down an inclined or dragged up an ascending plane; carriages moved along by a trotting horse on iron rails; all these were employed in turn. The inside and outside of mail and stage coaches were also put in requisition, and so were postchaises, gigs, and errand-carts. Finally, a saddle-horse, a canal-boat, and a coasting-steamer, were not forgotten. All these means of conveyance were purposely had recourse to by way of experiment; but none suggests to the mind so large a category of perils almost inherent in it (so long as it shall remain in its present state) as that one marvellous species of conveyance on which we have been descanting.

We will imagine that we are about to start on a railroad, from the terminus or first station. A long line of carriages charged with their live lumber awaits the signal. Hitherto the huge locomotive, which had been brought out of the engine-house like an impatient warhorse, and placed at the head of the line,—had only given tokens of its presence to the passengers by the continuous hissing of its steaming breath issuing through a narrow opening. But now the bell has sounded—the carriage-doors are all secured—the farewell and the good-by have been given to the travellers by the friends who remain behind and who retreat back on the platform—

"All's right," cries the inspector at the end of five minutes. The monster-engine, roused by fresh fuel and loosened by the swarthy engineer, first changes the hissing into a hoarse yet shrill whistle, throwing up a shower of misty water into the air like a huge Leviathan of the Greenland seas; and then panting loudly, and in measured beatings, sets off on its rapid journey, dragging along with it (chained to each other) the fifty vehicles to which it has been harnessed, "and outstripping," as a recent writer has said, "the fleetest race-horse and antelope in its speed."

How clearly did the illustrious Darwin, in his Cruscean distich, predict this wonderful consummation of man's industry, many years before it had even been dreamt of by the world!

> Soon shall thine arm, unconquered steam, afar
> Drag the slow barge and drive the rapid car.

Once launched on its errand, the train is at the mercy of one man's skill and carefulness; and all that are committed to it have suddenly and voluntarily changed their individual chances of the worldly perils likely to affect their existence. The train in its rapid course has come into collision with another, or with a ballast train which did not get out of the line into the siding at its proper time; or it has overtaken a long train of goods which had set off before, but had been detained. In each of such *rencontres* the effects have been tremendous.

Presently the train has found the moving rails, or switches, which are to direct its course, turned the wrong way, by the neglect of a policeman deputed to set them properly; and the engine, with the string of carriages, by being suddenly thrown off the straight line upon a sharp curve, have been fatally overturned. Such switches, upon a lofty embankment, turned the wrong way, have precipitated the whole train down its sloping sides.

In some places the train of one railway and that of another have to cross each other on a level at certain angles; as in the

case of the Great North of England and Clarence Railroads, for example:—who can contemplate the effect of a collision, should the two trains meet by miscalculation of time or accident? Yet such a collision has taken place on the Darlington and Stockton railways.

Farther on the train is to change the line, in order to enter upon another at right angles. The time appointed for this is arranged, so that no other train may be at the point of confluence of the two roads at the same time; but some accidental occurrence has baffled this pre-arrangement, and two trains have reached, from two different lines, the point of confluence at the same moment of time, and the contact has been terrific and fatal. Newton station can testify to that fact.

Similar, though not equally dangerous rencounters, the trains may fall into, from the railroad crossing in places, and on the same level, ordinary highways.

Presently the train reaches an embankment, the soil of which, loosened by the effect of heavy and continued rains, and incapable of supporting any weight, is unsteady and gives way, just as the rumbling engine advances over it, and is suddenly imbedded in the quaking mass of earth.

In another part of the line, a long train of carriages has entered a very deep cutting, the banks of which are not sufficiently inclined away from the railroad. Incessant rains for two or three days have loosened the earth of these banks, which the vibration caused by the train has afterwards shaken down, overturning the engine and half burying several of the carriages. The Grand Junction can bear witness to the possibility of both these occurrences, and November 1839 is not too far remote a period for recollection.

Lastly, a bridge or a viaduct has broken down at the very instant of the string of vehicles passing over it, and some of them have been precipitated into the chasm. The Greenwich, the Birmingham, and the St. Germain's railroad in France, have, each in turn, furnished an example of this species of danger, inherent in railroad travelling.

Next to such danger come inconveniences ever inseparable from a mode of travelling of this description. Of these, that of delay on the road is, perhaps, the most lamentable; in as much as the causes of it have hitherto been as frequent as they have proved disastrous. At one time it is a stray cow or a sheep lying athwart the rail, which the engine's scuper tosses into the air, being itself checked in its progress by that act.

At another time, a deaf railway-labourer is knocked down, or a drunken policeman falls just as the engine approaches him, and the rapid machine passes over their bodies, being thrown out of the line at the same moment.

A supply of water to feed the boiler is required; the train reaches the pump at one of the stations, but the pump is frozen or refuses to work. The stoker, who ought to be like Argus, ever vigilant, falls asleep now and then; the fire goes out; and the locomotive, which was to have conveyed the night-mail at twenty-five miles per hour, is standing *stock*-still.

Here and there the rails will be covered with snow, or be excessively wet; and the wheels refuse to *bite*, wasting their power in useless girations. All these *contretemps* will cause delay, though not so much so as when, upon some unlucky occasion, a grand explosion takes place, and all power of locomotion is suddenly annihilated.

These inconveniences and dangers are not imaginary or merely possible; they have actually all occurred upon some one railroad or another; they have all been recorded in the public journals, and been admitted in evidence before a parliamentary committee; neither will they be averted until superior arrangements shall be made, and a general supervision of all the railroads established, be through the agency of a general Board.

The immense advantages, however, of this stupendous invention still remain; and although, as in the case of almost

every one of the more surprising discoveries of man, practically applied by his ingenuity to the curtailment of labour, the increase of wealth, and the multiplication of luxuries,—the result has been obtained at the expense of new dangers, with an increased liability to the loss of life; nevertheless, the great, the enormous sum of benefit that must accrue to mankind from the establishment of a means of conveyance which seems to level all topographical distinctions, and not only brings distant cities, but remote countries nearer to each other, and annihilates time and distance,—is not to be questioned, and becomes every day more manifest.

Railway travelling is a fruitful theme of many important reflections, besides those which I have deemed sufficiently akin to the general objects of my present work to introduce into this and the preceding chapter. Its reference to political results—to agricultural considerations—to statistical conclusions—and to the possible amelioration of the condition of the people, form so many points of interest, which it is not my province to touch upon in this place, yet to some of which I may perchance have to allude in the course of this work, with certain illustrations drawn from personal experience. At all events they are points well worthy of the consideration of statesmen, as involving questions of the first importance,—whether in regard to the immediate interests of enterprising persons, and the convenience and intercourse of the community at large, or in reference to the safety and protection of human life.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ROAD TO HARROGATE.

The Euston Station—Philip Hardwick—The departure Parade—Arrival of Passengers—The train—Vagabond Post-office and flying bags—Suggested Improvement—Off-we-go—No sooner gone than arrived—Theatrical Effect—Railroad Suppers; cheap, plentiful, and quickly swallowed—Irish M.P.'s—Facility of travelling makes Travellers—Sundry Illustrations—Where will it end?—Arrival at Liverpool—The Adelphi—Farther Progress—Arrival at Harrogate.

Having now done my duty by pointing out the many glaring defects in the management of the Grand Junction,—not without hope that it may mend in consequence,—I hesitate not in asserting that, but for it, I should probably not have undertaken my present laborious task.

To know that—thanks to the grand junction rail—I should find myself, in the course of a few hours only (those hours snatched from sleep, and consequently of no great value) within a short distance of one of the most central, and at the same time one of the most interesting spas of this country, to begin with,—was certainly an inducement for me to make that beginning; and I therefore set out with a light heart and good cheer, on my instructive and professional excursion to visit all those important localities.

To a traveller who is in a hurry, and desires to enjoy as many of the comforts of a railroad as he can procure, the night train is unquestionably to be preferred. The very sight

of its preparation for departure is inspiriting, and there is hardly a more dramatic or soul-stirring scene enacted by gas-light any where in London, than that which may be witnessed every evening under the colonnade of the Euston-square station.

The arrival of the mail train from the country at an early hour in the morning at the same station, is tame in comparison. One only advantage does the stranger enjoy who arrives by that conveyance on a fine morning, which those who depart late at night have *not*: *it is* the sight of that imposing and massive entrance erected by Philip Hardwick, on the purest principles of a Grecian Doric elevation, which rises to the height of seventy feet, and imparts to the locality a grandeur commensurate and in character with the gigantic nature of the entire road, considered as *one* line of communication between two extremes—the first and the second commercial cities in England.

The departure parade, as it is called, at the hour of eight o'clock, p.m., is swarming with bustle. The experienced traveller in this species of conveyance reaches the spot in full time to see his luggage safely lodged on the top of the coach he is to travel in; and within that coach he afterwards secures his seat, by the number marked on the ticket he received in the office. He then has leisure to survey the throng, and examine the long string of vehicles prepared to carry to their respective destinations an almost incredible number of travellers like himself, whom he sees arriving in groups and shoals, pouring in upon the departure parade from all the outlets of the various offices; some panting and fearful lest they should be "too late;" others coolly sauntering, *cigar en bouche*, like old hands at this sort of work; and many frightened at the mere idea of losing both property and passage.

First come the carriages of the second class, which slowly move on, like automatons, to take up their station at the

outer end of the parade, where the headmost is yoked to the locomotive. These carriages are closed with glass windows, and are sufficiently snug in winter, but have not the luxury of cushions, stuffing, &c. An experienced traveller, however, will bring his own cushions and plenty of great-coats, and make himself as comfortable in this particular class of vehicles as if he had selected the better class, and at an expense, which, until it was unexpectedly and unjustly raised last year, amounted only to two-thirds of the expense of the higher class of carriages.

Then follow next in succession the carriages destined for Manchester, forming the first division, and consisting of four, five, or more, according to the number of passengers who require them. After these comes what is emphatically styled the royal mail-coach, followed by the several carriages destined for Liverpool, which constitute the second division, composed like that of Manchester, of several first-class carriages and the mail-coach. The latter, in both divisions, is a smart dashing vehicle, within and without, most luxuriously fitted up inside, like the new chariot of a young baronet going to court on succeeding to his title. The former, also, are decked within with every comfort. They are well stuffed, have soft cushions, and a most convenient upright, with resting-places for the elbows, and a pillow-like swelling on each side of the traveller, who can hardly resist from applying his cheek to either, and committing himself to the god of slumber. Should he be sleepless, however, or by nature vigilant, a friendly lamp hangs suspended from the centre of the ceiling, bright enough to allow him to strain his eye over a guide-book, or the "unstamped," which are sold at the station *pour tuer le temps*.

But one of the most interesting portions of this long chain of vehicles, is the huge caravan-looking machine which follows in the rear of all the carriages, and which reminds one of the old days of Cross and Exeter Change. On peeping into it, an

oblong square, well lighted and fitted up with pigeon-holes on every side, shelves and tables, presents itself, the direct purport of which is very soon made manifest, by the introduction of unwieldly and foul leathern bags, crammed full of letters, which are being dragged in by men in the post-office liveries; while the operation of sorting the said letters is going on within. During the progress of the train, smaller letter bags are formed out of the larger ones, which, being afterwards hung outside the caravan in some opportune place, protected by a net-work, are, upon arrival at certain points on the road, snatched off without any detention, by a simple machine, whose alertness is never at fault; and thence they are conveyed to the respective offices in the neighbourhood for distribution.

The sight of this bee-like industry within a confined hutch, while the train is swiftly sliding on to his destination at 25 miles an hour, suggests the idea of a different and preferable arrangement, for the conveyance of passengers in trains travelling to greater distances, like the one from London to Liverpool for instance, or the other (that is to be) from the metropolis to Exeter, and a third from the capital of England to the capital of Scotland. I mean the adoption of long omnibusses instead of coaches, fitted up with a long central table, around which the passengers may sit, and either write, read, play at cards, converse together, or take refreshments, as in the state cabin of a steamer, and as I understand it to be the case on some of the long railroads in the United States, where people value their time too much, and are too busy, to afford to go to sleep, or be idle for so many hours even in a railway carriage.

The line of vehicles along the departure parade is terminated by the tender, the luggage-van, and the truck for private carriages.

At twenty minutes before nine, P.M., this long procession started. In one hour and twenty minutes it had reached

Tring; at a quarter before one, Coventry lamps hove in sight; and with a continuous movement, vibratory at times, and a noise generally drumming, but occasionally clashing, we reached Birmingham as the illuminated clock, under a much more stupendous colonnade than that of the terminal station in London, marked twenty-five minutes to two, A.M.

One hundred and eleven miles of ground had thus been passed over in five hours (no prodigy for a railroad to be sure), before one could get *ennuyé* or fatigued. I am thus minute and particular, on behalf of such of my readers as are invalids, or of a trepidating nature, who will not be sorry to peruse what may appear trite, worthless, and commonplace to others. I shall not easily forget the flattering remark made to me by a patient returning cured from one of the German Spas, Gastein,—who asserted that the very minute description I had given of the difficult road to that romantic and elevated spring of health, had, by putting him on his guard, been the means of saving himself and party from many difficulties and a perilous rencounter.

If the starting from Euston station be dramatic in effect, the arrival at the Birmingham-station is no less theatrical. The sudden entering under the cover of a vast area, brilliantly lighted up like a fairy region, with the whole train, which pushes its course home to the very furthest verge of the platform, facing a grand building destined to give asylum and refreshment to the hundreds of passengers who arrive by the Liverpool train—is accompanied by sensations not experienced, under any other circumstance. Neither are these sensations rendered tamer by the next spectacle that, in the vast tea-room, offers itself during the halting-time, of three-quarters of an hour duration, allowed to such as have to proceed to Liverpool or Manchester; although the room in question is not so elegant and ostentatious as the great morning or refreshment saloon just alluded to, designed and erected

by the same eminent architect to whose imagination is due the Doric arch of Euston-place.

The strange effect of suddenly beholding, upon emerging from the slumbering and dark monotony of a night journey, three hundred people of both sexes, arranged as if by magic, and in an instant within a spacious and well lighted room, around several cross lines of parallel tables, who, but five minutes before, were variously distributed and apart from one another in thirty different carriages—is in itself amusing. But its entertaining character is considerably enhanced if we follow these people in their operations, attacking and demolishing tea, coffee, chickens, tough ham and stale bread—beef, pork, and stuffed pies—and all in ten minutes and for two shillings.

On this occasion I recognised, among the hungered, many Irish M.P.'s returning to their home after a laborious parliamentary session, and not, as one may easily suppose, among the least eager in the work of demolition.

I used to think the sight of a mail-coach supper or a long journey to Edinburgh, a marvellous odd sight. But this swarm of human mouths suddenly put in motion—these two hundred pair of hands, setting-to at once with forks and teaspoons, to sweep clean off from a set of long tables many pounds of sugar, and gallons of tea, and dishes innumerable of various food, under which they were before groaning—but the faces and grimaces, the chattering and the jargon, the approbation and disapprobation, expressed in loud tones, of so many minds, mouths, and stomachs, that accompany the scene,—these I say are features of the moment, far more exciting than all, and may prove a moral lesson into the bargain.

Surely the facility of travelling has given people a new propensity to locomotion. For at what time were there ever congregated together in any one night, so many as 150 to

200 passengers in this halfway-house city, when long coaches only, and short mails plied on the road, to convey people, either for pleasure or business, from one point on the line to another? What other proof need we have of the truth of the proposition with which I set out than the fact, for example, that between two insignificant towns in Yorkshire, Darlington and Stockton, where hardly enough travellers could be found formerly to support a coach three times a week on a road of about twelve miles, the subsequent establishment of a railroad has induced upwards of two hundred persons daily to travel that distance?—or the other fact, that between Manchester and Liverpool, a similar railroad facility of communication being once established, about thirteen hundred passengers have been *daily* availing themselves of it every year; whereas twelve or fifteen coaches sufficed before, for the number of travellers who plied between those two cities?

It is, therefore, unquestionable, that to afford cheap and speedy means of travelling for the people, is to induce people to travel who would otherwise have staid quietly at home; and if this process is to go much further, the whole nation, at length, will be on the move; no one will ever be at his post; restlessness will be the order of the day; and we shall be on the go, so much and so often, that we must go *au diable* at last, railroads and all. This is the moral lesson, and mark the issue of it!

As the rosy-cheeked milkmaids of Liverpool were plying their shining pails from house to house, calling the half-slumbering inmates to their doors; the passengers in the London train reached the terminus in Lime-street, whence many of them proceeded to that most showy and bustling of all hotels in England, the Adelphi. It was, unluckily, the second day of the Liverpool Races, and all the black and white legs from the metropolis had congregated in the house, and secured all the habitable parts of it; leaving me the alternative of either proceeding elsewhere, or putting up with

a dark bath-room seven feet by three and a-half, to dress in, as the best accommodation the house could afford to a new comer.

This was no great grievance to one who only wished to *débarbouiller* himself, eat a hearty breakfast (and no coffee-room in England supplies a better one than that of the Adelphi), and after making two or three inquiries, on account of which he had taken Liverpool in his way, instantly to depart for Manchester,—where, in fact, I arrived in an hour and a quarter, after finishing that most delightful repast.

The object of my next movements being to reach Harrogate with as little delay as possible, I staid not, this time, to inquire after old friends in Manchester; but leaving the Royal Hotel (a house which, for its situation, I can well recommend to my travelling invalids), immediately after my arrival, I committed myself to the top of "the Earl of Harewood;" on the slow wings of which, after a flight of seven hours and a half through all the densely-populated and manufacturing cities of this district of Yorkshire (Rochdale, to wit, Halifax, Bradford, Shipley, Otley, &c.), I made good my journey from the metropolis to Harrogate Spa, in the course of one night and a few hours of the following day, and took possession of a small neat back bedroom, at the end of an interminable narrow corridor *au troisième*, in the Crown Inn.

Now, to the physician who undertakes to visit Harrogate for information only, such rapidity of motion from the metropolis may not be objectionable, nor the miscellaneous mode of proceeding thither fatiguing. But to an invalid whom the doctor may have to send to that Spa, a less hurried and heating manner of reaching his destination would be more convenient and desirable.

For this there is every facility and appurtenance imaginable. The railroad from Manchester to Leeds, about to be completed, will expedite, without increasing its fatigue, the journey to that Spa; to which from the last-mentioned city,

the distance left to be performed by ordinary coach or post-chaise conveyance, is only sixteen miles.

But until the railroad in question be completed (and none promises better), the traveller in delicate health proceeding to Harrogate, may rest at Birmingham a night, having left London by one of the afternoon trains; reach Manchester the following day by a similar train; advance with baggage and carriage in the morning by the railroad again, as far as Littleborough; and thence with post-horses, go forward to his destination, with hardly any fatigue.

# CHAPTER V.

## HARROGATE.

Doings at Harrogate—First Intelligence—Early Season and Late Season—Cockneys and Aristocrats—Short History of Harrogate—Genuineness of its Waters—Its Situation,—Low HARROGATE and HIGH HARROGATE—Discovery of Saline Waters—The OLD WELL—The MONTPELLIER—"Stinking Waters"—A Legal Squabble—The Lawyers always best off—Expense of Quarrelling—Boon obtained worth nothing—Sulphur Water Plentiful at Harrogate—The Cheltenham Saline—ROYAL PROMENADE ROOMS—Discovery of other Saline Waters—Recapitulation—Analysis of all the Waters at Harrogate—Dr. HUNTER of Leeds—Sir CHARLES SCUDAMORE.

HARROGATE has the very air of a watering-place. A stranger traversing its elevated common as he comes in from the south, by the Leeds or Manchester road, could not mis-

take it for any thing else. But if the first and rapid survey upon arrival should leave him in a state of doubt, conviction of the fact will force itself on him through eyes and nostrils, "at early morn."

Well acquainted from former visits with the localities, and knowing that I should find more than one of my patients and friends in the place, I proceeded soon after my arrival to visit one of them, whom I expected to be my cicerone for the week, and kind remembrancer.

"It is yet early for you to see this unsophisticated place to advantage (so my friend had written to me early in July), for it is, as yet, full of clothiers from Leeds, and cutlers from Sheffield, besides all the red noses and faces in England collected together. There is not a livery-hat in the place but our own, and ours, at present, is the only 1*l.* 1*s.* subscriber on the books at the sulphur well; showing the caliber of the company, who cannot afford more than five or ten shillings, and most of them the half of the smaller sum. But Sheffield and Leeds will soon loom homewards, and then, they say, better company will come."

My correspondent was right. The cold which prevails yet,—particularly at night—in the month of July, and the frequent showers of rain, render Harrogate ineligible as a mere summer residence, at that period, and would scare away the more exquisitely susceptible among those of "gentle blood." At the close of that month the Spa season properly speaking begins, and this lasts till Doncaster races. Before that time, carts and gigs empty their gatherings daily. Coroneted chariots, britzschkas, and postchaises, ply about in abundance, after that, bringing their more noble cargoes of aristocratic visiters.

It suited my purpose to be betwixt and between, like Mahomet's coffin. I wished to see the tail of the "unwashed," and the head of the "exclusives," and I just hit my right time for that purpose.

Like most of the really celebrated Spas in England, Harrogate was, at the first discovery of the springs, a mere village; but unlike most of them, Harrogate remains a village to this day, though upwards of two hundred and seventy years have elapsed since the first mineral water was tapped on its bleak heath, by a Captain William Slingsby. While Cheltenham and Leamington have converted themselves, in the course of a few years, from mere villages that they were, into smart and pert towns, Harrogate has remained a village still. It has been brushed up a little to be sure, and extended somewhat, both below and above; but so wildly and irregularly—so without any design and consistency, and at such distant periods of time—that pretension to any thing above a village it has none.

This is precisely the circumstance that has saved the reputation of Harrogate. Who can cavil at the nature, genuineness, and efficacy of the Harrogate waters! On the other hand, who has not cavilled, and cavils to this day, at the waters of both Leamington and Cheltenham? Those of Harrogate are unsophisticated, because the place itself remains as it was! You dip your cup into the fountain-head, and get your *strong* waters. There is no shuffling, and the mind is convinced at once. Elsewhere you have the complicated machinery of pumps, the ends of whose pipes may terminate heaven knows where, and you drink in faith, but not in conviction. Harrogate is, in fact, a true and genuine Spa.

Its situation is delightful. For elevation, above the Irish and German oceans, midway between which it is nearly placed; for position, at about equal distances from the three capitals of the United Kingdom (about two hundred miles); and for geological formation, favourable to human life—Harrogate stands almost pre-eminent.

That such a place must enjoy a salubrious air it is hardly necessary for me to add. The extensive heaths which, with

immense tracts of finely-cultivated country, surround this favoured spot, allow full play to the sweeping breezes, and render the air remarkably pure and bracing.

Upon this point we may readily confide in the assertion of an enlightened physician, Dr. Hunter of Leeds, who has studied well the climate of Harrogate, and the powers of its waters, touching which he has written an able treatise, that has gone through several editions. That writer declares that "no case of pestilential cholera had been known to have occurred in Harrogate—neither have infectious diseases of any kind ever been prevalent."

There is a Low Harrogate and there is a High Harrogate. In point of antiquity, as a place worthy to be marked on the map, Low Harrogate bears away the palm. Yet mineral water was first discovered at High Harrogate. But High Harrogate has only chalybeate springs, very excellent in their way, still only chalybeate, and there are hundreds such in the north. Low Harrogate, on the contrary, has the "true, genuine, stinking wells," and they were only discovered, or at least used for the first time, one hundred and thirty years after the former.

The latter wells, nevertheless, are those which gave and give its reputation to Harrogate; so that when we send patients to drink the Harrogate waters, or to bathe in them, we send them to Low Harrogate, though they choose to live in the upper village, which is what almost every body tries to do.

After all, the local distinction consists merely in having to walk about half a mile on foot, ascending all the while a pretty stiff acclivity, crossing two or three streets of the lower village, which lies in a cup or narrow vale—then a field or two, and so reach the wider expanse or area with its "green" and "race-course;" hotels *à prétention*, a new church, two libraries and the post-office, constituting the only important points of the Upper Region or High Harrogate.

The communications between the two places are free and commodious, there being no fewer than four, namely, two for carriages, and two, much shorter, for pedestrians, as already described. The two villages stand in the relation of east and west to each other.

Low Harrogate has, within the lest few years, gained additional importance as a mineral watering-place, by the discovery of purely saline waters untainted by any sulphur. This circumstance has added a new feature to Harrogate as a Spa, and has given occasion for the erection of a noble building, a representation of which stands in front of the chapter.

Of these saline springs there are several; and I have noticed by the compass that *they* are found in what is called in Yorkshire a *beck* or trough (the bed of a rivulet) to the northward of a line running S. E. and S. W., and that southerly of that line no saline, but on the contrary, all the sulphur springs are to be found. Of the latter, two principally deserve our attention. On the morning after my arrival I betook myself early to the examination of all the springs.

Between half-after six and eight o'clock, A. M., all the world was up and stirring. I could from my window survey the various throngs, as they formed and moved to the different points of their destination. Some directed their steps to the original or OLD WELL, as it is called, a few yards from the Crown Hotel, in which I was staying; and there, under a squatty and ugly dome, supported by rudely-carved stone pillars, they found a gratuitous beverage of fetid water.

Others passing a little to the left of the said hotel, entered the garden, formerly known as the Crown Gardens, but now designated as the Montpellier Pleasure-grounds, in which they found the Crown Sulphur-well, so formerly called, but now styled the MONTPELLIER SULPHUR-WELL, which its new proprietor assures us furnishes a larger proportion of the stinking gas than the original well.

These, then, are the two principal sulphur-springs at Harrogate, and their analysis will be found in the general Table at the end of this work—a plan I have adopted, as in my former publication on the Spas of Germany, for the sake of convenience, as well as with a view to avoid any interruption in my narrative, by the introduction of chemical numbers and chemical names, which can interest only a few readers scientifically or medically inclined. The plan was much approved of in the former publication, and I shall adopt it in reference to *all* the mineral waters I may have to mention in the present one.

Besides the two principal sulphur wells I have enumerated, there are two other wells with sulphureted water, one of which has changed its denomination even since Dr. Hunter's late edition, and has been converted from the CRESCENT into the VICTORIA New Pump-room and Baths; while the other, known as Thackwray spring, or No. 5, has acquired a *notoriety* far superior to its celebrity, from the circumstance of its having been the subject of legal contention between certain proprietors of hotels at Harrogate, and the person who claimed to be sole owner of it.

That contention, for which great preparations had been made in the way of scientific evidence on both sides (never used, and lightly paid for), and a still more formidable array of legal talent brought up (too much used and too heavily paid for), terminated, as such causes generally terminate, in the men at law gaining every thing, and the litigants nothing.

The question was, who was to have the sole command of the well—the inhabitants or Thackwray? The judges proposed to split the difference. Thackwray was declared to be the owner, but was bound to erect a room over the well, with a pump in it, which however was not to be maintained at his expense. From "noon till eve" the said pump-room was to be kept open for any body to use the water of the well, as they list, and both plaintiffs and defendants were at liberty to put

a lock on the said pump, to prevent its being used out of season.

Now mark the result of the quarrel. The plaintiffs, who gained the cause, had to disburse 1,352*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.*, for their victory, towards which sum the visiters, who, the lawyers contended, must feel the deepest interest in the cause, contributed the magnificent quota of 14*l.* 2*s.*! And the defendant, who secured the nominal ownership of the well, died (probably of broken heart) a few months after the assizes!

And after all, what think my readers has become of the well, the pump-room, and the pump? Why, the latter has got so fast locked in rust, from never having been used at all by the visiters, or plaintiffs, that upon my trying to work it, in order that I might taste the water, I got a strain at my shoulder, and was grinned at by a gaping clown or two with red hair for my useless efforts;—and thus almost all these pretended patriotic displays generally end "*in fumo et caligine.*"

Not so with the men of law, however; for they always take care of themselves too well, to permit any such result: and accordingly we find that on that memorable occasion (March, 1837) they shared among themselves a picking of 789*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.* leaving a sum of 341*l.* 7*s.*, to be divided in various proportions among the late Dr. Smith, the father of English Geology, the illustrious Dalton, Professors Phillips and Daniel, and the late Dr. Turner.

Both the disputed well, and the one which supplies the Victoria baths, are within a few yards of the spot in which surges the original OLD WELL, the glory and pride of Harrogate, from which almost all the water exported thence is bottled—and may be bottled by any body.

This proximity induced people to fancy that the *disputed* and the *old* well might be only one and the same spring. But there are strong reasons to dissent from such an opinion; and I for one feel convinced that more than one other spring might be discovered, by tapping the lowest level of the vale on one

side of the bank before alluded to, without interfering with any of those already in existence. Indeed, within the memory of the youngest inhabitant, not fewer than three other springs, with waters charged more or less with the sulphurous gas, were known to be used, all in the same line of stratification, and within one, two, or three yards of the old well.

These springs were mentioned and much noticed by Dr. Sprat and Bishop Watson; but they can hardly be said to form part of the present arrangement of useful springs at Harrogate. The curious and the whimsical excepted, almost all invalids and visiters are satisfied with the Old Well water, and that at the Montpellier Garden, for drinking; and with that of the latter, and of the Victoria, for bathing.

I have already alluded to the additional reputation which Harrogate has acquired of late years from the discovery of purely saline springs. Within a Doric temple, measuring one hundred feet in length and thirty-three feet wide, lighted on one side by a series of lofty windows, we find the first spring of this class; the discovery of which dates only since 1819. From a supposed resemblance in composition to the famed Cheltenham waters, this spring has been denominated the Cheltenham Saline, having dropped its two aliases—of Oddy, and Williams—by which it was at first designated.

The discovery of a water of a medicated nature, free from sulphur, and endowed with purgative properties, was hailed with enthusiasm. Forthwith a pump-room, worthy of its importance, was planned, and under the care of Mr. Clark, of Leeds, the structure just mentioned was raised, to which the name of Royal Promenade and Cheltenham Pump-room was affixed.

The building is in every respect worthy of praise; but it lacks space for the many other conveniences required to enable its present occupier to complete it in all parts, as a regular Cur-saal, in imitation of those on the continent. Mr. Gordon, who rents the place, is willing and spirited enough

to undertake all that is necessary, and much of that he has indeed effected already. But he lacks support and encouragement. Much as Harrogate is frequented; and cheap—unusually cheap—though the subscription to the room be, Gordon would be a considerable loser by the concern, were it not for the benefit he derives from a stated number of balls given during the season in this grand saloon—one of the best of its kind in England.

A band, engaged purposely for the season, from London, enlivens the hours during which the promenaders frequent the pump-room. The architect has for this purpose erected a small gallery within a recess in the wall, opposite the windows immediately above the pump which supplies the Cheltenham saline, about the centre of the room. The affable Mrs. Gordon superintends a small and select library of volumes of light reading, placed behind a glazed screen at one end of the room; while on several of the tables are laid the more popular periodical publications, and most of the metropolitan and provincial newspapers.

Concerts *à la Musard* serve to quicken the steps of the promenaders in the evening; and nothing in fact has been spared to render the establishment attractive.

It was not likely that a discovery, leading to such important consequences to Harrogate, being once made, should not induce spirited individuals to seek for similar springs on their own grounds. Accordingly we find, in the recent history of that Spa, that the master of the Crown Hotel, who had already, in 1822, found a sulphur spring in his garden, (to which I have alluded under the denomination of the Montpellier Spa, where the sulphureted water is both drunk and used for baths,) did, in 1836, discover a saline mineral spring, analogous to the one in the Great Promenade-room, which he immediately added to his establishment in the same gardens, thereby rendering that establishment complete. This new saline spring, like the other, lies in the same

direction from the *beck* which divides the Vale of Low Harrogate.

By way of recapitulation, then, before we conclude the chapter, it will be useful to repeat, 1st, that at Harrogate—that is, on the common above Low Harrogate—there are two purely chalybeate springs, without sulphur, and with few saline ingredients besides; which springs bear the names of the *Old* or *Sweet Spa*, and *Tewit Well*. 2dly, that in Low Harrogate we have two principal sulphureted springs, the *Old Well*, and the Crown or Montpellier Spa, besides the sulphur spring which supplies the Victoria room and baths. 3dly, that two principal saline springs, called Gordon's Cheltenham, and Thackwray's Cheltenham, have been added to the number of late years; besides minor ones of both classes, which will be alluded to hereafter.

All these waters have been analyzed at various epochs, and by different individuals of merit and authority; some of them very recently indeed; as for example, that of Thackwray's Cheltenham saline, which has undergone within the last two months a fresh analysis by Mr. West, of Leeds, who was instructed to forward me the result of his inquiry. Of that result I have availed myself in the general Table of analyses.

I have already mentioned the valuable work of Dr. Hunter amongst the most recent productions touching Harrogate. With that physician I had the good fortune to form a personal acquaintance during my tour, which has tended to increase the confidence I already felt disposed to place in all his statements respecting Harrogate. He resided on the spot, and watched the effect of the several waters for some years, and in his researches he was aided by the scientific as well as practical skill of Mr. West, whom I found upon many occasions, both personally and through correspondence, to be a minute, painstaking, and accurate chemist.

Did I address myself solely to the profession (which heaven

forbid!) I should hardly have deemed it necessary to add in this place, that the "Treatise on Mineral Waters," published by Sir Charles Scudamore, the second edition of which is now lying before me, contains a short account of the waters at Harrogate, with analyses undertaken by himself and Mr. Garden, the well-known and justly-esteemed operative chemist of London.

Of these also I have availed myself in drawing up my general Table. Sir Charles's work unfortunately is almost too strictly scientific and professional to find its way among the general reading public; and I only lament that my excellent friend had not given to it a more popular garb on its second appearance. It might perchance have spared me my present task.

# CHAPTER VI.

## HARROGATE CONTINUED.

An Impromptu Ball at the Promenade Room—The Company—Introduction—A few Characters—The *Elegantes*—Mutual Invitations—Dancing the Order of the Day at Harrogate—The Place not well provided with other Amusements—The Montpellier—Appearance, Taste, and Effect of its Water—Effect of too large a Quantity being taken—To be Drank Warm—Proper Doses of it—Grimaces—The Old Well—Character of its Water—Effect of both Waters—Author's Experience in them—What is wanting in Harrogate Water—Mistakes respecting the Saline Water—No Analogy between it and the Cheltenham or Leamington—Its Effects—Montpellier Baths—Building and Internal Arrangement—The Victoria Baths—The Victoria Promenade Room—The Crescent Old Well—Walker's Carbonated Water—Its value requires confirmation by a fresh analysis.

"Come, come," quoth my friend and quondam patient, Colonel ——, now for three weeks enjoying the benefit of

Harrogate water and Harrogate air, "you must, for once, unbend, stiffen your cravat, and substitute light pumps for Wellingtons, and '*honor*' us with your presence at the first ball of the season in the Royal Promenade-room, of which I am the principal steward and M. C. *pro tem.* It is an *improvisé*, done to serve a worthy man, the present *entrepreneur* of the promenade-room, who rents it for 300*l.* for the season, besides paying a band from London at twelve guineas a week.

Tired as I was, I yet could not resist joining in a work of kindness. Moreover, as I had come to see and learn, it struck me that an *improvisé* ball was as likely to teach me the humours of such an assembly at Harrogate as one more deliberately got up.

The Doric temple shows off to great advantage by night, like many of the ladies who figured in it; and with a superior company, such as we meet here at a more advanced period of the season, a ball, in it, must be a mighty fine thing for killing time at Harrogate.

The place was not crowded; but a good sprinkling of people of almost every sort was scattered over the floor, or occupied the different ottomans in the recesses. Some were dressed as for an evening party, for there had been sufficient notice given in the afternoon of this impromptu. Others had not thought it worth while to go home to dress, and the ladies appeared *sans façon*, in morning bonnets, with their partners *en frac.* Amidst these heterogeneous groups, the six or eight stewards, with their white rosettes and smart coats, appeared like so many turkey-cocks strutting among the motley inhabitants of *la basse cour.*

My first introduction was to Colonel Sir ———, a gay cosmopolitan Scotch baronet of 62, once a dragoon, who hardly ever opens his lips but to spout distichs, either in praise of Harrogate water, which had cured him of a liver complaint, or on his birthday, and on his having been forsaken *so young* (poor thing!) by the fair sex!

My next acquaintance was a young man of property, fashionably attired, who had also derived great benefit from his visit to this Spa. He is one of the *sommités* in Cheshire, with whom I felt much pleasure in conversing at some length, on his intended journey through Greece and Turkey, for which he was preparing himself, by laying in an additional stock of health.

With the history of a few more of the young men present, with whom I had thus suddenly contracted that sort of acquaintance which one is not loth to form under circumstances like the present, I became sufficiently versed in the course of the evening, as they whisked by me, with their fair partners in the mazy rounds of a waltz. There was Mr. ——, the son of Sir Thomas ——, a Cheshire man also, a marriageable youth, much ogled by the ladies' mothers; and also a penniless *ci-devant roué*, a wreck in health and fortune, though allied to high noble blood, who could now not boast of as many pence as he once had pounds.

Wales, as well as Cheshire and Lancashire, had supplied its humorous contributions to the *soirée's* entertainment, and I was much amused with the minute details of important warlike matters from an old militia colonel, a short punchy man, who had changed his name for a fortune, and acknowledged St. David for his patron.

The fair exhibited rather to advantage, though almost all of them *inconnues*. Three or four were decidedly pretty, and a couple of them perhaps might have been called *élégantes*. Indeed all seemed surprised that so goodly a display should have been brought together at such short notice, considering how few names of any importance there were on the Spa books.

The thing is done somewhat more splendidly, and certainly more gaily, further on in the season—when the regular balls at the Crown, on every Wednesday evening, and at the other principal hotels, on other days in the week, take place by mutual agreement; or whenever, by some sudden frisk or in-

spiration, "The ladies and gentlemen at the Granby or Dragon present their compliments and request the favour of the company of the ladies and gentlemen at the Crown," or *vice versâ*. But on the whole what I saw may be taken as a fair specimen of all the rest.

Dancing is the principal amusement for the company at Harrogate; and it is one that greatly conduces to aid the mineral waters in their effect. There is scarcely any other occupation for the invalid and visiter, except excursions to the neighbourhood, and a promenade, *de long en-large*, from one well to another.

The lords of the creation have also the billiard-table, and the cigar; the weaker sex a circulating library; and occasionally a concert is concocted, or an itinerant lecturer comes amongst them to unravel the wonders of the heavens, or display the beauties of nature.

These are so many godsends to shorten *ennui*, for the preventing of which Harrogate is but ill provided. And yet no watering-place in England ought to have more spurces of amusement; for Harrogate is "a genuine Spa."

To the Montpellier Gardens I repaired the following morning, anxious to become personally acquainted with a spring which had apparently worked such wonders as I beheld the preceding evening in the persons of our dancers. I followed the throng, who took the direction of a small and neat octagonal building, covered with a projecting Chinese roof, and surrounded with flower-beds and grassy banks, between and over which undulating footpaths afford a limited and circuitous promenade to the water-drinkers.

Within the building two pumps, side by side, supply the sulphur and the saline waters; the latter of which, as I before observed, has been but very recently discovered. This system of pumping mineral waters is decidedly bad, and need never be had recourse to. Why it was adopted in the present istance I know not; but unquestionably the water at the

*Old Well* will always be drunk with greater confidence, for the very reason that there are no leaden pipes to draw it. That few people, *comme il faut*, avail themselves of that well is simply because what costs nothing is, in their estimation, not worth having; whereas here, at the Montpellier, the large sum of two shillings per week is charged, for each person subscribing to drink the waters and to have the right of parading up and down the grounds.

I shall have occasion to say something more on this system of pumping mineral waters out of the bowels of the earth—a system not adopted in a single instance in Germany, and greatly to be deprecated. At present, I applied myself with a serene countenance and an empty stomach to the quaffing of a large tumbler of the fetid stream, previously warmed by mixing with it some of the same which is kept constantly heated in stone jars placed on the top of a fireplace.

The water is perfectly colourless and transparent, and almost brisk from the escape of gas. The first impression on the tongue is intensely salt, followed by the peculiar bitter taste of salt water, but leaving an *après-goût* like that which remains after chewing bitter almonds. It goes down oily, and at the temperature at which I drank it (115°) the sulphureted gas is scarcely perceptible. I repeated the same quantity four times, diminishing each time the artificial temperature until I drank it cold, thermometer then marking 52°, while the external atmosphere was at 60°, and the nauseous taste had increased with the descending temperature.

The whole quantity I took in four times, I noticed people to drink at twice only, and quite cold. Writers on this water have recommended the latter practice. This is an error which I was sorry to see committed at all the English Spas. There are few stomachs which can bear with impunity the weight of two doses of three-quarters of a pint each of a cold, salt, and sulphureted water, drunk with a short interval between. Few stomachs can stand the slow extrication of

the imprisoned gas, which, once ingested with the cold water, is gradually disengaged by the warmth of that organ. It then mounts into the head, and produces a confused, heavy, and unpleasant feeling.

This I have put to the test of my own personal experience. Drunk quite cold, I found the water particularly heavy on the stomach, and in an hour's time my head ached not a little. Some of my younger patients in this place experienced similar effects; and, indeed, upon inquiries among strangers, who were religiously following the recommended practice, I ascertained the case to be precisely the same. At all events the first glass or two should be warmed, but not so much so as to drive off the whole of the sulphur gas.

With respect to quantity, that point has been determined by long experience, and by very competent authorities. It did not appear to me that people on whom devolved the management of the water, at the several Spas I visited in this county, were sufficiently aware of the importance of this consideration. The quantity drunk, at one time, should be such that during the fifteen minutes' walk, which is to elapse between one dose and the next, the stomach may nearly have got rid of the first before it receives the second. Four ounces of liquid ingested will nearly disappear from the stomach in the course of twenty minutes, particularly when assisted by walking exercise.

Such is the opinion and practice at the Spas in Germany, where beakers holding hardly as much as four ounces are used by every invalid, and not the half-pint and *whole pint* tumblers which we see employed here, at Cheltenham, Leamington, and elsewhere.

I have entered into the consideration of this subject in this place once for all, and I wish to be understood, that I adhere to the German mode of administering mineral water, in opposition to that adopted in this country.

It is yet early morning. A group of young children of

various ages, from five to nine years, are just brought in. The maid immediately doles out to them their prescribed modicum of the "nasty" water, and in such large tumblers, full and so cold, that I am not surprised at the children drinking it with reluctance, and making sad grimaces at their nauseous dose. How half a pint of such a liquid is to be swallowed otherwise than with disgust by the babes, at this chilly hour of the morning, when the governess herself takes care to spit out two-thirds of what she drinks, it is not easy to conjecture. Seriously, this is a very objectionable mode of administering the Harrogate water to children.

Day by day I noticed that the physiognomy of the several groups which wandered about the grounds of the Montpellier, was improving in the scale of civilization. Every day has its fresh arrivals. Young ladies are particularly numerous. Old people too are not scanty—many scorbutic, some herpetic, and not a few with pustular noses. These are seen wandering to and from the sulphur spring, not unfrequently extending their walk to the OLD WELL for a last sip, a *bonne bouche*, as it were, before they return home to breakfast.

To that well I next extended my trial of the water upon another morning. Sallying out for that purpose at 8 A. M., I found that "holy temple of Hygeia" thickly surrounded by people of the middle class. No contrast can be stronger than that which exists between the sort of people seen to quaff large goblets of the water here, and at the subscription-rooms; and the old women, nearly in tatters, placed in a row behind a species of stone parapet, over the top of which, as upon a counter, the salutary fluid from the well is delivered to every applicant, formed a curious sight to one who had been accustomed to behold the neat, pretty, and alert handmaidens of the Sprudel.

These noisy creatures (who look like so many fishwomen) administer the water either cold, or mixed with some previously heated, and in tumblers, in size nearly a pint.

The well is behind them, and there is no lack of the water, which is squandered profusely at no charge whatever, save perhaps a solitary copper-piece, which some one, more generously disposed than the rest, throws with an air of protection on the stone counter.

I quaffed twice of this second sort of sulphur water, about six ounces each time, and warm. It goes down as oily as the Montpellier, is not quite so intensely salt to the taste, and is decidedly without that *après-goût* of bitter almond which I think is a pleasant feature of the sulphur-water at the Montpellier; and which, in the latter case, remains adhering to the tongue for some hours after drinking it.

Like the Montpellier, the water of the old well, especially if taken cold, troubles the head, and some days gives the headach; it produces eructation of sulphureted gas, as when one has been eating half a dozen eggs boiled hard, or in a *worse* state; it acts promptly on the kidneys, and seems to promote the action of the intestines, as well as to influence the character of its secretions in the course of the morning. When neither of these effects are produced, the water is not properly digested, and the head is the more affected.

To render the water at Harrogate perfect of its kind, it should have held in solution about thirty grains of sulphate of soda in each pint. It unfortunately holds none, and therefore it only derives the little of purgative qualities it possesses from the large proportion of common sea-salt it contains, which amounts to one hundred and eight grains in the pint.

If the so-called Cheltenham saline at Harrogate (both the one in the promenade-room, and the other found by the side of the sulphur well in the Montpellier grounds,) had been in reality endowed with the peculiar ingredients known to enter into the composition of the real Cheltenham water, one of which is sulphate of soda or Glauber salt, we might then, by

mixing the saline with the sulphur water, render the latter aperient, and consequently more useful and effective. Unfortunately, not only is there no sulphate of soda at all in the *soi-disant* Cheltenham saline at the Royal Promenade-room, and only two grains and a half of it in the Cheltenham saline of the Montpellier Gardens, according to the very recent analysis supplied me by Mr. West; but there is in both a largish proportion of oxyde of iron,* which at once renders the mixing of the two waters perfectly impracticable.

That the two waters are incompatible, the good lady at the pump-room in the Montpellier occasionally does show, by pumping half a tumblerful of the water from one pipe, and the remainder from the other closely adjoining,—when the mixture is instantly converted into something like ink, much to the amusement of the old and young.

With deference to Dr. Hunter, who, I think, first suggested the notion that these so-called saline waters at Harrogate, of recent discovery, "held a middle rank between the waters of Leamington Priors and the saline chalybeate wells at Cheltenham," I must avow my surprise, that he should himself have adopted, and justified in others, the assumption of the name of "Cheltenham saline" or spring, in regard to the water found in the Royal Promenade-room, — when, in reality, there is no similarity between the two. For a very potent ingredient (iron) is largely present in the saline at Harrogate, and totally absent in the Leamington waters, or exists only in a very minute portion in the Cheltenham wells; while another equally effective (and in mineral waters strongly characteristic) ingredient (Glauber salt) is found in sufficiently large proportions, both in the Leaming-

* I can only afford a note, to mention that in the grounds of the Royal Promenade-rooms, and close to the saline spring, there is a well of pure steel water, which is not used at present, but of which a proper use might be made by serving baths with it, as I suggested to the proprietor, Mr. Gordon.

ton and the Cheltenham waters, but not in the saline waters of Harrogate. The very minute quantity found since in one of them was unknown to Dr. Hunter.

Sir Charles Scudamore, by simply calling the said modern waters of Harrogate "Saline Chalybeates," has avoided falling into the error of viewing them as at all like the waters at Cheltenham. The fact is, that the waters in question are chalybeate springs, holding in solution an unusual quantity of common salt, with some muriates of lime and magnesia; and, as such, they are most valuable combinations, and fully entitled to the commendation bestowed on them, both by Dr. Hunter, and Sir Charles Scudamore.

I partook of both waters in their turn, and in sufficient quantities. The temperature at both wells, after repeated trials, I found to be 60°, external air being 65°. In appearance it is opalescent, and slightly turbid, having a vestige of an ochry tinge. The taste, when drunk cold, is saltish, hardly bitter, and it is soft. The saltish taste continues some time in the mouth.

As I happen to require any thing but steel water, I felt, as I expected, very ill on both the days on which I drank of those saline chalybeates. In the head in particular I suffered greatly, and the state of uneasiness generally produced by this tightening fluid pervading the system, was one of great discomfort, until I betook myself to the *soulagement* of half a bottle of Pullna, which I always carry with me when travelling.

Both these saline waters and the sulphureted waters are used as baths, with wonderful success at Harrogate. The practice, of course, is as old as the place; but baths were formerly administered at the different hotels and lodging-houses, in the most inconvenient and unsatisfactory manner. The bath-tubs were placed any where, and the water fetched from the adjoining bog-springs was used for two or three baths without being changed. At present, on the contrary,

two superb establishments for bathing exist in the place, equal to any thing of the kind at other Spas.

The Montpellier Baths, formerly called the Crown Baths, come first in point of appearance, though not in priority of existence. The Victoria Baths come next. The building is five or six years old. Hence it is evident that Harrogate, though slow and late, has nevertheless improved in some respects; its baths in particular.

There are six bath-rooms on each side of the building, to which access is had through separate waiting-rooms—the one side being for the ladies, the other for gentlemen. In the hall, or under the portico, in warm weather, a band plays in the morning. The bathing-tanks are exceedingly neat, being of stone of an elegant form, partly sunk into the floor. Inside they are lined with white tiles; externally they are painted and varnished; while the ledge is of polished black marble. They are very deep, and of good length, and admit of the flow of either hot or cold water, by the simple turning of one handle. At the widest end of the bath a band, made of canvas, is hooked across, and serves to support the head, and keep the shoulders away from the cold tiles; a great improvement in all warm bathing.

In two of the rooms on each side of the building the baths are deeper, and are called the upright or sitting baths. In them the bather may sit in such a manner as to be almost standing; a contrivance likely to be of use to certain invalids or elderly people, or to those who, when lying down, may feel the weight of the water on the chest too oppressive.

The water for these baths is drawn from six different springs, by aspiring pumps. A small steam-engine pumps the water through them into a reservoir, where it is heated by steam from the boiler of the engine. The supply of water, both of the sulphur and saline kind, is amply sufficient; nor is the former much deteriorated in its quality by the application of heat, as we might naturally expect; for it

is found, when admitted into the bath-tanks, that it retains much of the sulphureted gas.

As if Harrogate had been destined to exemplify publicly the marring influence of legal quibbles, besides what has already been detailed respecting Thackwray's fifth spring, we find a very pleasing and creditable small building of the Ionic order, containing thirteen bath-rooms, sunken below the level of the ground, as if erected at the bottom of a quarry, to which you have access by descending steps, and separate entrances for the ladies and gentlemen. These are now called the *Victoria Baths*, the first establishment of the sort formed in Harrogate; now the property of a Company, who have spared no expense to render them worthy rivals of the Montpellier Baths.

The reason why these baths were built *in*, and not *above* the ground is, that the proprietor, Mr. Williams, was precluded by a clause in the surrender of the plot of ground, from raising any building on the surface of it, and so he dug and erected the baths below it!

This building, however, is perfectly dry, and the arrangement of the baths themselves is very creditable. Although there is not a separate dressing-room to each bath-room, the latter is so large that it admits of a curtain being drawn across, to separate and conceal the bathing-tanks, which are oblong, and ample, and altogether sunken into the floor, and tiled.

They are narrower than those at the Montpellier, and not so smart, yet very comfortable and clean. The terms are three shillings for each warm bath in both establishments. About 4000 are used during the season at the Victoria, and 6000 at the Montpellier.

Almost adjoining to the Victoria Baths is a large promenade-room, with an organ at one end of it, used for public meetings and lectures, and also open to subscribers. It was formerly called the old promenade-room, and was erected in 1805, at the suggestion of Dr. Caley. It now bears the

name of the "Victoria Reading-rooms and Library." It is nearly opposite the Old Well, and is frequented principally by the company who make use of the water of that well.

In order to clear the ground of all I have to say in reference to the mineral springs at Low Harrogate, it is right that I should mention in this place the existence of two mineral waters, totally distinct from the rest, which have been noticed in Dr. Hunter's, and Sir Charles Scudamore's works, as the *Crescent Old Well*, and the Crescent Hotel Saline Spring.

The former, which, if it ever was really endowed with the properties ascribed to it by Dr: Garnett of old, must have been a most important spring, is now in a state of utter dilapidation and neglect. I could not procure a single drop of the water; but I have induced the proprietor to undertake its cautious restoration. The second is now called Walker's Strong Saline Spring, or Leamington Spa Water. It is obtained by a pump, in a small room adjoining Mr. Walker's extensive wine premises; and as it neither contains sulphur, nor a single trace of iron, with the largest proportion of carbonated soda of any of the springs at Harrogate, the water is, in my opinion, a most valuable one, and might be rendered useful in a variety of complaints in which no other of the Harrogate waters is suitable.

I find the analysis of this spring on Walker's card, and he assures me that West is the author of it. The same analysis appears in Dr. Hunter's work; it *is* therefore to be relied upon. Still a fresh analysis is desirable, and I recommended it. Should the composition of the water be as here predicated, I could point out applications of it of the utmost consequence for invalids visiting Harrogate, even supposing them to require the baths of the peculiar water of that Spa.

Walker's saline spring was formerly in the garden of the Crescent Hotel, which hotel has now changed its name for that of Northumberland House.

Harrogate's fetid water is sent to all parts of the kingdom, and every body here professes or undertakes to export it. The Old Well principally supplies the necessary quantity; but the bottling process I there witnessed is imperfect and objectionable. Still, enough of the fetid gas remains to last for some months.

The water, however, does not keep well. Mr. Fryer, assistant at the Montpellier Baths, sends the water of that stronger sulphureted spring in glass bottles, of a pint and a half each, at seven shillings per dozen, bottles included, to all parts of the kingdom.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HARROGATE CONTINUED.

Influx of Visiters at Harrogate—Larger Number than at any other English Spa—Best Time for Attending it—Scarborough a proper Conclusion of the Course of Mineral-water Accommodations—Houseroom—Situation and Aspect of the principal Lodging-houses—Comparison between Low, High, and Middle Harrogate — York House — The Queen—Hotels: The Crown and Dragon—The Granby—Bellevue, the crack Mansion of the Place—Panoramic View from it—The Promenade Pleasure-ground — Groups of Invalids — The Interesting Widow—The Lame Boy—Changeable Face—The Newcastle Alderman—Distinguishing Marks of Society—Is there any thing in Blood?

Such a profusion of important mineral springs collected in one place, renders Harrogate what I styled it—a "genuine Spa," to which thousands must flock annually to seek health—some under proper advice and management, others at random. Accordingly I find, from inspecting that very ably conducted periodical, called the "Harrogate Advertiser," established in 1836, by Mr. Palliser, the intelligent bookseller and postmaster at High Harrogate, that the lists, weekly published, of the strangers or visiters actually in Harrogate on each day of publication, has seldom been less than a thousand, and frequently several hundreds above that number.

Beginning in the first week of June of last year, when there were about five hundred visiters, and ending in the last week in October, up to which latter *cold* date even, there were still about three hundred visiters in Harrogate—twenty

thousand five hundred and eighty-six appear to have been registered. But as most of these remain two or three weeks, during each of which their names appear on the list, it will be necessary to deduct something like two-thirds of that large total, in order to come near the true number of arrivals. Hence if we assume that between seven and eight thousand visiters had arrived, and resided three weeks at Harrogate, during the season of 1839, we shall be within, rather than without the mark.

Now this is a considerable number, and one which bespeaks the favour in which Harrogate is held; for even in Germany, hardly any of the most popular Spas, Baden-Baden, Wisbaden, and perhaps Carlsbad excepted, can boast of having had, during any one year, a much larger assemblage of water-bibbers.

By far the largest number of strangers at Harrogate arrive about the 10th of August, and continue to pour in largely until the 15th or 20th of September. To those who at that season are quitting Harrogate, I should strenuously recommend a sojourn of six weeks or two months at Scarborough, to complete their cure.

Now let us see what sort of accommodation and houseroom Harrogate can offer to this crowd of pilgrims hastening to its shrine. This one feature of a Spa I hold to be of such paramount interest to invalids, that in all the mineral watering-places in this country which I visited last summer, I invariably followed the plan adopted regarding the German Spas; namely, that of procuring personally every possible information respecting hotels and lodging-houses, and of ascertaining by ocular inspection, that the information was correct.

Houseroom, independently of that which is to be found in the principal hotels, is plentiful at Harrogate, and of every description, from 10*l.* per week (which a very wealthy and amiable heiress first set the fashion of paying during the last

season but one) down to two guineas. Bellevue is the dwelling which has produced the former sum. Two other houses nearer to the Montpellier let for five and six guineas a week. They are convenient, and look westerly. One of them, at the time of my visit, held a family of thirteen children, and their respective progenitors. Other detached houses are to be hired in what is called middle Harrogate, which boasts of a *Parliament-street*, and a *Waterloo-place*.

Ascending higher along this line towards the Common, one meets with a range of stone buildings, having a certain degree of *pretension* to something like architectural design. They are enriched in front with very neat flower-gardens, and look down over the esplanade of Low Harrogate, on one side of which is a public library; and the Crown hotel and terrace on the other side, with the Church on the right hand.

Beyond this "Prospect-place," the road, as it keeps still ascending towards the Common or "Muir," as they call it here, insensibly winds by several other buildings or rows of houses; among which are conspicuous the range called the QUEEN, with its pretty gardens and beds of roses in front, and a showy private house, standing back by itself on a plot of grass within a railing, belonging to Mr. Sheepshanks, a wealthy, good, and benevolent gentleman of Leeds.

But all these buildings, and many of the rest which follow, have the drawback of an objectionable aspect, looking either northward or north-eastward. An invalid will find amongst this great variety of edifices wherewithal to suit his taste and wants, either for a small or a large family. All of them have lying before them the extensive Common, which is intersected by the Leeds, the York, the Ripon, and the Otley roads.

Although the air is purer and lighter at this elevation,—the prospect which the houses of Middle Harrogate have to the south and west, is far more cheerful than that which a vast plain indifferently cultivated, or wholly barren, can offer. In

the latter situation it is the keenest eye only (that which can compass an horizon at a distance of ten and fifteen miles) which can find an agreeable or pleasing object before his dwelling. At Harrogate, for an invalid, these are not trifling considerations, and I think I am doing no mean service to those among my readers who may have to spend a season at that place for the benefit of their health, in informing them beforehand as to the most eligible situation for their temporary dwelling.

One great inconvenience attaches besides to the houses in Upper Harrogate, which is the greater distance an invalid has to go over, in order to reach the sulphur springs, all of which, as already mentioned, are in Low Harrogate. Yet with all these disadvantages, many more neat-looking buildings are now starting into existence on the margin of the elevated common.

Of the boarding-houses on this table-land, YORK HOUSE has the most favourable aspect, being direct south, and sheltered from the prevailing blasts of north-north-westerly and westerly gales. The Queen, and other houses, I have already mentioned. They form a continuous line, which extends to the left of the common, as far as the insulated and showy hotel of the Dragon, by which the line is terminated.

The church of High Harrogate, a neat stone edifice, stands in front of this line, on the right of the road, at some distance on the common; and some distance past this, with a western and the best aspect on this wide expanse of ground, is seen the GRANBY, the truly aristocratic hotel of the Spa.

In this direction is one of the purely chalybeate springs, called the *Old* or *Sweet Spa*, enclosed within a small circular building, erected by Lord Loughborough, and open to the public. To the water of this spring I attach more importance than I am inclined to do from experience to that of the second chalybeate spring, called Tewit well, situated in a little hollow, or swampy piece of ground, at the east corner of

the common. The water of the *old* chalybeate having reached its stone border, overflows into a channel, and passes out of the covered well into the open air, in a basin that is accessible at all hours. A slight deposition of red oxide may be seen on the border stone, but hardly any at the bottom of the well. The water looks perfectly clear and transparent, and is delightfully cool, the outside of the glass becoming instantly dimmed as it comes out of the spring, into which it is dipped by the attendant girl, by means of a stick, terminated by a cup-holder, as at the German Spas. The water tastes very pleasant, and agreeably sapid, with a slight *goût* of iron, as if the tongue had been applied to the blade of a steel knife. It sits very lightly on the stomach, and does not affect the head. It is most certainly a valuable auxiliary in curing weak stomachs and dyspepsia, with acidity.

Nearly opposite to the church just mentioned, upon crossing the road from the common to the line of houses before described, and not far from the house of the resident surgeon, Mr. Richardson, and from Langdale's circulating library, that convenient footpath leads to Low Harrogate which I before mentioned, shortening the way thither from the common by more than half the distance.

Bellevue, the crack house of the place, twice alluded to, in which I spent many agreeable hours in the society of some of my patients, is an excellent square stone building, with several bedrooms on the first floor, of very good size, and well furnished, of which those at the back look over a pretty long slip of garden, full southward. On the ground floor the drawing and dining-rooms are made *en suite*, and a smaller parlour by the side of them has been converted into an ordinary dining-room. Altogether the conveniences of the house are such as one could desire.

From this house a full view is obtained of the principal objects in Low Harrogate. It stands midway between the latter and High Harrogate, near the Salem chapel, and not

a great way from the spot where begins the footpath, already alluded to, which leads across the fields to the upper town.

Two acclivities, running N.N.E., and W.S.W., beautifully wooded, are seen ascending insensibly from the flat level of Low Harrogate to the plateau of the upper town, separated by a narrow dell, at the bottom of which meanders the *beck*, or rivulet, previously noticed, running eastwardly. At the entrance of this dell, and on the left, standing rather high, we find the wide-spreading *Swan* hotel, with its modernized face turned to the south-east; while on the right, the ground is occupied by the Old Sulphur Well, the Crown hotel, and the Victoria rooms and baths.

Following the line of this hollow in an easterly direction, the eye meets with the Montpellier Spa, and, still further on, the handsome temple-like edifice which shelters the Cheltenham saline spring. It is from the back of this last building that the remainder of the wooded dell, forming the beautiful pleasure grounds of that establishment, extends upward to the level eminence of High Harrogate. This line serves also to mark the two regions of sulphur and saline springs, the former being all situated to the south, and the latter to the north of that line.

It is this picturesque arrangement of nature and art which the front of Bellevue and other lodging-houses a little higher up the acclivity, and in the same line, overlook. In the farthest ground, the landscape is bounded by the segment of a horizontal circle, on the waving line of which Studely's royal-stately park rears its ancient clumps, and splendid groves of oaks and columnar beech trees, forming a pleasing and interesting object, constantly under the eye of the inmates of these dwellings.

I have just named the pleasure-grounds of the Cheltenham Spa. To invalids the advantage of such an addition to that handsome Cur-saal, for a mere weekly subscription of

three shillings and sixpence, is immense. It is decidedly the prettiest spot in Harrogate, and may be made quite a *bijou*—a very Tivoli—by means of a few improvements and alterations, which I ventured to suggest to Mr. Gordon, the proprietor, and which he is most willing to undertake if properly encouraged. Neither Leamington nor Cheltenham can boast of such a rural promenade in the immediate vicinity of their springs.

In these grounds there are two lines of walks; the upper, measuring thirteen hundred and eighty feet,—the lower, or the one nearest to the *beck*, eleven hundred and fifty-two feet; so that the visiter may, without going twice over the same ground (as in that wretched paddock of the imperial pump-room at Leamington), take a very agreeable walk of half a mile, mostly very much sheltered by lofty forest trees, his steps inspirited by the distant musical tones of the band playing from the top of the terrace, the cadences of which serve, as it were, to mark his own movements, which are quickened or retarded by the occasional shrill blast of the trumpet, mingled with the softer notes of the harp and the flageolet.

The grounds are prettily waved and distributed. From the terrace first alluded to, at the back of the great pump-room or temple, slopes of grass and winding paths, with seats and tents, offer a more lively scene than we find farther on, where the wild forest-like character has been preserved. The *beck*, or stream, so often mentioned, descending from the great bogs above Low Harrogate, traversing the latter, and skirting one side of these grounds, has been restrained in its course, and swelled into a "lake," or sheet of water, with a tortuous path on its elongated margin, a thousand feet in length. A boat waits on its unruffled surface the pleasure of such visiters as prefer the exercise of rowing to that of walking, after drinking the saline spring in the morning.

It were to be wished that this water could boast of a more crystal-like hue. But as the sewage of the village, and the

waste water from the Montpellier and Victoria baths, must be conveyed through it and out of it, the transparency and clearness of the Cumberland lakes will never be imparted to it; added to which, bog water is never colourless. The idea of adding boat exercise, and the aspect of a large sheet of water, to a spa, is excellent; and we must regret that the materials for carrying it into effect are not better.

Seated on a bench fronting the principal path, from whence I am sketching the present description, the company, which has collected in pretty large numbers at the Royal promenade room, attracted by the fineness of the early morning, now spreads in groups over the grounds, and exhibits to the keen observer their several characteristic peculiarities and infirmities. A lovely widow has just passed before me, whose weeds seem recent; she accompanies an only son, whose left leg has been cut off to arrest the ravaging inroad of scrofula, which seems to have seared also his pale and sunken face with scars and swellings. Perhaps the father, whose loss the sable of both mother and son plainly tells, has been swept away by the same fatal disorder; the poisonous lymph of which, creeping along with the paternal blood, has propagated itself to the unhappy offspring.

Another boy has just been led along to the margin of the lake, for a ride in the boat. His appearance marks the presence of a hip-disease. He is lame, weak, and walks not without sufferings. He has drank, I am told, of the sulphur well for some time past, and is now using the saline chalybeate. His progress towards recovery, of late, is said to be wonderfully great.

Faces still bearing the marks of previous illness, but which my kind cicerone the colonel, who had watched them from the first, assured me had been before saffronized and resembled tallow,—now pass in review, in walking lines, or appear, here and there, dotting the lawns, and exhibiting daily a notable progress towards a better complexion.

Anon, and I recognised among the invalids a good hospitable gentleman, an Alderman of Newcastle, at whose house I had been kindly entertained during my sojourn in that city, at the meeting of the British Association in the year preceding. I had known him in excellent health. He appeared now as if rising from the grave, accompanied by a young and interesting guardian angel—a most affectionate niece—ever watchful over the safety of her uncle. He had been recommended by Doctor Hedlam, the eminent physician of Newcastle, to come hither after a severe and dangerous bilious fever. On his arrival he seemed so ill that the surgeon, Mr. Richardson, would hardly venture to sanction the use of the waters. He had all the symptoms of a confirmed hepatic disease. He drank the sulphur water and bathed in it, and he was now quite restored.

After all, these panoramic glances at the congregated numbers of invalids who apply to the mineral springs for health, are the most instructive. Here the merest superficial observer will detect with ease, from among the mere imaginary valetudinarians, those that are really ill; he will trace the daily changes for the better which the latter exhibit; and he cannot fail to be struck, particularly at Harrogate, with the wide distinction of classes among the large number of visiters who frequent the Spa. Here the difference in the company, month by month, as the season advances, is remarkable. The visiters seem to rise in importance and quantity of blood, as the thermometer rises with the increasing heat of the summer sun.

Surely there must be something more than mere fancy in that peculiarity observed in the mould of countenance of certain people in each distinct class of society. But besides "blood," which is always sure of showing itself, and is different in different castes—the distinction of faces must have been implanted on the physiognomy of certain individuals, by the respective daily occupations—the habitual state of their mind—their diet—and, above all, their associations.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HARROGATE CONCLUDED.

The Substantials at Harrogate—Table d'hôte at the Crown and other Hotels—Living not cheaper than in London—Sorts and Prices of Provisions—Public and private Ménage—Hotel-keepers Lords of the Place, as at Baden—Hotels for the Lords and Hotels for the Gentry—Associations and Gaieties—Medical Notes on the Harrogate Waters—Importance of not taking them without Advice—Best Mode of using them—Drinking and Bathing—Complaints benefited by them—Immediate Effects of the Water—Scepticism of English Physicians, as to Mineral Waters, on the decline—Striking Cures by those at Harrogate—Author's long Experience — Mr. Richardson's Opinions valuable—Rules as to Quantity and Mode of administering the Waters—Mud Baths first suggested by the Author as a means of Cure, entirely overlooked at Harrogate—The Bog-district—The Hospital—The Observatory — Climate—Inhabitants—Uniqueness of Harrogate—Public Spirit wanted—Conclusion.

Diet and associations! These, next to the mineral waters, are the most important points to attend to in estimating the value and merits of a Spa.

At Harrogate all who live at the Hotels, have the convenience of a table d'hôte. From experience I can recommend that at the Crown; and from what I have heard visiters of consequence say respecting them, those at the other hotels are equally entitled to praise.

At all the principal hotels, whether of Low or High Harrogate, the banqueting-rooms or saloons in which the dinner takes place, are large, well appointed, and admit of the

enjoyment of a band at dinner-time. There are also withdrawing and separate sitting-rooms for the company, the former of which are common to all who sit at the table d'hôte, whether resident in the hotels, or simply accidental visiters.

The living is not much more reasonable at Harrogate than in London. Bread tolerably white and well flavoured, and butter indifferently good, sell at precisely the same high prices. The milk, owing to the meagre pasturage in the neighbourhood, is poor and thin, and the cream scanty. Mutton is excellent, and eightpence per pound. Fruit, particularly strawberries, is plentiful, but at no lower price than in London.

In fact, though a *rural* Spa, Harrogate has all the domestic inconvenience of a *town* one. The reason is plain enough. In the first place, all the supplies, indifferent as they are, come principally from Knaresborough; and in the second place, about six or seven large hotels, four of which, as I before observed, are first-rate ones, have to provide at a weekly charge (which, individually, is very reasonable) board for at least one hundred guests each day. They, therefore, absorb all the provisions that can be gathered in the neighbourhood. Mutton and poultry, and the most preferable or choice vegetables, are quickly snapped up by them; and even the fish, as it makes its rare appearance in the market from Scarborough, is instantly appropriated: so that the dwellers in private houses or in lodgings stand a poor chance of getting any thing good or cheap, or enough of it even to satisfy the pretension of cookery.

Hence families who propose to live in separate houses, and to "keep house," must not expect to live at *Harro*gate for much less than at *High*gate, had their doctors sent them thither from the metropolis for a change of air.

And yet of the two, a private family, if at all numerous, had better have their *ménage* in a separate house, than live at an hotel, even at the risk of being looked upon as stingy, and

of the common herd; a stigma they are very likely to have cast upon them.

At an hotel the ordinary charge for lodging and board at the public-table, is two guineas and a half a week, with half a guinea more for the servants of the house, whom you are *censé* to employ. If you have a servant of your own in livery, then the charge is three shillings and sixpence per day extra; besides which there is a tax of three shillings a week for wax lights.

All this together, making a total of either three pounds six shillings without a servant, or five pounds per week with one, is bearable for one or two persons; but let a *Chef* and his lady, like some friends I knew in one of the principal private houses, with three young ladies and three servants, take up his residence at the Granby for example, and a sum of not less than twenty guineas a week would have been required, even though using the public-rooms, without being either so comfortable or so independent as in a private house; a great consideration, by the by, where four ladies, three of them young and one an invalid, are concerned.

Still fashion, for the higher classes of people, wills it that they shall live at the principal hotels, and to them accordingly they proceed; though few of these illustrious remain the usual period of time necessary for a successful treatment by mineral waters.

This state of things has given immense importance to the hotel-keepers, and in that respect Harrogate is something like Baden-Baden. These gentry are, in good troth, the lords of the place at present. What does not suit them, that must not be; and in the pursuit of this object, each pulls his own way, and cares not what becomes of the rest. They go so far as to command (for it's a threat in the shape of a request) the closing of the hospital, as before stated, during the season, lest the sight of the poor lepers, and still more so, the use they make of the sulphur water out of the upper or

*bog*-wells, as they are called, should interfere with their own establishment of baths and invalids.

The hotels are of two classes; but this division, which was a well-marked one a few years back, is now dwindled away, from the force and change of circumstances. At one time your opulent Leeds, and Sheffield, and Manchester factors, whose ideas of supreme happiness at a Spa were limited to a moderately dear hotel or boarding-house, no more dreamt of stopping at the gates of the Dragon, still less at those of the Granby, for admission, than they would at the palace of my Lord Harewood, by the way, for that purpose. No; they sneaked into the Swan, the White Hart, or the Wellington, or, as the *summum bonum*, into the Crown, to occupy some one of its hundred little bedrooms, low-roofed and without bells, arranged on each side of narrow corridors, which crossing each other at right angles, and in all directions, would puzzle the most expert topographer. The Dragon and the Granby were sacred places. The lords only graced the latter, while the wealthy commoner pleased himself in the former.

Now, *nous avons changé, &c.* Pretty little *gauche* misses and their snuff-coloured coated papas boldly stalk into both houses without being "called;" cutlers and cotton-spinners aspire to great assembly rooms and gigantic banqueting-saloons; and nothing pleases the wealthy townsman of Bradford and Huddersfield, Halifax and Rochdale, but the *lambris dorés*, the well-stuffed sofas of red damask, and the *cuisine par excellence* of those two crack hotels.

The season, however, presently arrives, when the smoke of their native places recalls them to their duties, and when the complexion of the previously pimpled damsels being well polished by the sulphur bath, and the lining of their papa's stomach altered into a fresh manufacturing power by the Cheltenham chalybeate,—they must take their departure and leave London luxury at Harrogate for Lancashire and Yorkshire homeliness. And then the Right Honourables, the

M. P.s,—the baronets, and their ladies, pour into Harrogate, chase away all the vulgar before them, fill the Dragon and the Granby with "Ha—ha-s," and "How do-s," imprisoning the real invalids at the Crown;—where, by the by, I lived for a week very comfortably, to be near the Montpellier Spa and the Old Well.

Then begin the real *gaieties* of Harrogate, then the money flies, and six weeks of a plentiful harvest enables the respective landlords of those aristocratic establishments to keep them up during the rest of the year, with expenses and taxes upon them that would appal a chicken-hearted Boniface, and which could not be met but for the extravagant charges the landlords themselves make on their customers of "gentle blood."

The well-ascertained existence of four distinct classes of mineral waters at Harrogate, namely, the pure chalybeates, the saline chalybeates, the saline without any chalybeate, and lastly and principally, the sulphur water, will render it necessary for medical men, when they recommend the water of Harrogate to their patients, accurately to specify of which class the patient should partake.

Nor is this all. According to the analyses, the springs of the same class seem to differ among themselves. Thus we have the strongest sulphur at the Montpellier, the middle degree of strength in sulphur at the Old Well, and a minimum degree of strength of sulphur at the Knaresborough or the Starbeck well. These distinctions should be attended to in prescribing.

Judging from my own experience, and the effect the several wells have had on me, I should feel disposed to begin the full course of sulphur water-drinking, with the Knaresborough, and end with the Montpellier. For warm baths the strongest is perhaps the best to be used at once.

Hitherto the sulphur waters alone have been used for bathing purposes. But there is no reason why the saline chalybeates, especially those which have a less quantity of

the muriate of soda, and are therefore less likely to irritate the skin, should not hereafter be employed for baths. On the contrary, there is every reason why they should be so; since amongst many hundred cases of invalids who visit this Spa, a large proportion of them cannot bear, and some do not require, the application of sulphur to the skin; whereas they would be benefited by, and many positively require, a chalybeate bath.

Mr. Richardson, with whom I visited a patient or two at Harrogate, and had long conversations touching the virtues of the sulphur waters, entertains a general sweeping view respecting them and their effect in disease, derived from long experience. In all sluggish constitutions inclined to glandular disease, in scrofulous tendency, in obstruction of the mesenteric glands; in all cases of biliary derangements, of light dyspepsia, in constipation; but above all in the squamous, defedating, slow-acting diseases of the skin, he has found great benefit from the sulphur water, accompanied by sulphur baths. On the other hand, if there be fever, great irritability of the nervous system, or of the skin; if the tongue be furred, or white and dry,—the skin parched, hot, and feverish; if there be any palpitation of the heart present, not symptomatic merely of indigestion but idiopathic; or if any degree of active inflammation of the lungs is going on,—the sulphur water will do mischief.

Where the sulphur water is suitable, it purges when taken in the quantity of a pint and a half in the morning. A smaller dose will hardly do it. Mr. Richardson orders it to be drank in two tumblers of three-quarters of a pint each, with an interval of twenty minutes between; and he considers the course to last from three to six weeks; sometimes interrupting the course by a short excursion between. He seldom recommends more than twelve baths.

Mr. Richardson admits that where it does not purge, or in those cases in which it disagrees even when it purges, the

sulphur water will affect the head, and produce confusion and distress. He has been in the habit of recommending often a little blue-pill or some aperient medicine to assist the water when the latter does not operate unless drank in large quantities; as in such cases he looks upon the harm that might arise from the mercury as a lesser evil, than what would inevitably be produced by the ingestion of a very large quantity of the water.

When after drinking the water for a period of two or three weeks he finds that the patients nauseate the dose, he invariably directs them to desist from it altogether. That the sulphureted water is an agent of great power, he is quite convinced, although Mr. Richardson (like myself in the case of the Spas in Germany), found most of his brother practitioners of eminence in the north of England sceptical, and inclined to laugh at his faith in the waters. "And yet," says he, "they will send me patients very often to be treated and cured by the very waters they seem to despise." "You have yourself noticed," continued Mr. Richardson, "the success operated on Mr. ——, of Newcastle. He was despatched hither by our common acquaintance and brother practitioner, Dr. ——, a leading man in that city, despairing of his recovery almost, and sceptical as to the power of our sulphureted waters. He will be much and agreeably surprised when he beholds him come back next week. At his arrival in Harrogate, I assure you I hardly knew whether I should mislead him with any hope of success from these waters, so ill was he; but we tried, and the conclusion is most gratifying."

I attach more importance to these general and practical remarks and precepts of a man of good sense and respectability, with that degree of professional acuteness which is sufficient to enable a medical man to turn to account his long experience in the treatment of diseases by means of the Harrogate waters, than I do to many a learned treatise based

on presumed analogies, supposed philosophical inductions, or wirespun scientific theories.

With most of Mr. Richardson's views and ideas, my experience of some years in witnessing the effects of the Harrogate waters on several of my patients, coincides. But having had a much wider field of practice in the general application of mineral waters for the treatment of disease, than he can have had in the single locality of Harrogate, I differ somewhat from him in all that relates to the quantity of water to be taken, the manner of taking it, and the effects to be produced.

I differ first in point of quantity. A pint and a half of the strong sulphureted water is an exorbitant dose, because a pint of it contains 108 grains of common salt, and the whole dose 162 grains, being fully a third of an ounce of common or kitchen salt; by far too large a quantity of that stimulating condiment for any stomach.

Had there been in combination with it any sulphate of soda, or even of magnesia, to qualify the physiological effects of so large a proportion of sea-salt, and thus add to its solvent and purgative power, my objection would be considerably weakened, perhaps removed. But as the analysis shows no such saline ingredient to be present in the water, the objectionable properties of an excessive dose of sea-salt swallowed in the course of less than an hour and a half before breakfast, are left to act unmodified upon the coats of the stomach; and accordingly we find that people taking it, are liable to feel uncomfortable and heated about the pit of the stomach, and to experience a peculiar headach, under which I have myself suffered to a considerable degree from that cause.

This headach differs from every other species of headach, and is much more severe and alarming, in as much as it seems to occupy the centre and basis of the brain, and is accompanied by a sensation of distension in the blood-vessels,

together with a feeling, that if you were to move the head quickly, one of the gorged blood-vessels must give way. This species of headach, however, is principally to be ascribed to the large quantity of sulphureted hydrogen gas, which in each prescribed dose of one half-pint of water, amounts to 60 per cent. in the strongest well. An effect equally unsatisfactory, occasioned by the latter cause, may be noticed in respect to the abdominal secretions, which appear dry and burnt up, denoting clearly a feverish and irritated state of the mucous lining of the intestines.

As to the mode of administering the water, I must object, with all those who are well versed in the practice of a mineral water treatment, to its being drunk, at one time, in such a quantity as I find it recommended in this country. The Harrogate water, like many other mineral waters endowed with energetic properties, is an agent of mischief when inconsiderately prescribed. To order more as a dose than the stomach can digest in the course of twenty minutes, is to inflict injury on the patient; and the Germans, who limit the quantity of each draught of their waters to four ounces, with an interval of twenty minutes between, act wisely and from good experience.

I also think that the first dose of the fetid water should be taken diluted with hot water of the ordinary sort, and the rest warmed by a mixture of the same water previously heated. Rather than rely on quantity for the aperient effect of this water, I would add to it, according to each individual case, that which it lacks, namely a small proportion of Glauber salts in the first glass.

It is the same with respect to bathing in the Harrogate water. I have found the baths too stimulating when the water has been used undiluted; and in proportion as the stimulation has been great, so has the reaction been after it, when the blood seems to flee from the surface, to congregate in the centre, and to produce, at one and the same time, a great

sensation of heat internally, and thirst; while the surface, particularly of the face and extremities, is miserably chilly, and almost blue.

A young lady, a patient of mine, using the baths by my direction at Harrogate, had found them to produce the two distinct effects just mentioned, up to the time of my arrival; whereas by explaining to her the cause, and avoiding it by proper dilution, as well as by exciting a gentle glow immediately after coming out of the bath, through the usual means, I soon released her from all unpleasant effects.

Mr. Richardson, on being questioned on the subject, assured me that the sulphur waters are excellent in verminous disorders; and that gout, or a tendency to it, is often effectually checked by the same means, as well as rheumatism, in its various chronic forms, and not otherwise.

Against complaints like these, however, and for inveterate and the most difficult cases of cutaneous disease, Harrogate possesses, in my opinion, a much more powerful agent, which has hitherto entirely escaped the attention of the profession, and to which I desire most emphatically to direct it—namely, the MUD-BATHS.

The material well calculated for that purpose is near at hand. Upon a high ground, a short distance from Low Harrogate, in a westerly direction, is a piece of moss or bog earth, which has commonly but erroneously been supposed to be "the mother of the Harrogate waters." The whole surface there, to a considerable extent, presents an extraordinary phenomenon in the physical history of the place. Deep sulphur wells, two or three pools of water impregnated with tannin and more than one saline chalybeate, as I ascertained on the spot by tests, dot an area of some acres, which altogether has the appearance of a great chemical laboratory of nature. Cuttings in the quaking surface at various distances, and natural denudations, have discovered the character of bog-earth, with its redundancy of free sulphuric acid.

On the margin of this curious district, a Hospital for both male and female patients requiring the use of the Harrogate waters has been erected, through the exertions of Mr. Richardson and a few benevolent individuals, aided by the liberality of the Earl of Harewood, lord of the manor, who has secured to the miserable objects requiring such a boon, in the best manner that his tenure would allow, the possession of the grant of the land he made to them, and on which the hospital stands.

"I have, on my part, done my best," said his lordship at the foundation of the hospital, "(next to alienating altogether the land—which I cannot do,) to make it a permanent possession to the poor; and I hope I may answer for the benevolence and philanthropy of my descendants."

The establishment is small, but useful, and has done much good. It is well managed; but during the season it is kept closed, by reasons to which I have alluded, and which are not creditable to the parties who impose such a condition. The patients supply themselves with the necessary sulphur water from the springs of the bog tract close at hand, which springs being open also to all the inhabitants, supply many of them and their baths with water, fetched away in appropriate vessels.

Well then, it is this very tract of land which should supply the material for the mud-baths; and an intelligent, enterprising person, acting under the direction of an able physician well versed in the theory and practice of mud-baths, as now greatly and most successfully used in Germany, would confer great benefit to society, and secure immense advantage to himself, by the establishment at Harrogate of sulphureted mud-baths, like those of St. Amand in the department of the North in France.

If the pedestrian from this current tract of land, extends his excursion further westerly, about two miles and a half, either along the high-road, or across an extensive boggy moor (which I nearly had reason to repent I had ever attempted), he will

reach the foot of a lofty tower, standing isolated, like a great beacon, rising one hundred feet, upon an extensive waste. To the interior of this he will be admitted through a curiously-wrought-iron gate, which marks the number of visiters as they are admitted,—and so ascend to the top; where by the help of twelve telescopes, there placed in the direction of radii to a circle, he will sweep every part of the horizon, but will look in vain for the two seas—the German and the Irish—the expectation of beholding which originally induced Mr. Thomson to erect this "Observatory."

As proprietor of it, that gentleman has turned the building to account, making at least ten per cent. for his money, which he has taken good care to protect against any possible desire of appropriation on the part of the keeper (an odd character), by the contrivance before alluded to.

One improvement Mr. Thomson might adopt at the summit of his observatory—one adopted at the Belvidere of Neufchatel, in Switzerland, where glasses are placed to survey an extensive horizon of Alpine country—and which consists in having the names of the remarkable places to which the glasses are directed, and their distances, engraved on a brass plate fixed to the parapet beneath the glass.

I will conclude what I have to say on the subject of the treatment of disease by the Harrogate waters, by stating that during the last season, patients afflicted with hepatic disorders, glandular affection, rheumatism dependent on sluggish secretions, frequent eruption of boils and other disorders, whom I had recommended to proceed to Harrogate, returned thence completely restored.

While speaking of the treatment of diseases by the mineral waters of Harrogate, our mind is naturally directed to the consideration of its climate and territorial aspect. Nothing can be purer than the air at Harrogate. Its elasticity is felt by every new visiter immediately on his arrival; but the situation is exposed to high winds, and the temperature is

generally low—lower by two degrees than in the town of Knaresborough, placed in a lower part of the valley.

Judging from my own experience and the affirmation of the oldest inhabitant, or assiduous frequenters of the Spa, it rains, on an average, four days in the week during the summer months; and it is seldom that the sky is perfectly free from lowering clouds or gloom. But as the soil is of that light porous limestone, which absorbs all moisture with great rapidity, the rain sinks speedily into the earth; and a few minutes after the heaviest shower, one can walk out on the paths and in the streets without inconvenience.

This very quality of the soil is averse to the success of agriculture. There is generally a character of poverty about the land of the immediately surrounding districts, and there is no large timber. Green crops are the principal occupants of the land, and these do not seem to be farmed so well as in Northumberland and other northern counties. The characteristics of prosperity are not visible around Harrogate; and there is an appearance of dilapidation, more or less marked, even in the hedges and gates that divide the fields.

As to the native inhabitants of this particular district of Yorkshire, whether of the industrious or of the consuming classes, they are not, as in many other parts of that county, particularly well favoured by nature. It is seldom that one meets with a handsome adult woman, or a very good-looking man. This is not the district for tall life-guardsmen; yet in children the character of their physiognomy is pleasing.

I have dwelt more largely, perhaps, than is consistent with the nature of the present work, on the Spas of Harrogate. But among the few really important Spas of which England can boast, in comparison to other countries, I hold Harrogate to be of such manifest superiority—indeed, I was almost going to say, *uniqueness*—on account of the peculiar nature of its waters (if properly managed), its sulphur mud, now first recommended, and its situation, that I felt anxious

to bring all its merits before the general readers more fully than any medical treatise had done before. It is for this reason that I have entered into details which the medical treatises I allude to could not embrace, but which, to a non-medical reader, are of paramount interest.

Harrogate has the elements within itself of becoming a Spa of the first magnitude, even to the extent of attracting foreign travellers; but there is much to be done to bring it to that state. At present the condition of Harrogate is quite primitive, and as such, liable to all those impediments to progress which appertain to the *petits pays*. Hence one hears without surprise of the bickerings, piques, and feuds, between Low and High Harrogate. They of the latter envy those of Lower Harrogate their springs and Well, at the same time that they boast of their superb hotels and large establishments. But these are sneered at by the Low Harrogate people, who, in their turn, point to their noble pump-room, and promenades, their Crown, and their Swan.

In Harrogate no vestige of any form of government obtrudes itself on the notice of the stranger; and not a single representative of the smallest civic authority is to be found here, not even a guardian of the night, or a day-policeman. Hence encroachments on public privileges and rights not unfrequently are attempted; and, but for the watchfulness of the threatened victim, would be carried into effect. Thus, last year, in order to annoy the low Harrogatians, a determination was expressed by somebody to cut down a tolerably fine row of beech-trees, which, at this moment, form the only shaded walk for visiters who are returning from the baths at Low Harrogate in very hot weather. The thing would have been done, though the timber could not have fetched at a sale more than a few hundred pence, and though it grows on crown-land; when a spirited remonstrance from the Low Harrogate people to the board, stopped the intended act of vandalism.

If true public spirit existed between the two places, Harrogate would soon rise in the scale of Spas. At present, I fear, from all I have gathered from the very best authority, such is far from being the case. Nay, it has been remarked, that if the dwellers of Low Harrogate project any improvement for the general good, in order to increase the attraction of the place, those of High Harrogate will not join to defray the expenses.

With the exception of one or two individuals with whom I conversed on the subject, and who are connected with the bathing establishments, I have found very little disposition in the proprietors of the springs, or the permanent inhabitants, to effect any thing to promote the advancement of the place, or to make known the value of its water, together with the gradual though slow ameliorations that are taking place from year to year. They are all apathetic, and prefer to leave things to take their course.

I hope they may be roused by what I have here stated, and by the very favourable opinion I have given of the Spa in general, to a more enterprising conduct. A spirited capitalist would find an unexplored mine of wealth in Harrogate; which is not one of your ephemeral Spas, dependent on fashion. Its almost peculiar waters are lasting, and so must and will be their reputation.

## CHAPTER IX.

KNARESBOROUGH AND ALDFIELD.—ENVIRONS OF HARROGATE.

Best Mode of Killing Time at a Spa—Excursions from Harrogate—Vehicles—*Martyr et Souffrance*—Knaresborough, or Starbeck Spa—Its Sulphur Water preferable in some Cases to that of Harrogate—Baths not so Irritating—Recent Restitution of the Starbeck Spring—Conduct of Physicians at the English Spas, with reference to Mineral Waters—Objectionable, and why—Not pursued at Harrogate—Knaresborough Castle—St. Robert's Chapel—Mother Shipton and the Dropping Well—Geological Features—The Cave!—Romantic Situation—Banks of the Nidd—A prating Old Dame—Tombs of the Recluses—Eugene Aram—His Skull—A Bone to Pick with the Phrenologists—Brimham Crags—Superstitious and Practical Explanations—Imposing Scene—Gay Group of Visiters—Richard Weatherhead and the Merry Widow—Magnificent Prospect—The Bees' Villa—A brilliant Equipage—A Farce, and a Fracas of Crokery—Aldfield Sulphur Spring—Character, Taste, and Virtue of its Water—Its Situation.

What are the most prominent features observable among the temporary inhabitants of a Spa? Idleness and want of occupation. This *dolce far niente* is among the very best auxiliaries to the mineral water, in the cure of disease. To cast over your shoulders all care, and turn your back on business, is to be half cured of your disease. But for the same reason *ennui* would soon take hold of the visiters at a Spa, if the twelve or fourteen waking hours daily passed at it were wholly unemployed.

One of the most effectual and satisfactory, as it is also the easiest mode of occupying some of those hours, is by making excursions in the neighbourhood of the Spa. Harrogate, in

that respect, offers an almost endless variety of resources; and the means of conveyance to some of the nearest, as well as the more remote objects of attraction in the country around, are to be found with sufficient readiness, and at a moderate charge. Carriages by the day or by the month, post-horses, saddle-horses, flies, gigs, and phætons, are all to be had either at the principal hotels, or from some of the tradesmen in the place, who turn livery-stable men *pro tem.*

Public vehicles standing out for hire, are few and miserably equipped. Nothing can equal the wretched appearance, for example, of the donkey-phæton. Those all-enduring animals, with their hairless hides broken to the bone, drag a miserable-looking carriage for one shilling per hour, and are seen wincing, yet still proceeding, whenever a buckle, or a knot in the harness, or the sharp edge of a tight trace (as the poor animal pulls up a hill), has eaten away the flesh! The "*Souffrance*" and "*Martyr*" of the poor French *voiturier* are not more applicable appellations of his two miserable nags, than they would be to the ill-treated twin asses of Harrogate.

Yet with these, or something analogous, though in general with more pretending means of conveyance, do the numerous dwellers for the time being at the Spa of Harrogate, spread themselves almost daily on all points within a circle of twenty miles; some beginning their excursions soon after breakfast, and extending the same to the utmost limit of a long day's duration; while others, unwilling to lose any of the "prepaid" repasts at their hotels, are satisfied with an expedition which can be compassed between luncheon and dinner.

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## KNARESBOROUGH

Is an auxiliary Spa to Harrogate, a species of suffragan watering-place, which the visiters at the latter more frequently

proceed to,—not because the mineral springs are *at* Knaresborough,—for they lie midway between that town and Harrogate,—but rather with a view to look at the castle, visit the shaded banks of the Nidd, and inspect the cave rendered so famous by the most popular novel-writer of the present day.

Thither accordingly, like every body else, I proceeded in goodly company on a fine day, stopping by the way at the "Knaresborough Spau," as it is now denominated, or the *Starbeck* Spau, as designated upon the map of the Forest-award.

This spring, known since the beginning of the 17th century, had been suffered to fall into a state of dilapidation, and, some time after the passing of the act of inclosure of Knaresborough forest, was ploughed over and destroyed. Yet to judge by the very many publications that had appeared from the pen of not fewer than fourteen physicians and one learned prelate, its virtues and importance must have been considered as great during its existence. The same impression has probably incited the inhabitants of Knaresborough to recover the well since; and accordingly we find that, in 1822, a subscription having been entered into for that purpose, the necessary operations were began, and the Spa was duly opened with a grand masonic ceremony soon after.

The Spa consists of two distinct springs; that, the water of which contains sulphureted hydrogen gas, being the principal one. The other by the side of it, and at the distance of about fifteen yards to the right, is a chalybeate, and of secondary importance.

The sulphur water springs from a triangular space in a rock, in the quantity of about one gallon in a minute, without any considerable variation, except during the prevalence of rainy or very dry weather. I found its temperature, as in the sulphur spring at Harrogate, to be 52°, but in very frosty weather, I was told, it gets as low as 48°. It however never freezes.

The water is clear and beautifully colourless, and not by any means unpleasant to the taste. Being slightly impregnated with sulphureted gas, its odour is not so disagreeable as that of the Harrogate water, nor is the excessive taste of common salt of the latter, perceptible in the former. For both these reasons I should recommend it as the most proper sulphur water to begin with. I have prescribed it with success in many cases in which the stronger sulphur water of Harrogate had decidedly disagreed. In addition to which there are in the Knaresborough sulphur water larger proportions of magnesian salt, according to Dr. Murray's analysis, than in the water at Harrogate; a circumstance which would induce me to view the water as a more effectual alterative and depurative of the blood. The advantage also of drinking it without the aid of leaden-piped pumps, and in its genuine state, is not a trifling addition to its value.

In order to secure this valuable spring a little stone building was erected over it, whence the water flows into a stone bason in the centre of a square space sunken some steps all round, and paved. A cottage was built also near it, and a poor family placed in it, to wait upon the visiters who frequent the spring.

But the most important step taken in regard to this Spa, has been the erection of some baths adjoining the cottage,—forming, with the latter, a very pleasing object externally, and constituting a very essential part of the establishment.

The arrangement of these baths is creditable, though the space is contracted to the utmost limits of economy, and their number too small to satisfy the demands for them.

My experience of these baths coincides with that expressed by Dr. Murray. We hold the water of this spring to be far preferable, in many cases of irritable diseases of the skin, to those of Harrogate, owing to the smaller quantity of common salt present in them, and the greater proportions of muriates

and carbonate of magnesia and lime, which give to the water an extreme softness and a peculiar smoothness.

At my second visit to this Spa, for the purpose of trying the baths, I met the father of three lovely little girls who were covered with pustular eruptions, and had been for a month bathing at Low Harrogate, with a manifest increase of the irritation of the skin and its disease. Here, on the contrary, as the mother expressed it to me, in the course of only eight baths at the sulphur Spa, they were recovering *à vue d'œil*. A dashing equipage was in waiting to receive them, and I could not help envying the parents, as they darted up the lane planted with beds of flowers, which leads into the Harrogate and Knaresborough road, at a very short distance, the gratification they must daily experience, at the beneficial effect of this mineral water on their cherished children.

In another case under my immediate care, finding the Montpellier baths too exciting, and the sulphur water at Low Harrogate too heating, I ordered my young and fair patient to trip it along to the Knaresborough fountain on a donkey every morning, and there drink of the salutary stream as well as bathe in it; all of which had the most beneficial result.

Of the chalybeate water found in the same locality and forming part of the Spa, I know nothing; nor do I think that much is recorded, or indeed that anything is done with it, judging from the state and appearance of the well. As a chalybeate nothing in the neighbourhood of Harrogate is better than its *old Spa*, already described.

For all the measures adopted in restoring Knaresborough Spa to its present state of usefulness, and for having roused the inhabitants of that town from their previous apathy respecting it, the public are indebted to Mr. Calvert, of Knaresborough, who published, in 1836, a small historical and descriptive account of the Spa. Dr. Murray, also, by analyzing the water, contributed to give it publicity. He

was long resident at Knaresborough, and enjoyed the character of an amiable, as well as of a charitable man:

"A friend to the poor, and medical guide,"—

as the macaronic poet, author of "A Week at Harrogate," has said of that excellent person, whom we shall presently meet again in another place, and whose testimony in favour of the Knaresborough sulphureted water, obtained personally from himself, has confirmed me in my opinion of its efficacy.

It was supposed, at one time, by the Knaresborough people, that the Faculty, at Harrogate, had, from motives the reverse of amiable or just, spoken with derision of the *Starbeck* well; lest its reputation should endanger that of their own place of residence. What is meant by *the Faculty* at Harrogate I know not. At present I am acquainted with only one influential medical man at that Spa, whose opinion of its waters is generally sought for by the visiters; and he, I will take on myself to say, is not likely to experience any feelings of jealousy against Knaresborough. Even supposing *self* to be (which heaven forbid it should) the ruling consideration of a medical man in the position of Mr. Richardson, the surgeon generally consulted at Harrogate, his recommending visiters at that place to drink and use the waters of the *Starbeck* Spa, cannot clash with his interest or that of Harrogate; since the patients, even in that case, would reside at the latter place, as being equally handy to the *Starbeck* spring, and far preferable, as a *séjour*, to Knaresborough.

But such a personal consideration, I am convinced, would never enter into the mind of my medical brother just mentioned; inasmuch as I found him to be precisely what a medical man at a Spa should be, namely, acquainted with the nature of the water, directing his patients how and when

to take it, and obtruding as little as possible of his own physic, or prescriptions upon them besides, in the same manner that medical men act at the Spas in Germany.

It is this becoming forbearance, on his part,—far different from the conduct pursued at other principal Spas in England, where patients are besieged and surrounded with all the array of medicine, and where the action of the waters is impeded or interfered with, so that at last people are disgusted with both the place and the waters;—it is, I say, this forbearance from all such intermeddling on the part of Mr. Richardson, that induces the large number of visiters I have quoted elsewhere to resort to Harrogate with confidence in its salutary springs. And they will continue so to resort, so long as no physician sets himself up in the place, to insist upon the frequenters of the Spa undergoing a "preparatory treatment," an "accompanying treatment," and a "concluding treatment;" consisting of *physic, physic, physic.* Indeed those frequenters seem to have settled the question for themselves; since it appears, that of late years hardly a single physician has settled at Harrogate who was not glad to leave it again for want of occupation. When cases occur at that Spa which require better medical advice than is to be procured there, the talented physicians of York and Leeds, Belcombe, Simpson, or Hunter, and from some other places also, are summoned for that purpose.

The tourist who is on his way from Leeds to Ripon, passing through Knaresborough, or the temporary dweller in Harrogate visiting the same place, would probably, in days of yore, have halted for an hour to view the scattered fragments of its fortress, its towers, and semi-round buttresses, or its square keep, whose extraordinary walls of twelve and fourteen feet thickness now serve for purposes far different from those of their original destination.

From its highly elevated site upon the loftiest rock that hangs over the deeply-embosomed Nidd, the traveller would

for a moment enjoy the splendid panorama that offers itself to him on that spot. Or he might be satisfied with simply sketching an east view of the dismantled tower and dilapidated arches, now falling fast into decay, but presenting a very picturesque group for the pencil.

If local tradition interested him, he would penetrate into and examine that chapel cut out of the solid rock, exhibiting fantastic figures, pilasters, and niches, the patient handiwork of some recluse, which has been supposed to have sheltered St. Robert; who, by the by, must have been an ubiquist, as caves equally cut out of the hard rock by the same saint, on the brink of precipices, are to be seen in many parts of Germany, Salzburgh to wit.

Or the observer would mount the steep cliffs near the picturesque low bridge over the Nidd, to admire the many dwellings excavated out of rocky sides, stopping at that particular one to which the name of *Fort Montacute* has been given, and which a poor weaver and his son were sixteen years in completing. Or, lastly, he might proceed to the house beneath the cliffs, which boasts of having been the birth-place of that celebrated character, Mother Shipton, whose knowledge of futurity puzzled even the poor prelate of Beverley.

All these objects of interest would the ordinary tourist to Knaresborough in former days stop to examine, and then pass on; or if he had a smattering of a naturalist about him, he might have extended his inquiries to, and indulged his curiosity in contemplating, the far-famed dropping well, which exhibits the paltry farce of water, highly impregnated with earthly particles, being transmitted, by means of concealed pipes, across a chasm left by the detaching of a bulky rock from the cliff; from the upper surface of which rock it is suffered to trickle down in an expanded sheet of perpendicular drops—depositing, in its fall, on various objects exposed to its action, calcareous sediments, which have been called petrifications.

Or, as a geologist, he would rather have been looking at that magnificent section of the new red sandstone supporting the yellow magnesian limestone, which is to be seen under the castle-rock near the cotton-mill, and which sandstone shortly after, towards the high bridge, disappears when the limestone descends to the bed of the Nidd, exhibiting, in its structure, at a place just beneath the ancient encampment, veins of *celestine*, both blue and white, occasionally finely crystallized.

At present, however, one object alone gives an all-absorbing interest to Knaresborough, and attracts thither, at some time or other, all the visiters at Harrogate, who care little or nothing for all the natural and artificial wonders just enumerated. A common occurrence, culled out of the Knaresborough Newgate Calendar, has, of late years, given a degree of celebrity to that place, which it hardly enjoyed before the fervid imagination of the author of "Eugene Aram" clothed the life and death of a scamp, better educated than the commonalty of rogues are in this country, with the charms of his inventive pen. The cave, the cave, "St. Robert's Cave," is the watchword of the idle visiters at Harrogate, as they sit devising the operations for the following day, over the last bowl of punch at the supper-table in the long-room of the Crown or the Dragon. And to Knaresborough all the disposable conveyances of Harrogate are ordered for the morrow.

Thither my merry friends, who had patiently witnessed my operations and inquiries at the Starbeck Spa, and whose company would have given interest to the intended expedition, had none belonged to it, drove me in their carriage. In this we followed the example of the many; but not, I trust, without being duly impressed with the wholesome reflections which a visit to the scene of a deliberate, artfully managed, yet, after all, detected homicide, is apt to suggest; especially when that foul act has been perpetrated by an individual who, if

knowledge made men virtuous, ought to have been the last person in the world to have committed such a deed.

Crossing the bridge over the Nidd, which, for a minor river, narrow and not over limpid, presents some characters of beauty as you look down upon it, and follow its tortuous stream until it is lost round the castle cliff; a short carriage drive brought us to a small wicker-gate, kept by an old dame, who readily extended her palms to receive whatever contribution the visiters felt disposed to drop into them.

She has her story quite pat. A few ruinous steps, without a railing or a parapet, lead down to a platform or small terrace in front of the famous Cave, which is small, not deep, and hollowed out of the rock. The river runs a little way below the terrace, on the margin of which a dwarf stone-wall, supported by the sloping green bank, has been erected. By this contrivance, no access can now be had to the Cave by the river side; nor is the spot liable to the inundations to which it was previously subject.

About the middle of this terrace, chance, a short time back, brought to light an excavation two feet deep, and in shape like the inside of a stone coffin, made in the solid rock, with hollows at the bottom to receive certain projecting parts of a human body—such a one having been found in it in a state of decay at the time of the discovery. In tossing up the earth, by which this tomb was encumbered, a small silver coin was brought to light, which the good old dame exhibited, but which none of our party could decipher, as the inscription is not very legible. The coin would probably have informed us respecting the age of this sepulture, and the name of its inmate.

Had such mortal remains been discovered at the period when Eugene stood arraigned of murder,—no doubt he would have made good use of the circumstance in his extraordinary and very clever defence, by practically exemplifying his line of argument, that the bones found in St. Robert's Cave need not have been those of the murdered Clark, but rather might have been those of some recluse anchoret who there perished in due course. But "blood will have blood;" and Providence willed it that the discovery which would have supplied an argument to the arraigned schoolmaster too strong even for the law to withstand (when circumstantial evidence alone directed the jury), and which would have snatched guilt from condign punishment, should not have taken place until long after that punishment had been inflicted, and, it is hoped, after it had time to operate salutarily by its example.

Ever since the appearance of Bulwer's interesting novel bearing the name of the culprit, public sympathy has been attempted to be excited in behalf of his memory. The most successful, clever, and highly interesting effort made to that effect, is that of Norrison Scatcherd, Esq., who in two well-written little works, full of curious details, the one entitled, "Memoirs of the celebrated Eugene Aram," and the other "Gleanings after Eugene Aram," has endeavoured to place

the history of that extraordinary character (for extraordinary he certainly was in many respects) in its proper light, and to enlist the kindly feelings of his readers in behalf of his hero.

His remarks on that interesting girl "Sally Aram," the favourite and only affectionate child of Eugene, who followed him to Lynn, and clung to him in York Castle, whither, with a devotion and fidelity, characteristic of her sex where a beloved object is concerned, Sally had attended her father, are replete with pathetic feelings. The composition does great credit, not only to the author's head, but to his heart; for he concludes with a "moral" deduced from the sad lesson he has composed, and does not, like a certain learned physician at one of the meetings of the medical section of the British Association, exclaim against the injustice of a sentence contended, by the latter, to have been little short of a legal murder.

And why so? because upon a skull deemed to be that of Eugene Aram, upon no *direct* evidence whatever*—upon evidence, indeed, which Dr. Ffe, of Newcastle, said to be an able supporter of phrenology, considered to be "neither moral nor legal"— certain particular manifestations were found present and others wanting! The latter reasons, which I perfectly well recollect being adduced emphatically at the time, it is but justice to add, the learned author has disclaimed in his subsequent publication. But assuming even that the skull is genuine, and taking its phrenological developments to be as there stated, no ruffian was ever more deservedly hung than Eugene Aram.

* Dr. James Inglis, who so ingeniously brought forward the subject of Eugene Aram at the meeting in question, has since published a small pamphlet in corroboration of his previous statements; in which, however, he only reiterates the same indirect (and certainly in a court of law insufficient) evidence, to prove the identity of the skull exhibited at the meeting.

On our return to our respective quarters at Harrogate, we beheld a long cavalcade, a line of vehicles just come in from an excursion to that extraordinary region near Brimham, ten miles north-west of Harrogate, which induced the topographer Pennant, in 1773, to call it "the seat of wonders," capable of exciting astonishment unspeakable.

This far famed region, which is only inferior to that curious and extraordinary district near Dresden, called *Saxon Switzerland*, so fully described in my work on "St. Petersburg," and which leaves far behind in interest the much talked of druidical circles of Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, forms a never *failing* object of attraction for the Spa-drinkers, as well as for strangers visiting the interesting part of Yorkshire in which it is situated.

On approaching Brimham by the Harrogate road, a scene presents itself, which to an unprepared traveller would appear almost as fantastic or of another world. Twice have I visited the celebrated crags on Brimham Hill, and yet the impression of something supernatural in the whole scene—an impression I have scarcely received in any of the many romantic regions of the continent I lately visited—an impression too, against which as a mere geologist I ought to have been proof—continues fresh and vivid on my mind.

For the first acquaintance with this locality I am indebted to one of those rapid rides of twelve miles and back, intended to digest a luncheon and prepare for dinner, which a certain great judge of the land, remarkable for amenity of manners and a good heart, strong health, and a still stronger mind, proposes as a sport to his fellow visiters enjoying the hospitality of Studely. It is some years ago that after a ride from the latter domain—a ride rendered most agreeable by his powers of conversation—that excellent person first plunged me, totally unprepared by reading or verbal information, into the very centre of what I thought looked like a dilapidated city, of Babylonian origin. A second and a recent visit of two

weeks to the same hospitable mansion, affording me an opportunity of again beholding that region, I rode thither at leisure, on one of those brilliant days which seem appropriated purposely to enjoy the beauties of Yorkshire.

My direction from Studely was south-west, on the Patelybridge road. Having reached Grantley lodge, within which a broad canal, with a sweep of lofty trees on one of its gently curved banks, marks the avenue to the hall of the Nortons, the road creeps over a very steep hill, from the summit of which a picturesque peep of Grantley Park is obtained. From Studely to this point, the country exhibits a most beautiful and varied prospect of undulating grounds all the way. A mile farther, however, after ascending another hill, the first sight is caught of the great "Muir," north-by-east; and for a wide circle thence, eastwards, all seems desolate and barren.

Anon, some pretty patches of well cultivated ground in the lowlands come to relieve the scene of sameness. But all traces of the rich, luxuriant, and cultivated part of the country, is left behind, on progressing towards the seventh milestone, being shut out by the high ground I had been descending to reach the Fellbech houses. In all directions, around these insulated humble dwellings, naught is seen but bleak plateaux of the same great moor, one placed lower than the other, to an almost interminable extent northwards. The bright yellow and sandy carriage-road alone, shining across the bleak and brown surface, in a descending and waiving line, breaks the monotony of the scene, and is observed tapering in breadth as it proceeds farthest, until it fades in the horizon formed by ranges of blue hills. A finger-post at this milestone points to the road on the left, leading to the crags, or *nooks*, as they are called by the country people.

There they stand before me, those mighty stones, of forms the most singular, to which various appellations have been given, as they were supposed to resemble natural or artificial objects, and many of them of most stupendous size. A mile yet divides them from the summit of a steep hill, in the carriage-road (lately widened and much improved), on which I halted to hail their first appearance; and yet they seem to be within reach of the out-stretched arm.

On the top, and on its margins, and down its sides, the Brimham hill bristles with huge projecting masses of rocks. It looks like the seat of an ancient castle of giants; one (the Idol) rock prominently conspicuous; the others planted here and there around, like watchful deities of minor rank, to guard their chief.

The western sun, which was darting its horizontal rays on many parts visible from where I stood, darkened by contrast those whose aspect did not admit of being lighted up by the glorious planet. A gale portending the approaching equinox, (it was September,) had just set in, and whistling dismally

through the crags, swept along the bleak and dark surface all around, like the waves of the dead sea.

The carriage-road winds round the base of the hill, and during fine weather, I should say, may be very passable; and horse-bridle paths on the acclivities are innumerable. After many windings, the carriage-road reaches and stops in front of a house erected about a half century ago by the late Lord Grantley, for the accommodation of visiters. Its aspect is turned to the south, and being also placed on the most elevated pinnacle of the hill, it looks surrounded by the mighty masses of gritstone that are scattered in all directions, but more extensively in that of the east. From its upper windows a magnificent view of an extensive and rich country is seen.

To one who follows and listens to the guides in exploring this curious region, the whole scene is puzzling; but when we examine it minutely we can easily discern that the hill on which the scattered masses appear, is an elevated stratum of sandrock, the composition of which varies, from a fine sand, yellow and grey, to a coarse gravel intermixed with rounded and crystalline pebbles. In some parts the material seems of a looser and more friable texture. The most prevailing line of stratification is with a dip south-south-east on the one side, and north-north-west, and even west-north-west, on the other side of the hill. In this respect whole lines of consistent strata may be traced, separated here and there by vertical fissures more or less important, splitting the general mass into so many insulated pillars. These having subsequently by the action of air and water, and more especially by frost and the frequent exposure to storms of wind that visit them, been worn down at their edges, bases, and summits, but most commonly parallel to their stratification, have gradually assumed shapes the most fantastical.

In some parts large masses of the grit having been deprived of their support, by the wearing away of their bases, formed by

some horizontal fracture at considerable elevation from the ground, became ill-balanced, and were hurled down to an inclined, an upright, or a prostrate position. The rocking-stones found on this hill are certainly nothing but the fortuitous result of such operations as these; while the same agents scooped out those mystical wells and hollows on the top surface of some two or three of the rocks, to which the guide ascribes so much importance.

Balderstones, so produced, are to be seen spread on the east declivity to a great distance, as well as among the variously shaped and figured remains. These remains are not like those of the pillars of carbonated lime on the banks of Saxon Elbe, but more grotesque and various, from the more easily destructive action of air and water on these less compact materials.

The scene altogether is grand and imposing; and invested as it has been with a religious origin and supposed superstitious rites, it becomes doubly interesting. That druidical priests should have taken advantage of such mighty remains and geological accidents is no wonder. In the various shapes of the rocks they saw the figures of their Gods. In the trembling condition of some of the masses, not yet precipitated from their nicely balanced position, they found a reason for ascribing miracles to their idols. In the perforations made through the coarse masses by natural causes, and in the fissures due to the same, when the gale whistled through them at particular times of the month, and at particular hours of the day, they might pretend to behold the sacred organs by which their deities communed with them.

But that these priests should have fashioned this gigantic theatre for religious purposes, no one will venture to assert. In no part whatever of the entire scene did I see the hand of man; neither does it seem necessary that, for all the objects of superstition, those crafty religionists should have required any effort of their own to shape these mighty and

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singular wonders of the spot into more supernatural performances.

From these silent tokens of primitive ages, turn we our looks towards the gay and noisy groups just landed on the little platform in front and a little below the One-house, from every species of vehicles, and from the back of every riding quadruped. They come hither from Harrogate, and instantly place themselves, with submissive discipline, under the guidance of Richard Weatherhead, the happy successor of the late husband of our buxom and pert landlady, who, with her hand, bestowed on Richard the right of conducting the company through the mazes of Brimham hill. The late lord had been an inhabitant and *custos rotulorum* of this desolate scene for nearly seventy years; inhabiting, at first, a miserable hut, and next, the present house of refuge, as it would be called on the alps summit, during the rest of his life, in winter as well as summer.

As I stood watching on the threshold of this asylum, I beheld the numerous wanderers, threading in long lines of variegated dresses, with black, brown, and white hats, and yellow bonnets, the intricate ways of the hill's declivities; meandering among the rocks; now suddenly lost to view as a black mass of gritstone intervened between us, or as they sunk into a lower path; and again appearing, all at once, as they mounted a rising bank, or climbed over a rock. Some seemed boisterous and inspired by the scene; others looked agast, and listened to the explanations of the guide with amazement; while most of them, *mouton*-like, followed in the wake of the rest, merely because they had come to see "the Nooks." In this number it was easily to discern some young couples, who instinctively went along with the general procession, without caring for the objects of it, more occupied with themselves, and with improving their casual acquaintance, made at the last night's ball at the Crown.

In this diorama of moving figures, Richard, like a magician

with his short wand, was seen to skip from rock to rock, addressing from his elevated stations the company, by explaining to them the miracles of druidicalf anatics; "the lover's leap," and "the rocking stone;" and then scampering, like a mountain hind, from one raised platform to the next, he seemed to be glibly repeating the same long list of names and appellations given to the single stones, or groups of stones, for the edification of his hearers.

Here he points his finger upwards to the round head of a rock, the celebrated "Idol Rock," nineteen feet in height, and forty-six in circumference, which stands on so small a pedestal, that, at first view, the beholder is inclined to consider the whole a deception. Anon, and he is mounted on "the Pulpit rock," resting his hand on "the Parson's head;" and presently applying the whole weight of his person to the edge of a table rock, suspended on a nearly pointed pivot, and over which he strides, Richard sets the whole mass in motion; concluding with "Now ladies and gents, I have shown you all that is worth seeing, and you may now take your pleasure, for nothing all over the place."

And sure enough the company take their pleasure, some of them picknicking under the "Oyster-shell rock," or between "the Baboon's and the Serpent's head rocks;" while others, returning to the house, set about finishing their frugal repast, and drain to the very dregs their ginger beer bottles, the only liquor allowed in these regions.

The prospect I beheld in various directions from my station, and the contrast between the fine country north-east and south-east of the hill, and the bleak moors, around the crags and down the slopes, are singular and striking.

I did not ascend any of the rocking-stones, from whence the view is said to be of the most extensive description, comprising the lofty towers of York Cathedral, the dusky outline of the Yorkshire Wolds, with the Hambleton Hills to the east, and far away to the north, Hackfall (another of the

objects of attraction within reach of the Harrogate visiters), Marsham, and an extent of country stretching to the foot of Roseberry Topping, in Cleveland.

This centre of a vast moor-land, covered with a fragrant hether, had often, it seems, been converted into a "house of recovery" for all the industrious bees from the neighbouring towns and villages. Dining, some months after my visit to Brimham hill, with the Reverend Dr. ———, a prebendary of Peterborough Cathedral, he informed me that many years before, while visiting the crags, he had noticed a great number of bee-hives, which the old guide assured him were annually sent to him from all parts, to pass the two summer months of July and August, during which he lodged and boarded the industrious insects, giving them house-room and the full range of his moorish possessions. From their marauding expeditions his busy winged protégés returned with their honey charged with the aroma and fragrance of the heath.

Richard at length having saddled my horse, which had been browsing in the rear of the house, I was preparing to quit, when the front steps were suddenly obstructed by a group of four smart *belles* and a beau, just landed with a pa and a ma, (owners of B—— hall, a few miles distant,) from a brilliant landau drawn by four bays in silver harness. This startling equipage for such a region, with its outriders and postillions in sky-blue and jocky-caps of the same, had been seen for some time winding up the rugged way, and finally halting in the flat below.

As the party rushed past me, with looks and the air of protection, to reach the book of arrivals, on which one of the fair white gloved hands inscribed the title and appellation of the two elders, together with the euphonous names of Miss and the Misses Jemima, Wilhelmina, and Dorothea—they happened to disturb the equilibrium of an enormously fat person, "a very Lambert," who was at the time filling the whole entrance door with his bulk, tottering like a rocking-

stone, from the effects of frequent application of his wife's bottle of comfort to his lips. The slight concussion was too much for him, and down he went, barrel fashion, rolling again and again over the inclined slope, till his ulterior revolutions were checked by the thick stump of a friendly shrub, against which he pitched with a jerk that made his paunch resound like the belly of the Trojan horse when struck by the spear of Laocoon.

His dear rib, a most worthy *pendant*, who had shortly before cautiously descended the steep brow of the hill, to stow the remnants of their pic-nic into the *sociable* (or "sousable," as I heard an old lady once call these leather-curtained cars for four) in which they had come hither; hearing the well-known voice uttering a cry of distress, turned suddenly round to whence it came, knocked the heavy bundle of *fragiles* out of her own hands by coming in contact with the tattered carcase of the little driver of their vehicle, and he in his turn fell sprawling on the ground, cutting his nose against the newly-made fragments of smashed crockery. In the midst of the general merriment excited by this scene, I spurred on my hack, and was presently lost among the mazes of the *Stony Forest*.

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## ALDFIELD SPA.

Returning to whence I came, Studely-park, Aldfield Spa lay in my way, and thither I directed my steps, to examine more minutely that sulphur-spring, which I had visited on a former occasion with less attention. As I rode along a private road in an eastward direction towards Aldfield, when about a mile north of Brimham-hill, and while following the edge of a rising ground, which appeared to be an offshoot from it, I noticed a strong illustration of the correctness of

my view respecting the geological origin of the crags, in some denuded strata of the same grit of which those crags are formed, having the same dip, and exhibiting in certain parts above the surface of what is now cultivated ground, portions of the rock as fantastically carved out by time and weather as any among the Nooks. Indeed on looking into several of the working quarries which I passed on the road, I saw a confirmation of that view, in the existence of the selfsame grit in them, with a precisely similar inclination of the visible strata of that rock of which the entire district seems formed.

Aldfield Spa is found in a sequestered part of the valley of the Skell, called the "Spa Gill," about a mile and a half westward of Fountain's Abbey; from which there is a pretty footpath to the spring; the latter being accessible also by a high road through the village of Aldfield. By the kind permission of my Lord de Grey, on whose property the well is, people from all parts are allowed to have access to the spring at all times, and to make use of the water. He has also permitted a room in an adjoining cottage to be fitted up with the necessary conveniences for either a warm or a cold bath of the mineral water; and has appointed a goodly dame at the cottage, to attend and perform all such services as the use of the water may require.

The well in every way resembles the principal one found on the bog lands above Low Harrogate, being rudely-covered over, and sheltered, except in front, by upright and horizontal flagstones. The water remains constantly level with the upper part of the well, at a depth of four or five inches, above which it is allowed to flow out by a discharging-pipe, which conveys it down a stream-way, close by. A stone hollowed out in the centre, and the hollow bored with a round aperture about eight inches in diameter, permits the water to surge from the rock underneath, accompanied by a succession of little air-bubbles every two or three minutes.

The water is transparent and colourless. It has a tem-

perature of 52° Fahr., a temperature I found to appertain to all the *rocky*-sulphur springs in Yorkshire. No air-bubbles rise from the bottom of the glass, nor do any appear adhering to its inner surface after the water has been suffered to rest awhile. The taste is one of pleasing freshness, though rather soft. It is almost wholly free from the peculiar flavour of strong saline waters, and the smell and taste of the sulphuretted gas present are akin to those of the mildest of the Harrogate waters.

I drank several glasses of the water on more than one occasion, and applied the ordinary tests at the spring, to ascertain the principal components of it, and which seem to be somewhat analogous to those of Harrogate; holding a middle rank between the sulphuretted water of that place and Knaresborough. The water is not aperient without the addition of a quarter of an ounce of some neutral salt. Epsom salts is what is added here, in which the people are wrong. The cases of recovery from disease by the Aldfield Spa, which the good woman of the cottage remembers, among the many patients who have applied to the well since she has been in charge of it, are very numerous, and one cannot but believe her.

The situation of the spring is pleasing, but not of a romantic character. It is a purely sequestered and rural spot, the valley of the Skell being here smiling, and not imposing as at Makershaw, another part of the same dale. To the neighbouring countrymen and their families, the facility of procuring a natural medicinal agent of this desciption is a boon for which they cannot be sufficiently thankful.

## CHAPTER X.

### ENVIRONS OF HARROGATE CONTINUED.

Town and Country—Country Mansions and Town Residences—In what France differs from England—Studely Royal—Park and Gardens—Fountain's Abbey—View of the Ruins at Sunrise and Sunset—Moonlight—Solemn Echo—Prout and Stanfield—Ripon Minster—Singular Deformity—Recent Embellishments and Disfigurements—The Funeral—Impressive Ceremony—The Requiem—Protestant and Catholic doctrine of a Future Life—Burial—The Bone-house—The new Prelate of Ripon—Ripon *Palace*—The Mistress of Studely—Newby Hall—The Barberini Venus.

The French tourist who observed that, "*C'est à la campagne qu'on voit les Anglais*," said truly. He alluded to the upper classes of society, and meant to contrast the comparatively insignificant mode in which they display their own importance and wealth in the capital, with the pomp and splendour they exhibit at their seats and ancestral mansions in the country.

The aristocrat of the English commonwealth, and the opulent commoner who is descended from a long line of ancestors, take a pride in maintaining intact, as transmitted to them, the species of *seigneurie* or independent domain, with its manorial dwelling—be it magnificent or unpretending—by which their individual rank and station in society seems marked and distinguished, and through which they can attract and command in their immediate neighbourhood, an obsequiousness bordering almost on vassalage.

This keeping up of a certain *prestige* in the particular district which, from long location of the family in it, has become almost patrimonial, has, moreover, certain solid and real advantages, such as an Englishman alone can appreciate, and knows how to turn to account in forwarding his own or his family's worldly interest. Hence, the maintenance of all those splendid country residences which dot the fair surface of England, and which so much struck the French traveller, as well as the pompous style of living displayed in them, are both necessary, to satisfy family pride and family interest; and as those two motives are not likely ever to fade, so are the means by which they are gratified likely to remain for ever.

In the vast capital of this empire the vortex of society is so wide-mouthed and rapid, that whoever approaches it must submit to be dragged within its all-absorbing eddy, nor hope to be able to keep aloof and on its margin, conspicuously grand, and exempt from the all-extinguishing effect of the whirlpool. People are conscious of this striking characteristic of London; and hence no attempt is made, even by the wealthiest individuals, or the more noble in society, to set up, by the same means which serve in the provinces, any claim to seignorial importance. We find therefore in London (few exceptions indeed being made) no palaces and imposing mansions standing out of the common rows, terraces, and squares—no great train of domestics—no extraordinary equipages, reminding one of a princely retinue—no greater display of banquets and brilliant assemblies in one particular house than in five hundred others—finally, no exercise of that splendid and extensive hospitality among the great which is especially conspicuous among them in the country, even to ostentation. Nothing of this will the stranger who has just witnessed it all, and probably partaken of it in the provinces, notice in the capital. London is only a temporary *pied à terre* for the great—a spot to transact business in—including that

*keeping before the public*—a place to watch and be watched in, for particular purposes during a certain definite period—a locality in fine suited to recruit faded influences and shore up the tottering interest of dynasties.

The country is the genuine theatre for the display of grandeur for the support of privileges, for the upholding of family importance; and hence it is that, "*l'Anglais doit être vu en sa maison de campagne.*"

The upper classes in England may be said to stand in the same relation between town and country, that the real Russian noblemen stand between Moscow and the Imperial Residence, as St. Petersburgh is called. Whoever desires to form an adequate idea of the wealth, pomp, and power of a Russian Boyard, must view him at Moscow, not at St. Petersburgh.

In this respect France differs from England as the poles differ. Paris is France, and *les provinces*, nothing. The illustrious who lives *en prince* in the capital — even the pompous "*ministre d'Etat*," who temporarily dwells in the gilded and almost royal saloons of the *hôtel du ministère*— displays therein all that "*les grands*" of France can display in this world. You must not visit them at their "*châteaux*" in the country. There, all *prestige* has vanished, and Mons. Thiers even is no more than one of the *Tiers-etat.*

My return to Studely Royal from the little expedition mentioned in my last chapter, and my residence of many days, on that as well as on a former occasion, under its hospitable roof, suggested the preceding train of reflections. But even the sight of that domain, truly denominated royal, would not alone have warranted the remarks just made on the condition of high English society in the country. Good fortune has furnished me with many more striking examples of the general application and truth of my remarks. Whether as a simple stranger, permitted to view those very mansions and country seats to which I refer, or as a guest invited to

some of them to witness and partake of their inward and domestic comforts and splendour,—I have had opportunities sufficient to enable me to subscribe to the opinion expressed by my French traveller, repeated by myself, and entertained by so many people, that it has at last become almost trite.

The hundreds who daily flock from Harrogate to the extensive and magnificent grounds of Studely, and are suffered by the kind permission of the amiable mistress to wander through every part of them, and who hardly expect the amazement they will experience at the sight of Fountain's Abbey, forming part of these grounds—such visiters, I say, will partake in the opinion in question, and admit that private individuals need not, in this country, envy the sovereign his royal domain, his parks, or his pleasure grounds.

Often have I bent my way to the great entrance into the grounds of Studely from the mansion, by the door of its most superb banquetting-hall, through the dressed flower-garden divided into innumerable beds of gaudy and showy plants, following an avenue of venerable oak trees, the youngest of which reckons a century, and still further on a stately aisle of lofty pillar-like beech trees, which seemed to direct the steps of the pedestrian, until at last I reached the principal lodge, where twenty or more carriages of every form and colour stood waiting, unhorsed, for the return of those parties they had deposited from Harrogate in the morning, and which were now rambling within the *grille* in all directions.

I have seen many of the groups, lost in ecstasy and admiration, admit that of all the excursions which their temporary séjour at the "genuine spa" had enabled them to make, this was the most "surpassing strange" and imposing. They would often linger with unsated curiosity before the temples —the cascades—the canal—the statues—the splendid banks of laurel—the lakes—the river—and lastly the holy shrine of

our Lady of Fountains; they would cling to the latter and its glorious accessories and appurtenances; nor could the approaching feeling of hunger, after a ramble of many hours, recal them to the appointed time of the projected pic-nic in one of the pavillions placed on the border of the outer lake, wherein such repasts are permitted to the visiters, by the kind proprietess.

Of such parties I have met in one day, when the fineness of the weather tempted people abroad, as many as ten and twelve and they each of them were numerous. Every party had a conductor, who, taking charge of them from the very threshold within the great iron-gate, escorts them all the time, explaining every thing as he goes along the many and varied walks, and through labyrinths, journeying between walls of yew trees, luxuriant laurels, hollies and evergreens of every kind, and passing by many plantations that cover the hills as well as the plain, until they arrive at the Italian division of the gardens, and so on to the celebrated ruins of Fountain's Abbey, the Mecca of every pilgrim who is attracted to the spot, and one suited to attract even those from a greater distance who have not the excuse of being at Harrogate.

This is the gigantic feature and the pride of Studely. Where is the spot in Europe, be it fashioned by unbounded power or incalculable wealth—by taste, the handmaid of the arts, or by mere seignorial pride, destined to serve as the country residence of a sovereign—on which we shall find, *as part of the pleasure-grounds*, the most magnificent remains of a most magnificent abbey, left standing for centuries, in the picturesque condition of ruinous integrity? Let Bolton, Kirkstall, Rivaulx, Glastonbury, and Tintern Abbeys claim each their individual superiority; but never shall the palm be wrested from Fountains'; which, equal in architectural beauty, pictorial preservation, and in extent also to some of them, and superior to others—outstrips them all

in being surrounded by an extent of park and pleasure-grounds in character, which none of the other abbatial remains can boast of—Bolton excepted.

But it is not merely as a vast extent of pleasure-grounds, equal, if not superior to Windsor Park and gardens, to the Giardini Boboli, to the *Lustgarten* of Schweitzinger, or to the groves of Nymphenburg near Munich, that Studely is to be viewed. In many of those princely domains, art has done more than nature. The earth has been tortured into many fantastic ways; hillocks have been raised on plains, to give undulation to the ground; rocks have been manufactured, and covered with every possible vegetable production; dales have been dug out, and water made to run at the bottom of them. But here is Studely: it is hills as ancient as the universe that we behold, springing up into the air some hundreds of feet, clad to their summits with forests coeval with William of Normandy; it is the precipitous descents into dells, bathed by a classic river sang by Spenser; it is ravines cleft by diluvial torrents, and a succession of valleys, of which that of *Makershaw* alone measures some miles in extent. It is such features as these, in fine, placed within a ring-fenced area, that would occupy a traveller on a goodly horse in exploring it, from sunrise to noon, and thence to the hour of declining day, which entitle Studely to be considered "an unrivalled territory."

Coming to sober prose,—what a magnificent sight does not the endless variety of forest trees, indigenous as well as exotic, offer, which are to be found in all directions in Studely grounds? A few years back Mrs. Lawrence employed an artist of merit in designing fac-similes of the principal trees in the park and pleasure-grounds. The trees were measured at the same time, and represented in pencil-drawings of the folio size, and are true portraits. Mr. Jukes, the artist, was engaged five months in his work, and as it was during the winter principally that he designed the

trees, they are of course leafless, except the firs and spruce.*

Fountain's Abbey has engaged the pen as well as the pencil of many eminent persons, and needs not my poor description in this place. Yet as a noble monument of gothic art, and as a remembrancer of times singularly romantic in the history of England, every visiter possessing a soul will be apt to view it with feelings such as no description or drawing can do justice to. The time of day, too, at which these noble ruins are seen, invest them with different interest. The early morn, just as the sun darts its first rays from over the summit of the lofty wooded hill that faces the abbey, where the deep and straight valley, in which the ruins lay imbosomed, prepares to bend, and the river expands into a semicircular lake, gives to the scene a mellowness which gradually vanishes as the meridian sun covers the whole of the ruins with a flood of light.

At eve, seen from the banks of the Skell, seated under a clump of trees on one of the benches purposely placed there to enjoy it, at the distance of about the eighth of a mile in a straight line, the spectacle is of a more sombre cast. The sun, setting behind the ruins, throws out in dark shadows against the

* It will not be altogether uninteresting to enumerate a few of the most remarkable trees in question, as a matter of curiosity and comparison with other places. A Spanish chesnut 112 feet high and 22 feet in girth. Another 89 feet high, 12 feet in girth. A Lime-tree, 101 feet high, 17 feet 3 inches in girth. Beech, 114 feet 6 inches high, 22 feet in girth. Ash, 104 feet high, 20 feet in girth. Three oaks nearly 90 feet high, and 24 feet in girth. Another (oak sessiliflora) *one hundred and eighteen* feet high, and 33 feet in girth, divided into five principal upright stems! Alpine fir, 130 feet high, and 20 in girth. A black American spruce, 121 feet high, 9 feet 11 inches in girth. A silver fir, 96 feet high, with a girth of nearly 11 feet, and a spread near the ground of 50 feet. A sycamore, 100 feet high. A Dutch elm, 95 feet, and an English elm 108 feet high, with 26 feet 8 inches in girth, and fifteen principal upright stems;—and *sic de cæteris*.

firmament, the outlines of this massive structure, and serves to carve, like a fine embroidery on the gilded sky seen through them, the open traceries of the upper casements in the tower. Thrice have I seen with enchantment this touching scene, which is rendered still more impressive by the surrounding forested hills, the noisy rippling of the Skell, and the warbling of many birds bidding adieu to departing day.

Still the most imposing view of these ruins, I must contend, is by the light of a full moon. During a sojourn of two weeks at Studely last summer, the facility of a *passe partout*-key given to her guests by the amiable hostess, tempted me to frequent rambles through that enchanted region. An expedition even at midnight to the Shrine of Fountains is by no means of rare occurrence with the company staying in the house. It is one, at all events, which many would compound to travel some hundreds of miles to partake in, and of which I myself partook more than once.

"Never can the solemnity of the scene (as I once before stated in another publication), be effaced from my memory. There lay the towering and multi-shaped pile, swelled into larger dimensions by the illumined atmosphere of night, quietly reposing in a vast lake of moonlight. Now and anon some of its noble parts would be suddenly snatched from our view, by a solitary black cloud scudding before the westerly gale, and passing between the moon and this grand theatre of wonders. But the cloud disappeared quickly over the top of the surrounding hill, and all was brilliancy again. The stillness too of such a night-scene had its peculiar effect on the beholder, different from what we experience at the calm silence which pervades this secluded spot even at midday. Of such stirring nature is the sun's light, that it can hardly be associated with silence. It is a clamorous, it is a life-giving light. That which the moon sheds, on the contrary, seems to command stillness: it is, in

fact, silence itself—it is the grave. Its tranquillity is catching, and the soothing influence that attends it, steals upon us unawares, and seems to lull, for a time at least, every passion within our troubled bosoms.

The breeze that moved the occasional cloud before it on that night, kept playing with the top branches of the tall cedars planted on the highest pinnacles of the adjoining hills, and shook, with a hissing moan, the dark boughs of "the Seven Sisters"—yew-trees said to have been planted by the founders of the abbey. These murmurs, mingled with the babbling noise of the Skell, that sparkled in the moonshine,

"Like woven sounds of stream and breezes,"

scarcely interrupted the general harmony of these silent regions, where

"The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres,
And mouldering as they sleep."

Their voices we evoked from their tombs, within the lengthened and gloomy cloisters, as one moonlight night, accompanied by two or three fellow guests at Studely, whose acquaintance one remembers with pleasure,—we all stood surveying the mysterious pile. Ensconced within an elliptical niche, scooped out of a huge jutting gritstone-rock, that forms part of a high hill near the left margin of the river, and at the distance of a few hundred yards, with our faces turned to the ruins, we roused the sleeping genii of the place with our loud interrogatories, and every word of ours was heard most distinctly repeated *within* the ruins, though in an altered and generally a louder echo. When two of us sang first and second, and followed each other as in a canon, the effect was both singular and pleasing.

The question of selecting proper building materials for the new Houses of Parliament, was just then under considéra-

tion; and a commission was travelling over the country to inspect quarries, examine churches, and other old public buildings, and make a choice of a proper stone for the required object. I know not whether the said commissioners did or did not take pains with Fountain's Abbey. Its structure merited attention, which must have been but superficially bestowed, if it be true that they have reported Fountain's Abbey as one of the sandstone edifices "in an advanced state of decomposition."

On examining it, I find that several varieties of sandstone have been employed: some having fine crystals, and very minute sand in their composition; while others, on the contrary, have large grains of quartz and nodules. Here and there a regular bit of compact flint-stone is to be met with. The calcareous stone is chiefly of the magnesian kind, and a calciferous grit has been employed likewise. Fragments of each of these, as if they had been the rubble left in the quarries after the working of the stones, have been used to fill up large spaces between the inner and outer faces of many of the walls in the less important parts of the building.

In the neighbouring valley, strata of all these modifications of calcareous grits are to be seen, which have evidently been worked for the building; and to judge by the state of integrity of surface in most of its parts, one cannot deny that the choice of materials made by the monks was highly judicious.

We often wonder where Prout and Stanfield could have found the many glaring tints with which they colour their buildings. In these remains of the abbey the truth of their selection is beautifully and most picturesquely illustrated, and every tint of the most gaudy description may be seen here. The surface of an inside wall of a square department adjoining the long cloisters, and to the east of them, open to the heavens above, and hardly protected by small arches springing from corbels, exhibited at my visit almost every colour on

a painter's pallette, the pure effect of lichens. The lilac, the chrome-yellow, the iron-red, the deep orange, and the greenish and bluish tints, were all strongly visible on this multi-tinted wall, and contrasted pleasingly with the natural colour of the stone, which is of a creamy yellow. In some few places a lichen nearly of a pearly white came in, in patches, to harmonize with the rest.

It is not otherwise with the south side of the great quadrangle, a most exquisite piece of gothic structure, with a noble arched door in the centre leading to the Refectory. The upper or first story of the latter, particularly the wide and centre pier supported by the arched door is tinted by similar causes in the manner just described, and produces a most beautiful effect. None is a more skilful painter than Nature.

The visiter at Harrogate, whose curiosity is not already satisfied with the various objects I have enumerated,—placed, as it were, within reach of his head quarters, purposely to aid the salutary effects of the Spa, by furnishing him with agreeable and instructive recreation,—will find many more besides to occupy his attention. That romantic region, *Hackfall*, to which so many equestrian parties direct their steps,—Ripley Castle, with Sir William Ingilby's extensive gardens, greenhouses, and a pinery excelled nowhere in the north of England,—also *Almais* Cliff,—and the Armida gardens of Swinton, presided over by the amiable heiress of that domain; and perhaps even Bolton Priory;—those will furnish occupation for many a day. And after all, the visiter may feel that something yet remains undone, if he performs not his devotion within the great sanctuary of Ripon, its massive and unostentatious Minster. The recent elevation to episcopal rank of that cathedral, has invested it with an importance which it probably possesses not intrinsically.

The first thing that strikes the beholder on entering Ripon Cathedral, is the unusual shortness of its nave, as compared with those of Lincoln and York. The distance between the

central west door, to between the pillars which support the west arch of the square transept, or St. Wilfrid's Tower, facing the screen, is only sixty-four paces. The effect of this arch, which has on the right, or south side, a heavy gothic pillar instead of an Anglo-Norman, like the one opposite, is very curious. It brings the said pillar forward, so that neither the screen nor the door in it is in the centre, under the arch, when viewed from the bottom of the church, but both are as much as three feet and a half nearer to the south than to the north side of the transept.

This deformity was occasioned by the rebuilding of two of the old Saxon arches supporting the lantern, which were broken down by the fall of the spire about two centuries ago.

The interior of the church is not remarkably imposing, from the presence of any conspicuous monument or decoration. It has received many and recent ameliorations under the direction of an able architect, by means of subscriptions, as well as subventions from the coffers of the Dean and Chapter. But the covering of the walls and pillars with a yellow distemper wash, which contrasts violently with the flat and rather low roof of reddish wood over the nave, was a sin against sound taste which must be attributed to inferior hands.

It is refreshing, while shocked by this incongruity, to peer over the ancient stone screen that divides the choir from the nave. Attracted by the magnificent east window, which has at different and recent epochs been repaired, the eye loves to pass over the new and beautifully groined arched roof of that part of the church, substituted, under the direction of the same able artist, for the old ceiling, which previously hid the apex of the fine gothic arch now advantageously seen over the new organ. Many of the oak-carvings in the choir deserve attention; but they are surpassed in exquisiteness of workmanship by other cathedrals in England, and still more so by many of the churches in Flanders.

As I was stepping across the sacred temple for the purpose

of ascertaining some of the preceding facts, the great western door was suddenly thrown open, and a solemn procession entered and advanced along the great nave, pacing the hallowed ground at the sound of a mournful dirge-tune, sung with organ accompaniment by six or eight boys and as many adult chaunters, all in white surplices. They were marshalled by a verger in his black gown, carrying a silver mace.

"Who is this they follow?———
It doth betoken the corse."

The great bell had been previously tolling for half an hour those dismal quarter-minute strokes, which in Christian lands announce the departure of our fellow-men from this world of strife, and prepared me for the affecting scene that followed.

Behind the surpliced chaunters came the lifeless being to whose memory and for whose soul-sake this *requiem* and *motet* was raised, in touching and harmonious accents, to the vaults above in this House of God. It laid unconscious of these devotional honours in its narrow coffin, carried to its last dwelling—its last resting-place—by mourning bearers, not on the shoulders, but at arms' length downwards, and only a foot from the ground. The principal mourner touched with his right hand all the while the head of the coffin, which went forward first. Mourning relatives mostly clad in deep sable followed, principally aged people, who must have reflected at the time, on how near their own hour must be when a similar ceremony would be performed for them.

Like Hamlet upon a similar occasion, "I crouched awhile and marked," behind the shadow of one of the side pillars. What a subject for reflection at such a moment! Many friends of the deceased and his family were there, together with some that had been attracted with mere curiosity. There was no appearance, or even the affectation, of a tear or of desponding grief. The deceased had lived his full term of life, and had died of nature's decay. He had outlived the

keenest feelings of attachment on the part of his kindred. But a modest gloom was spread over the countenance of some of the nearest relatives, which contrasted sadly with the levity of the strangers, and the yawning of such as had attended to oblige the family, or to be civil, or to avoid offence.

Alas! how little any of them cared for the departed! He had been a tanner, and in that humble calling had realized a fortune, when he retired, and became a *gentleman*. All this had secured to him the present cathedral honours, at his exit from a world which he had entered under the thatched roof of a miserable hut wherein had dwelt his mother, a poor labourer's wife!

How impressive, how thrilling, is the ceremony of consigning the mortal spoils of our fellow-creatures to the grave, accompanied by the sound of solemn music and solemn rites! This is a remain of the Romish mode, wanting only the sprinkling of holy water, the lighted tapers, and the gorgeous dresses of the priests, instead of the coarse linen surplices of the chaunters (as in this instance of protestant worship) whose ordinary dress is ill concealed by the temporary investiture of a sacerdotal habit. The ceremony is the same, the intention identical, but the pageant somewhat different. We all look for and aspire to a future state of happiness, and pray that those who are gone from us, and before us, being "delivered from the burden of the flesh, may be with the Lord in joy and felicity." But the Romish churchman views an intermediate state, one of probation and of expiation, after which there is final judgment and redemption; and, therefore doth he pray, that the final adjudication may be favourable to the departed. The separatist from the church of Rome, on the contrary, believes not in an intermediate state of expiation, and views the final adjudication of the dead on the glorious day of resurrection as decided, or at all events, not to be modified by prayer, at and after the demise of a Christian. No praying therefore will avail for him;

since, according to the impressive and simple liturgy of the burial service, "the spirits of them that depart in the Lord and the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, live with Almighty God and are in joy and felicity." Their fate then is determined, and prayers can avail not. And yet we have here, in the ceremony I was a witness to, the semblance of something like an intercession, through prayer, in behalf of him who is released from "*and no longer present in the flesh over which we pray.*"

I repent me of having hastily declared that no sincere or really grieved mourner accompanied the deceased to his grave. When his remains had been committed to the ground, "earth to earth," and the several parties had dispersed,—a group of persons in the deepest mourning did pass me along the south aisle, on their return from the churchyard, from one of whom heavy sighs and groans proceeded, as from anguish, and who would have fallen but for the support of a venerable elderly man. I withdrew to let the afflicted go by. It was the surviving partner, as I afterwards learned, of the deceased, who had struggled with him in his difficulties, and rejoiced in his success; who, in life, had been his happiness, and, in death, was now his only and sincerest mourner.

That I might lose not a single vestige of this impressive moral lesson, thus unexpectedly read to me, I stepped into the churchyard, to behold the new-made grave, and reached it just as the two grave diggers, as waggish as the pert interlocutor of the Prince of Denmark, were shovelling the last handful of loose earth over the sepulture, to level with the rest of that field of death the last habitation of "the rich tanner of Ripon."

This melancholy operation took place within a few feet of that nearly subterranean recess of death, called the *Bone-house.* The massive door was open, and I descended into the crypt, the three vaulted arches of which are filled with skulls and detached jawbones, with leg and thigh bones, in some parts piled twelve feet deep inwardly, and seven feet in height, in

careful tiers one at the top of the other. The crypt is thus internally virtually walled in all round with dead men's bones; and the floor likewise is composed of them to the depth of three feet. These bones were found, and some of them piled up in these vaults, about twenty-five years ago, and the rest, amounting to about four thousand complete remains, were at first heaped up like a great wall against the outside of the church, between two east-end buttresses. There they remained until eight years ago, when a great pit, ten feet square, was dug in the churchyard, and the whole heap of skulls and bones were thrown into it *pêle-mêle*, the ground being afterwards planted with trees.

The floor on which the visiter to the bone-house (or *skullery*, as Theodore would call it) unconsciously treads, is strewed with skulls, lightly covered over with a thin coating of yellow sand. This, in some places, may be brushed off with the feet, when suddenly the eyeless sockets of some unknown genius, destined to perish in obscurity in life as well as in death, stares you in the face; or the gaping jaws of a decrepit lawyer, yawn like the portal of death, to remind us how that grim deity, like the art which the owner of those

jaw-bones professed in life, swallows up all without mercy or distinction.

To behold here repeated in untold numbers the outer case of that material substance which is said to think, and which in the lapse of centuries has distilled itself into nothing—while its external covering, on the contrary, remains as before, unchanged and unaltered, one would doubt if man have really any other allotted duty to perform beyond the grave. The spirit once flown, must either return defined in quantity from eternity to the general mass of the *aura mundi* from whence it came, and with it mingle as one of its integral parts, until refashioned into some other modification of matter; or it will lie still. At all events it could neither suffer nor enjoy, grieve, nor rejoice, without fresh materialization; since it lacks that which it has left behind, and which even death cannot take away, for here we see it before us ages after spirit and matter have severed partnership. So reasons the half-witted materialist.

Had we no greater, had we no loftier, and far nobler reasons for believing in the existence of another and an active life hereafter, than what is to be deduced from material feelings—then what will explain to us the dream—ah! the dream which tells us that we may act, suffer, or enjoy keenly, acutely, and earnestly through a something that is within us, and is not the body, since the body in dream lies prostrate, immovable, and unmoving, and often appears as dead to the bystanders. Is not this a fair picture of what our life may be in another world? But therein shall we behold and recognise those who were once so dear to us, and whom we have lost.

Before bidding adieu to the Minster, where I had now spent some hours, the present condition of its interior building engaged my attention. This is a point of great interest at this moment, when extensive public buildings are meditated or in progress.

Two distinct materials enter conspicuously into the struc-

ture of the Minster;—a compact sandstone of a yellowish cast and fine quartzose grain, occasionally varied with streaks of red, or of an iron-ochry tinge; and secondly, a firm limestone, also yellowish, not scaly nor friable, compact after exposure to the air, and free from shells or any other fossil remains. The earliest portion of the building yet left standing, and said to have been erected by Wilifred, at the east-end, is of sandstone. It has now withstood the east, south-east, and north-east winds for nearly a thousand years, and is by no means in a damaged state; although, as a useless portion of the building, it is not much attended to.

The second erection, by Thurstan, Archbishop of York, its west front, its window, and the two square towers, are of sandstone also, the surface of which is almost intact. In the remainder of the additions made successively under Henry the Second, Henry the Third, and Stephen, both sandstone and limestone were employed; and were I to give an impartial opinion of the state of integrity of the two stones, comparatively speaking, I should unhesitatingly declare that the sandstone is the least affected by age or exposure. The side of the buttresses sustaining the eastern wall and sides of the eastern window, which are exposed to the direct north wind, are much and roughly handled over their surfaces. The sandstone employed is supposed to have been found at no great distance from Ripon.

Having had the honour, at Studely, of being introduced to the Bishop of that newly created diocese, with whom I afterwards partook of one of those splendid banquets which daily distinguished Mrs. Lawrence's most hospitable establishment, we discoursed on the state of the Minster, and by a natural transition on the episcopal palace also, which was then erecting upon an eminence a little way out of town, commanding a view of Ripon, but altogether devoid of trees, and in the midst of arable land. "A palace!" I said, "why, with ten thousand pounds or thereabout, and no more, which it has been proposed to expend for that purpose under the control

of certain commissioners, what palace can be erected? A moderately-sized dwelling-house, in what his lordship called *a collegiate style* of gothic structure, is even now rising, and probably, by this time, has been completed. It will shelter the prelate of Ripon, but it will not be a palace. Its front porch and narrow doorway bespeak no palace; neither is the elevation or height palatial, notwithstanding the contrivance of cutting down, around the base of the building, part of the hill on which the gothic structure stands, so as to impart to it the appearance of being upon a terraced sub-basement. The architect is the same who successfully competed for the Nelson pillar.

The diocesans of Ripon, who have not been long in discovering the great worth and excellent qualities of their first Bishop, like most of those who have the honour of knowing his lordship, regret that an edifice more in character with his high dignity and personal attainments, had not been raised by the government for his residence. They can hardly help reverting to the splendid palace erected by the Catholics for their own district prelate, near Bath, as a contrast to the *mesquinerie* allotted to the protestant Bishop of Ripon.

As in almost every thing else that evinces public spirit, patriotism, and goodness of heart, whenever the welfare of Ripon is concerned, so in the very transactions of finding a site for the Bishop's house, of ceding additional land for a domain around it, (which, after all, will extend only to very little more than one hundred acres,) and of building the house itself, for which she furnishes the stone out of her own quarries, the mistress of Studely has acted a generous and conspicuous part. Wealth that is so applied cannot be grudged to the possessor, whose days, it is hoped will be spared for a long period to come, that the poor may continue to reap the benefit of them, and bless her.

Preparations were now making for taking my leave, that I might proceed with my intended inquiry into the mineral springs and principal sea-bathing places of this county, when

the Earl of ———, also a visiter at Studely, proposed a ride to Newby Hall, and a visit to its noble proprietor. Although acquainted with that manor from a former visit, the temptation of once more viewing its statue gallery was too great to be resisted. We accordingly proceeded thither, were courteously entertained, and every facility was afforded me to inspect the many valuable objects of art which the mansion contains, including the unique gobelin tapestry of the drawing-room, the several pictures hung in divers apartments, the prettily painted ceilings, by Zucchi, and the bijoux morning-room, or boudoir, of the Countess de Grey, in which, among many other beautiful objects, arranged with peculiar taste, there are two exquisitely finished portraits by Lawrence.

The gallery of statues is an additional building connected with the older edifice. It communicates with the library, and is divided into three compartments, the centre of which rises into a cupola. The gallery is about seventy feet long, and the library fifty feet. They constitute one apartment as it were, facing the south, having the river Ure running in front of it, though too low to be seen from the rooms. A cheerful lawn, skilfully planted, stretches between it and the house, with a distant view beyond it of a pretty country.

The glory of the gallery is the statue of Venus, formerly known as the *Barberini Venus*. It was purchased through the Abbate Jenkins, at Rome. The statue is larger than that of the Medici Venus; it has been restored in several parts; but the torso is magnificent, and equal to the best works of art handed down to us by the ancients. It is highly finished, and the restorations are very creditable. I was struck also with a head of Caracalla in the collection, and with a *statuette* of Cicero sitting in his consular robe, and very like the ancient bust of that great orator. This performance is set down in the catalogue as the figure of a senator.

Newby Hall and its various treasures of art are, by the liberality of the Earl De Grey, open to the visiters at Harrogate daily.

## CHAPTER XI.

THORPE ARCH—NEW MALTON SPA—ROAD TO SCARBOROUGH.

Departure—HAREWOOD HOUSE, Plantations and Park—Interior of the Mansion—Magnificent Views from its Saloon- The Church—Calvinistic Doctrines—THORPE ARCH—Taste, Character, and Virtues of its Mineral Spring—New Experiments—Locality of the Spa—Baths—Great Increase of the Place of late Years—Influx of Visiters—Approach to YORK—The "Old George"—The City of an Hundred Gates—Recollections of Olden Times—Reformation and Devastation—The glorious MINSTER!—A curious Blunder—Snuggeries of the Minster's Dignitaries—The RETREAT—Beauties of such an Establishment—A perfect Superintendent—YORK LUNATIC ASYLUM—Dr. Wake, Dr. Belcombe, Dr. Simpson—ST. MARY'S ABBEY—The Museum—Grecian Structure—John Phillips—Threatened Restoration—NEW MALTON Spa.

MASTER DANIEL, who dwells in a shop not far from the Bellevue, at Harrogate, is a useful person in his way. He lets out a gig at a fair charge, and drives his *fare* himself; and being very intelligent, to boot, he answers the purpose of a cicerone mighty well.

Under his guidance I placed myself on quitting Harrogate on my way to the spring of Thorpe Arch; intending afterwards to halt at York for the night and two following days, as an excellent starting-post for a public conveyance to Scarborough.

Our tract lay direct south, with the Almais Cliffs on the right at some distance, and on the left Kirkby Overblow, a

small but picturesque town, whose rich and fertile valley is traversed by the high-road.

"They are rather sparing of their *metal* in these parts," observed Daniel, "in mending the road, and my nag feels it. See how she ploughs, instead of rolling, as she did nearer home, on a smooth and hard surface. The fact is," continued the shrewd rate-payer, "as the people here are obliged to fetch their stone for road mending from the limestone quarries at Harrogate, for which they pay tenpence per square yard, and as much more for carriage and breaking, road mending becomes an expensive job, and so *they* are left to mend themselves."

Kirkby is most favourably placed. It looks, westwardly, on a lovely plain entirely surrounded by hills, covered with the finest verdure, and thickly wooded. The most striking object in this mass is York, whose elevated buildings appear so near, to one who looks eastward from the ridge of Kirkby, that you would fancy the city lay at your feet.

We came at last to Harewood Bridge over the Warfe, where the clear stream offers to the idler from Harrogate the sport of trout fishing. Parties adjourn here from the Spa for fish dinners after the sport; and on the same occasion, visit the noble mansion and grounds of the Earl of Harewood, which are liberally open to them every Saturday.

There is a nearer approach to the former through the plantations, over a great and steep hill projecting in the road, and round which the carriage must wind its way for three quarters of a mile, after coasting the great wall of Harewood Park over the bridge. To avoid this the pedestrian uses the right of way along a winding and ascending path, through a small gate placed on the right of the road, at the foot of the hill. Many follow this path, in order to enjoy the magnificent panorama which successively unrols itself at their feet as they ascend and now and then turn to view the extensive and fertile dale

to which the Warfe, conspicuously sparkling in the sun, has given its name.

The ruins of Harewood Castle, with its two remaining square towers, mantled with ivy, are close at hand, and a tunnel-gate through the summit of the ridge, leads to a farther point in the high-road, where, at a few hundred yards distance, is the great entrance into Harewood Park, through a lofty and grand Italian arch, with a handsome lodge at each side. The position of this entrance, at the confluence of three wide and straight avenue roads, with the neat and uniform stone dwellings of the village at their points of union, is one of the most seignorial-looking I have seen in England. Beyond it the expanding grounds are seen through the large iron *grille* to great advantage.

A casual passer-by, evidently of the place, whom I accosted whilst Daniel proceeded to take care of his nag, informed me that the noble proprietor was "at home;" and began to descant eloquently on the personal worth and merits of that nobleman. "O, yes, we all rejoice that my lord be come back from London. Every body in the village gladdens whenever their kind master and mistress return to the hall. My lord and my lady are so good!"

Is not this the best eulogium a good and wealthy man can desire, who is placed by rank and fortune over the destiny of many of his fellow-creatures? Alas! one of the eulogized parties has since departed "from the hall" for ever!

Though the day was not that of ordinary admission to the mansion and grounds, my card procured me that privilege, accompanied by a flattering message. To describe the interior of the house, the whole front of which, divided into a centre and two wings, measures nearly three-hundred feet, owes its striking and rich corinthian design to Adams, of London, and Carr, of York, would be to occupy more space in these volumes than I can spare—considering what yet

remains before me to accomplish. Agreeably to the usual routine on all such occasions, I passed, accompanied by the portly housekeeper, who had been summoned for that purpose by an officious powdered lacquey, from the hall, of excellent dimensions, into the library; thence through the state bedrooms, the saloon, the yellow and white drawing-rooms; the lengthened and striking gallery, lighted by seven windows, over each of which hang festoons of mock curtains in carved wood, ready to let down, executed in so masterly a manner by Chippendale, that the sharpest eye might be deceived in them; and lastly, the dining and music rooms, with the circular room, and so to the great staircase, painted by Zucchi.

All the ceilings are most beautifully decorated, particularly that of the gallery, which forms the extreme end of the west or right wing, from the windows of which there is a view full of charms. But different far is the more extended and delightful prospect before the centre portico, which covers the grand terrace outside of the room called the saloon, at the back of the house fronting the south. Here the edifice seems as if perched upon a hill springing up from a valley, at the bottom of which the produce of a single spring has been skilfully spread out into a magnificent sheet of water, towards whose margin the verdant sides of the hill have been made to slope with great taste and judgment.

Some walks in various directions, and the use of a portable telescope, enabled me to take in at various points the many beauties of the general pleasure-grounds, which, I understand, comprise about a hundred and fifty acres, and were laid out by Brown, at an expense of sixteen thousand pounds. At the end of one of these walks, the ivy-mantled church, placed within a thick grove of trees, which gives it an air of solemnity, becoming the last resting-place of the lords of this domain, arrests the steps of the visiter. Historical recollections tempts him to enter the small and sacred temple,

which, for the number and perfect preservation of its tombs, is said to surpass every parish church in the county.

On the threshold of the churchyard stood my former honest interlocutor:—"I thought you would be coming to see our parish church. Most people do come hither from Harrogate; but only to satisfy curiosity, not to attend divine service. For they say as how there is no comfort to be had in the high-Calviniatic exhortations that are thundered from this pulpit—no profit to the soul to hear constantly the hard doctrines of Calvin. God surely cannot be so hard-hearted as they represent him. And to hear too, as I have heard, those discouraging doctrines preached when the heart is broken—at the burial of a beloved parent—detaining for that purpose the grieved relatives on the brink of the grave, that they might hear of nought but the speaking of hell,—oh, that is the hardest of all. However, the archbishop, they say, has put a stop to that at last, and we hope for better things."

Daniel had, by this time, wheeled round his gig to the great entrance-gate, and without any farther loss of time we hastened to the Spa of

## THORPE ARCH.

Most of my readers are probably strangers to the existence of such a mineral watering-place. Yet, in its immediate vicinity, and even to a great distance in the neighbourhood, its reputation is considerable. From a most insignificant village, Thorpe Arch has risen into a place of importance, owing to its chalybeate spring, which holds in solution a large quantity of muriate of soda, and has been well described and analyzed by Dr. Hunter of Leeds, who, at two different interviews I had with him, gave me every information respecting it.

The water tastes something like the one at Knaresborough; but I could not detect any sulphur-smell in it, not even so feeble as that of the Starbeck well. I fancy that if there be any present (as the people of the Spa stoutly assert) it must quickly evaporate; and as the water is now pumped out of the spring,—which they have been obliged lately to cover, in order to prevent its further inundations from the rising of the Warfe, to which it was subject,—into a pump-room, built on a rocky bank of the river, at about fifty feet elevation from it—sulphuretted gas can hardly be expected to be present in the water when used for baths. Yet, the opinion on which the water is drunk and used for bathing is, that it is "like Harrogate;" and so they say of every spring in Yorkshire, that has the slenderest claim to the smell of rotten eggs.

In the case of Thorpe Arch, however, I was determined to put the question at rest, by inducing Mr. West of Leeds, to go down to the Spa, and on the spot test the water for sulphur. His reply, after complying with my suggestion, within the last four months, is conclusive as to the absence of all traces of sulphuretted hydrogen from the Thorpe Arch spring. Besides testing the water with acetate of lead, nitrate of silver, and sulphate of copper, Mr. West subjected a quantity of this water taken immediately from the well, to a severer trial, by boiling it in a flask, the mouth of which was covered with paper moistened with acetate of lead. No change whatever took place.

The situation of the Spa is charming. The lofty bank of the Warfe behind it, whose limestone aspect here assumes the most picturesque shapes—and the rich verdure of the opposite bank, contrasting with the more waved and broken surface of that from the bottom of which the spring issues, are features of perpetual interest, which must work their wholesome effect on the water-drinkers.

"Jutting points of gray or creamy rock," observes Dr. Whitaker, "appear immediately above the right and left of the spring; and the sides are covered with ash, hazel, and whitebeam to their summits, so as to give the whole the appearance of primeval nature."

The stream of the Warfe darts past with great rapidity; yet both salmon and trout are caught by the Spa-drinkers, after they have quaffed their morning draughts of the chalybeate.

Baths, both warm and cold, and shower-baths, are given in a very humble-looking building, and still humbler bath-rooms, which ought to have been better, considering that they are erected as a speculation by a company of shareholders. This facility of having baths recently added to the Spa, has made it much more frequented.

As you drive through the village, which at present consists of a long series of modern and neat-built lodging-houses, many of them extremely elegant, favourably placed and with gardens in front, you are surprised to find them all occupied. Upwards of a hundred such houses have been built within the last twenty-five years.

On turning out of the village to the left, towards the Spa, a beautiful reach of the Warfe is immediately seen above and beyond the Spa-house; just behind which a very lofty square building rises, generally filled with company at the proper season of the year.

Dr. Hunter states, that the Thorpe Arch water is diuretic, and operates mildly, and with considerable certainty. It must be taken in the morning for that purpose, and in large quantities. The disorders of the human constitution successfully treated by it, are said by Dr. Hunter to coincide very nearly with those treated by the Harrogate waters; but Dr. Walker, who wrote many years before, and whose book is carefully preserved in the little waiting-room at the Spa, in-

sists that the Thorpe Arch water is superior to the sulphur-water of Harrogate, in cases of general relaxation, bilious disorders, glandular obstructions, and stomach complaints.

Dr. Hunter upon this observes, that the truth of such remarks, as far as he himself had witnessed or learned from others, appeared unquestionable; and he adds, that the water of Thorpe Arch had acquired considerable reputation also in some complaints of the sex—in headachs and habitual jaundice.

It has already been stated, that numerous as the visiters have of late years been at this Spa, the accommodations provided for them have been ample and very comfortable. Among these I may mention in particular, and from my own knowledge, Farrer's hotel, a very neat, well-looking, and commodious house. Coaches arrive to and depart from it at convenient hours every day, to and from many parts in Yorkshire; and a light omnibus conveys visiters hither from the railway-station at Tadcaster, at the distance of only a mile and a half; whereby, Thorpe Arch is placed in direct and quick communication with York on the one side, and Leeds on the other, and consequently with every important city or town in the north.

Situated near the ancient town of Wetherby, and the immediate neighbourhood of several extensive parks, one of which, Bramham Park, is very well known as a most beautiful domain extending over a space of eleven miles, the situation of Thorpe Arch is, as may be supposed, charming. Nature has been almost lavish of her rural beauties upon this favourite spot, which is considered also one of the healthiest in Yorkshire. The facilities afforded to invalids for taking every species of exercise over excellent roads, or on fine smooth and elevated downs, with many delightful prospects from them or for visiting spots, not far distant, of antiquarian or historical interest, have been an inducement to many

among them to make this desired village their home, in which to spend the evening of their days.

As we proceeded nearer to the capital of the county, and left behind us the many enchanting beauties of the West Riding, I could perceive the great, though insensible, change for the worse which became visible in the aspect of the county, in its agricultural condition, and its soil. Lighted by the huge and brilliant gas-lamps of York, hung about in profusion, Daniel at length deposited me at the door of the Old George, in "Pavement," and we parted, excellent friends, after a day's companionship in travelling, and the payment of *one guinea.*

To judge by its central situation, I should have considered this hotel to be one of the best in the place, had I not detected my error afterwards. It certainly fell far short of what I expected in such a city as York. The Black Swan and Winn's Hotel have a better aspect, and are larger; but the constant noise of coaches that traverse, at every hour of the day and night, this central city of England, and pass along Coney-street, render those establishments rather objectionable. Here I had a decent though small bedroom, with an excellent bed, scanty and old furniture against the walls, a single towel, and the foulest-looking water to wash in that I have seen out of London.

In a spacious and old fashioned sitting-room, a breakfast, worthy of the gastronomic reputation of the county, was spread out ready for my use on the following morning. Two large bay-windows stood open before me, as I sat at the table, and showed me the busy stream of people coming down "Pavement." "Saint Crux" was close upon me, so as nearly to shut up one of my windows, and "All Saints" stared me in the face. Indeed churches are as plentiful as houses; and in that respect York may be said to resemble Cologne; a resemblance, by the by, which many of the

streets, and contracted thoroughfares, and short cuts to get at the sacred temples, and far-famed Minster, with the bustle on the quays of the Ouse, its steamers and passage-boats, serve to strengthen.

York certainly lacks the mud, or rather the filth of the streets of Cologne; for here, as in London, the inhabitants prefer drinking that miscellaneous amalgam of all abominations (diluted in their ordinary beverage and culinary solvents) which the Colognists studiously keep away from the water they drink, and reserve for their noses.

York, moreover, boasts of *trottoirs*, albeit they be narrow; and its atmosphere is not so scented as that of the archiepiscopal see on the Rhine. But *per contra*, York has only water of the dirtiest description that of London excepted, either for drink or cosmetic purposes, to set off against that never-to-be-too-much-lauded compound, the "Eau de Cologne."

York is a city of a hundred gates. There is no end of them. Having passed the outer toll-bar, and come in through Mickle-*gate*, along Lower Ouse-*gate* and High Ouse-*gate*, the stranger has a right to expect that he is fairly *within* the gates of this "second city of the British Empire," as the Eboraceans are pleased to style it. *Pas du tout;* for as we advance a few steps farther to the right and to the left, or straight forward, we find ourselves out in our reckoning,—for Collier-*gate*, and Foss-*gate*, and Stone-*gate*, and Castle-*gate* and Goodram-*gate*, and Walin-*gate*, and Peter-*gate*, and Davy-*gate*, meet us in, though they bar not, our progress.

A wag, who evidently had not the fear of the archbishop before him, observed, in reference to the two latter gates, that they were properly placed in the vicinity of the great church, to remind us that, according as we stick to *it* or not, Peter's *gate* will be opened unto us, or old Davy's, whenever our allotted time comes, for going to "Davy's Locker."

As we parade through the intricate streets of York, and meet at every corner some relics of olden times, and a church in most of them, with two or even three such in some others (greatly dilapidated or verging on final decay though they be), it is impossible not to feel that we tread on ground rendered classical in the history of England, and that of the Reformation. At the latter epoch there were not fewer than forty-two parish churches, seventeen chapels, eighteen hospitals, three abbeys, two priories, three monasteries, and a religious college. "Of these," says honest Drake, who was any thing but a papist, "there was not so much left in the depredations committed at the Reformation, as to sustain and keep up little more than half the number of parish churches, two or three of the hospitals, and a chapelry or two at most. . . . . "No sooner was the word given, *Sic volo sic jubeo*, but down fell the monasteries, the hospitals, the chapels, and the priories in the city, and with these the eighteen parish churches, the materials, and revenues of all being converted to secular uses." . . . "It is shocking," continues the same writer, "to think how far these depredations were carried; for, not content with what they could find above ground, they dug open vaults and graves in search for imaginary treasure; tossed the bones out of stone coffins and made use of them for hog-troughs,—a piece of inhumanity as, I believe, the most savage nation in this world would not have been guilty of."

Contemporary historians are agreed in detailing all these and many more abominations, by means of which the Reformation was carried on in the north of England, and bitterly lament that "our most excellent Church should have its origin deduced, or its restoration take date from, such execrable times." "The Reformation (observes a zealous and learned historian of that era) put a stop to all religion."

And in good truth we find, from the records of those times, that those who had undertaken to reform the dominant religion of the country, were little prepared to supply its place

with another; for it is manifest, judging by the preamble of an act in the first year of Edward the Sixth, that instead of a superstitious yet learned religion which they had pulled down, no other means of religious rites could they substitute, or supply more than a few churches with service, and those even by ignorant and worthless persons. "And no person (so recites the said Act) will take the cure but of necessity, as some chaunting priests—which for the most part are unlearned and very ignorant persons, not able to do any part of their duty. By reason whereof the said city (of York) is not only replete with blind guides and pastors, but also the people much kept in ignorance, as well of their duties towards God, as also towards the king's majesty and commonwealth of this realm, and to the great danger of their souls."

Three centuries have worked wondrous changes in these matters. Instead of no cure we have too many *cures* in "our city of York," and for "the unlearned and very ignorant persons not able to do any part of their duty," we find a clergy, who like most of their brethren in protestant England, are remarkable for being the best educated and most erudite servants of God in Christendom—save always a few monks and recluses and protestant pastors to be met with in many parts of the continent.

And a noble and a magnificent temple have that clergy to perform their holy service in! The present was my first visit to York cathedral. Need I say that at the view of that colossal pile, lately cleared of all incumbrances from around it —and standing (though in a contracted space) a pure model of symmetrical beauty in Gothic structure, particularly in its unrivalled front, and towers unequalled—I was much and impressively struck, as must all be who contemplate that far-famed Minster?

Its interior excites feelings akin to these impressions; and the recollection of the eventful fire which on a particular day in February, 1829, levelled into a mass of mouldering ruins

the choir of this beautiful temple, and was nigh proving destructive to the whole fabric, mingles now irresistibly in every beholder, and makes him offer up thanks that so wonderful a structure, the work of two centuries, raised by means of *indulgences, bulls,* and *relaxations*, and other of the very abuses which it was the object of the Reformation to abolish, should not only have been spared during the depredations of that revolution, but have escaped, even now, the ravages of an incendiary fire.*

It is a great drawback to the enjoyment of scenes like these if the beholder be gifted with too keen an eye; else I should not have felt fastidiously unhappy, while wrapt up in ecstasy at every thing I saw around me, on observing that the beautiful modern doorway, with its iron gates in the stone screen, (itself a most gorgeous piece of tracery,) is not placed in the centre. It is, on the contrary, considerably nearer to the left; and as the middle of the organ, placed over this doorway, corresponds exactly with the apex of its arch, it follows that neither the door nor the organ is in the centre of the nave,—a defect very striking and singularly obnoxious to those who enter the church through the great western door.

It is curious that the writer of that able work called "The New Guide," recently published by Hargrave, one of the principal booksellers of York, should not have noticed a deformity so glaring, in a structure otherwise so perfect. Indeed the effect of this want of symmetry is visible in another incongruity resulting from it—namely, that when viewed from the centre of the great western door, the screen shows only four and a portion of a fifth of the statues of the kings, placed in the niches of the north side of the entrance;

* This was written a few months only before the recent purely accidental calamity, from the same destructive element, had rendered the paragraph almost inapplicable.

whereas, on the south or right side, as many as six are fully seen.

On leaving the cathedral one is tempted to make the tour of its exterior, by the free circulation which has been established all round the edifice, from the Minster-yard to the new deanery; as well as by the showy appearance of the latter building, which was completed about the year 1831, in the Tudor style, by order of the present dean, a gentleman of refined taste, under whose direction, I believe, another house of less pretensions, equally Tudorian, called the New Residence, was erected.

The old monks are said to have taken care invariably to set themselves down in snug and comfortable places. Much to the credit and taste of the present representatives of those bygone recluses, they also have taken care (in this place at least) to suit themselves with a fine and delightful spot for their residence. Nothing can be more enchanting than the Minster-green, from the centre of which I could survey the various parts of the cathedral around me, the chapter and vestry also, with the library, some remains of gothic arches, the new residence and the deanery, as well as the pleasure-grounds which are interspersed among these various buildings, all breathing the favourite and hallowed spirit of Gothic architecture.

To a medical man, travelling too in search of professional information, York offers one or two attractions which may well be alleged by me as an excuse to my readers for lingering in this city, on my way to another of the Spas I have undertaken to describe. These halts, made for self-instruction' sake, may not turn out altogether unprofitable to my readers; although I have felt throughout my present work, that, in introducing matter somewhat extraneous to its main purport, I not only labour under the great difficulty of endeavouring to offer new matter on home, familiar, and beaten topics, but also incur the imputation of presuming to bring

in matter *à-propos de bottes*, into the more legitimate delineation of the objects to which I ought in strictness to confine myself. In this respect, I do not stand on the same vantage-ground I stood upon while writing on the Spas of Germany; for then I was certain of being able to submit to my readers what, to a large majority of them, must have been quite new, and being *foreign*, good *of course*. I trust, nevertheless, that by the plan I have adopted, it will not be altogether impossible to impart to a work on "the Spas of England," sufficient interest to secure the attention of English readers.

The objects which principally attracted my attention in this city, besides those already enumerated, were the New Museum, and the celebrated "Retreat." A friendly intercourse with the two principal physicians, who divide between them the best part of the medical practice in York, and, with Dr. Wake, for many years physician to the York Lunatic Asylum, enabled me to accomplish much in a short time.

I was not equally fortunate in meeting the chairman of the directing committee, Samuel Tuke, the descendant of the philanthropist William Tuke, founder of the "Retreat"—an establishment that has acquired an European renown. But with the ready assistance of Thomas Allis, its able superintendent,—who, with a straightforwardness and candour highly creditable to himself and the institution, laid open every chink and corner of it, during the unexpected visit I paid him,—I was able to make myself master of the condition, management, and prospect of an establishment for the treatment of mental disorders, which is inferior to none in existence, and superior to many having the reputation of being models.

It is not to be denied that much of the gratifying results obtained in the York "Retreat," is due to the singular combination in one individual—the very superintendent I have just named—of every requisite that can constitute excellence

in such an officer. Friend Allis has, from the earliest period of his life, been brought in contact with the "afflicted of craziness," and seen their ways and the effect produced on them by various sorts of treatment. His experience on this point, therefore, at his present mature period of life, must be unquestionable. He has undertaken to exercise in his station functions in which he delights, because of the good they tend to; and he, therefore, exercises them not reluctantly as a mere matter of duty, but *con amore*.

No one is fonder of natural sciences than Friend Allis, few more expert or learned in the practical departments of them. Hence the hours not devoted to the discharge of his official duty, are wholly consecrated to preparing, classing, and describing objects of natural history; and this very disposition of his mind has he turned to account in forwarding the intention of the institution; inasmuch as he sometimes brings to the consideration of those attractive and interesting works of nature, the intellect of the afflicted under his *surveillance*, so soon as he perceives that mighty engine struggling to recover from its fall. He at the same time, by pursuits like these, of so tranquil and contemplative a nature, renders more intense his already strong sense of "adhesiveness" to the field of his operations. Lastly, nature has endowed him with an imposing figure, tall and of a robust make, the very aspect of which has often been found to command, even without the utterance of a syllable, respect and obedience in refractory or irritable patients. And yet no superintendent of a lunatic asylum possesses more conciliatory manners, or a milder tone of voice.

In going round every part of the establishment with him—in listening to his conversation with the patients of both sexes and of all ranks—in witnessing the manner in which they all addressed him, looked at him, or smiled kindly as he passed—in reflecting on the many illustrations of his peculiar views with which he supplied me as we went along, and on the

replies I obtained from him to the various inquiries my visit suggested,—I could easily perceive that Friend Allis was the very man William Tuke needed, to carry into effect his own judicious and philanthropic views on the management and cure of lunatic patients.

The "Retreat" was one of the first establishments for the treatment of insanity founded in England, on the principle of employing more humane and wiser measures than those heretofore resorted to in the management of the unfortunate beings afflicted with that disease. It has now been in operation forty-four years, and the statistical details connected with it, open to the inspection of every visiter, are full of interest. Its original destination was for patients belonging to the Society of Friends; but that destination has been enlarged, and other patients are equally admitted. At the time of my visit there were nine among the whole number who were unconnected with that Society.

The several buildings forming the establishment, which presents, from the summit of the hill, about two miles distant from York, an attractive front, have very recently been enlarged, and rendered infinitely more comfortable for the hundred patients they are intended to accommodate. A considerable sum of money has also been laid out for the purchase of excellent land, twenty-seven acres of which now surround the building. These two expensive improvements have enabled the committee to provide for the better classification of the patients, as well as to increase their accommodations.

The latter are of the very best description, especially in the apartments of both the male and female patients of the better class, who pay the highest weekly charge for their maintenance. I could not desire for the most beloved friend deprived of his nobler faculties a better asylum or a superior treatment. There is nothing grand, nothing ostentatious, but every thing for use and for comfort; and matters appeared to me to be managed with so much effect, and so little fuss,

that I could hardly have imagined myself in a lunatic asylum from aught I beheld around me; but that "the vacant eye, the stare, the unmeaning grin" told their own story quite plainly. The Society of Friends need well be proud of having been the originators and of being the warm supporters of such an establishment. As much as this, or to that effect, I inscribed with pleasure in its album, on taking leave of the "Retreat" and of Friend Allis.

Dr. Wake was my next conductor through an establishment of a similar nature to the "Retreat," but of a more general and public description. The report of its committee for the year ending June, 1839, gives a satisfactory view of the general state of the York Lunatic Asylum; and from what I saw in the course of my visit, as well as from the information readily communicated to me by Dr. Wake, at the time, I should conclude that the asylum has made many steps in advance, and is likely to improve farther. As yet the system of coercion is in existence at this County Asylum. We shall see, elsewhere, that one of the next and greatest improvements in its management will be to abandon that system.

I have already made honourable mention of Dr. Belcombe. As I knew that he was well connected with Scarborough, through his late father, and his present brother-in-law, the much-respected vicar of that place, I gladly availed myself of his kind invitation to dine and spend one evening with him, during which I derived much profitable information on points of my immediate and intended inquiries.

The doctor is a true man of the world, with that sort of open and affable manner which is calculated to win the confidence of his patients. I found him conversant with every novel or important fact, of the most recent date, in his profession, and stored with much general information—the result of extensive reading.

From all that I learned in my conversation with Dr. Belcombe, I was induced to prolong my stay in York for one

additional day, in order to visit the Museum; and I have reason to rejoice at the delay, as it procured me also the advantage of an interview with another able colleague, Dr. Simpson, to whom I have already alluded, and who gave me many interesting details of a Spa (Hovingham) of which I had never even so much as heard the name mentioned; but which I determined upon visiting in consequence.

Dr. Simpson, like his colleague, lives in the vicinity of the cathedral, and occupies, though a bachelor, a large and palacelike-looking house in Grey's-court, which was originally made a freehold by Henry the Eighth, who took possession of it in person, at the Reformation, and sequestration of church property. Charles, also, once held his court where Dr. Simpson now sees his patients. The presence of two such physicians in York is a fortunate circumstance for the inhabitants.

It was a happy idea of the architect of the new Museum in this city, standing in an enclosure of about three acres of land, surrounded by about six more of other pleasure-ground, to set up in beautiful contrast with the lovely remains of St. Mary's Abbey (one of the many gems of Gothic and sacred structures in England) a Grecian Doric Temple, appropriated solely to the scientific and learned objects of the "York Philosophical Society."

The venerable ruins just mentioned occupy the north-west side of the enclosure. The Roman multangular tower separates it from the city to the east. On an eminence in the centre stands the Museum, with its noble front of a hundred and two feet in length, designed by Wilkins, looking down upon the river and the extensive landscape beyond it.

The entrance to the grounds from the city is by a Doric gate. On either side of the wide path which leads thence to the Museum, the ground is appropriated to a botanic garden; the remainder of the enclosure is laid out and planted, so as to produce a picturesque effect, as well as with particular

reference to the favourable display of the exquisite remains of antiquity which adorn, and consecrate, as it were, the ground.

The front of the Museum is decorated with a central portico of four columns, 3 feet 6 inches in diameter, and 21 feet 6 inches high, extending 35 feet, and projecting 10, with bold steps all round. The space on each side of the portico, which is terminated by a pilaster, has three windows, ornamented with suitable architraves. A bold and massive pediment rests upon the columns, and the entablature is continued the whole length of the front, and returns round the ends of the building, which is of Hackness stone, and about 24 feet deep.

Within it, besides a theatre for lectures, a small library, and a committee room, we find a museum of antiquities and natural history, divided into several apartments, with a collection of Saxon, Roman, and Gothic sculpture and architecture in the underground floor. Scattered on this, many exquisite specimens of knots and groins, which had formed part of St. Mary's Abbey, are to be seen as they were brought to light by recent excavations; and well would it have harmonized with certain beautiful remains of former times, still left in the Minster, had the architect, while engaged in restoring that class of ornaments in that part of the cathedral which the fire of 1829 had destroyed, directed these beautiful specimens of St. Mary's to be taken as models, instead of carving those now *in situ*, exhibiting a meager invention, or rather a sameness not to be found in any of the Gothic cathedrals in this country.

It will be sufficient to name John Phillips, as the curator of the Museum, to be quite certain that its geological portion (and in that respect the collection is very valuable) is scientifically and skilfully arranged, agreeably to his own geological map of England, and the nomenclature he has adopted. The curator at the time of my visit was engaged

in restoring a neat Gothic building, placed immediately beyond the ruins of St. Mary, which he was to hold on that condition of the proprietor of the Museum, and which would become his private dwelling.

I heard of another threatened restoration of ancient remains in these grounds, which it is to be hoped may never be carried into effect; although a few individuals who are favourable to that restoration have already subscribed the sum of five hundred pounds towards it. The building to be restored is a miserable-looking barn, to which some middle-age recollections are attached, and upon its being restored, the said barn will be converted into a ball-room. The connexion between a restoration of an old hut and the establishment of a public ball-room, is not, methinks, very manifest.

But I must close my note-book, or I shall never reach my next destination, Scarborough, whither I proceeded by the Scarborough mail, a conveyance which leaves York every day early in the morning, immediately upon the arrival of the mail from London.

I should have halted in my way at New Malton, where a kind and pressing invitation from Dr. Travers, the principal physician resident in that large market-town, would have secured me a hearty welcome. Besides the temptation of making the personal acquaintance of a young and intelligent physician, active in the pursuit of science, which might have induced me to stop, there was also that of examining a mineral spring, formerly much in vogue, and well known as "the New Malton Spa." But the importance of any immediate inquiry by myself into its character and properties not being very manifest, I passed through Malton without stopping, and rely entirely on Dr. Travers's report, which I here transcribe.

"The saline-chalybeate spring at this place was celebrated nearly two centuries ago. Attention was first directed to it

by Mr. Simpson's 'Treatise on the Malton Spa' in 1669, and afterwards by the general work on mineral waters in 1734, by Dr. Short, of Sheffield.

"The present handsome pagoda over the well was erected by the late Earl Fitzwilliam, about five-and-twenty years ago, and stands prettily in the gardens adjoining the hotel.

"The water flows in a very copious stream, is quite clear as it issues from its source, but on standing a little time, leaves a ferruginous deposit. Its specific gravity is very little greater than that of distilled water, and its temperature is not affected by the season of the year. It has a strong saline-chalybeate, but not unpleasant taste, and possesses considerable purging and diuretic qualities.

"There has been no very recent analysis. An imperial gallon of the water yields three drachms and forty-five grains of residuum, consisting of sulphate of magnesia, sulphate of lime, common salt, and a portion of protoxide of iron.

"The water has been found highly efficacious in many chronic diseases; particularly affections of the liver, indigestion under its various forms, and general languor of the system. It is taken in doses of from one to four half pints, at short intervals; the early morning being considered the most favourable time for that purpose.

"This Spa, however, has ceased to be a resort to persons from a distance; which is rather a matter of surprise when (apart from the valuable properties of the well) we take into account the very superior and extensive accommodation at the hotel, and the attractive character of the surrounding country.

"The district abounds in picturesque rides and drives, and is one of no ordinary interest to the botanist, the practical farmer, and the geologist. The hill above the well-house is of the oolite formation."

## CHAPTER XII.

### SCARBOROUGH.

"The QUEEN" of Sea-bathing Places—First Impressions on seeing Scarborough—Substantial Breakfasts—Prominent Features of Scarborough—Natural Phenomena—Geological Attractions—FLAMBOROUGH Head—Filey Bay—Robin Hood Bay—Striking Improvements—Mr. Dunn, the principal Surgeon—Other Medical Practitioners—THE NEW SPA—View from the "Cliff"—The CLIFF BRIDGE and Menay Bridge—Scarborough Races and the Roman Arena—Paths leading to the Spa—The New Building—Sea Wall—The Terrace—The Promenade, or Saloon—Gothic Architecture on a Sea-shore—Mr. WYATT and a gallant M.P.—Lively interest taken by the latter in the welfare of Scarborough—The Two SPRINGS—Taste, Appearance, and Quantity of the Water from each—Former Analysis—A new one necessary—Performed successfully by Professor R. Phillips.

I AM enchanted with Scarborough. And who would not be who has sojourned but a single day at this "Queen" of English sea-bathing places, at the close of the summer months, or in the early days of a bright autumn? To me Scarborough was a surprise, to the full extent of the word. I was not prepared to find a bay of Naples on the north-east coast of England; nor so picturesque a place perched on lofty cliffs, reminding an old and experienced traveller of some of those romantic sea views which he beheld abroad, particularly in Adriatic and Grecian seas.

"And can the people of this county," I involuntarily asked to myself, after only a few hours' residence in Scar-

borough, on the day of my arrival, which was a glowing and a brilliant one—"can they, if money and time can bring them to such a sea-berth as this, voluntarily prefer to it their Margate, their Brighton, and their Hastings? O for more taste, and better judgment!"

Scarborough, an hundred years ago, was what the last-mentioned places have become since. Then the Earls, the Marquesses, and the Dukes were as thick at that Spa as berries are on hedges. This I collect from a list of visiters for the season of 1733, referred to in a curious book, bearing the title of "A Journey from London to Scarborough," in a series of letters from the author to his friends.

To be sure, travelling with hired horses was not quite so expensive then as now, and "a trip to Scarborough" was an easy journey, which one could perform with four horses at a shilling a mile; albeit days were employed in it, where hours would now suffice! Inns, indeed, were but passing indifferent at that time, and lodging-houses worse still; a circumstance which the waggish author in question considered as a great convenience, inasmuch as "it made people rise early." Notwithstanding this, Scarborough was then what Brighton has since been during its palmy days of Royal countenance. And what, I ask, has made Scarborough less than Brighton? Can the reader solve that problem?

I know not whether to attribute the feeling I experienced on my first arrival at Scarborough to the exciting nature of the air into which I found myself suddenly plunged, when the mail pulled up at that most intricate turn in front of "the Bell"—or to the sight of the glorious ocean—or to the appearance of sundry eatables spread on the well-decked table of that inn. But to whichever of these causes it may be owing, that feeling was one of inward contentment, accompanied by a buoyancy of spirits such as I had not lately enjoyed.

Unquestionably, the being admitted to the privilege of

sitting down at once with three or four merry persons, and a lady or two to boot, at a table where I was presently helped with all the good things of this world, after an early morning drive of three or four hours, with "an unfreighted stomach," was likely to put in good humour even the crossest-tempered fellow alive; and, perhaps, that had its influence in the present instance. Bread good, and good looking; excellent tea, tea-cakes, muffins, and new-laid eggs, would satisfy any reasonable bachelor at a London club-house. But what if he found within his reach at the same table a *piéce de resistance* of cold beef, and raised pies, and shrimps, and potted and marinaded fish of many kinds, to satisfy wherewith either his hunger or his whim!

And yet such things, and such a breakfast, are to be found at Scarborough, not only at the Bell Inn, but at many other hotels; and they constitute one only of the four daily repasts which honest and civil Master Webb (and I heard that other landlords do the same) gives you at nine, twelve, four, and eight o'clock p.m., at his ordinary on Bland's Cliff, for the sum of six shillings per diem, including lodging!

These *substantial* breakfasts, by the by, seem to be the order of the day at all the English Spas. At the Crown at Harrogate, I noticed a similar practice; but there, instead of sitting all round the same table, its company is divided into groups, or solitary individuals, sipping their bohea at their own separate little tables, and calling as they require them for all the side-board et ceteras, which an obsequious waiter is ready to hand over to them.

This arrangement has its advantages; but it also proves a most effectual damper to all sociability at a Spa. Breakfast is a repast they hardly know how to enjoy at the Spas *in* Germany. In England, on the other hand, the thing is overdone, and the rules of diet, for such as have just quaffed four or six tumblers of mineral water, are set at defiance. The mingling together of tea and coffee, eggs and ham,

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mustard and cream, chicken and veal, with two half-pint tumblers of the "stinking water," at the Montpellier at Harrogate, or indeed of any mineral water, whether there, here, or elsewhere, at Cheltenham or Leamington, is a practice I have witnessed at all those places. How, then, is mineral water to produce its *salutary* effect?

Scarborough is, perhaps, one of the most interesting marine Spas in England. It combines the advantages of mineral springs with those of a convenient and luxurious sea-bathing shore. It is surrounded on the land side by numerous objects of attraction, to which either roads or footpaths, over moors and dales, like radii from a centre, offer a ready access to the visiters. Some of those objects, indeed, have acquired well-merited reputation.

In modern architecture, enriched and heightened by extensive gardens, plantations, and arcadian groves, there is Castle Howard, which the visiter will perceive on the right of the high road, immediately beyond Malton.

In ancient structure Rivaulx Abbey, which is supposed to have been the first Cistercian monastery founded in Yorkshire, presents ruins of considerable extent, more perfect than those of most of the same class of monastic buildings in the county, Fountain Abbey excepted.

In natural phenomena we have the strongly marked geological formation of the coast, right and left of Scarborough, with its cavern and promontories—its clefts, its dislocations, and its elevation—all sufficiently denuded to exhibit a very museum to the lover of geology. From Robin Hood's Bay northward, to the Flamborough Head southward, a distance of thirty-three miles of coast, every inch of the land which may be inspected at low water, over a course of the finest sands in England, is pregnant with interest.

Indeed, Flamborough Head of itself would be a sufficient

feature to stamp any sea-bathing place with importance and attraction. Its lofty cliffs of nearly five hundred feet elevation, of the purest limestone, remind one of the "White Cliffs of Albion," at Dover. But here the circumstances of the cliffs teeming, during the spring and summer months, with thousands of birds of every species and plumage; and, above all, the stupendous caverns that penetrate into the very bowels of the cliff shore, particularly that which is called "Robin Lyth Hole;" invest this mighty promontory—one of the many frontal guardians of the Seagirt Island—with indescribable interest.

The deposit of fossil plants in the shale and sandstone of the oolitic series at Gristhorp Bay, five miles south, and also at Haiburn Wyke, seven miles north of Scarborough, must also prove very interesting to the geologist, as well as to the botanist, as it offers specimens of the ferns and lycopodium orders in greater variety and preservation than any other known locality can offer. Many of them closely approach to existing species, and not a few of them are most distinct in fructification. Occasionally, as in the *solenites*, named after Dr. Murray of Scarborough (the gentleman to whom I am indebted for the present geological memorandum), the process of fossilization has been so imperfect, that the plants retain elasticity and combustibility, and even traces can be found in them of the vegetable principles of tannin and resin. These fossil ferns of Gristhorp, being usually of a perfectly black colour, displayed upon a gray ground, resemble drawings in India ink, and are, consequently, more precious than those of the coal formation, which merely present black upon black.

But, independently of these geological attractions, the lover of romantic landscape will be highly gratified with the wild and beautiful scenery of Gristhorp Bay, perhaps the most striking and pleasing of the numerous little bays which indent the rocky coast from Scarborough to Filey.

And what a lovely and curiously seated fishing village this very Filey is, with its beautiful and ample bay, displaying at low water the finest sands on this coast, to the extent of nearly three miles! Even here a mineral spring is found, and there is one also at Bridlington, four miles south of Flamborough, besides a good sea-bathing place at Bridlington Quay, of late years much frequented. Both springs are chalybeates.

Similar in general character, but infinitely more romantic in appearance, is another bay, a little more distant from Scarborough than Filey is, but in an opposite direction, namely, northward. The freebooter Robin Hood, who seems to have sought refuge in every romantic spot in the north, has stamped this bay with his own name.

Far more interesting than the association excited by such ballad heroes is the contemplation at Whitby, six miles farther off, of the venerable ruins of its once renowned abbey, and of a rich collection of fossil remains, including probably the most splendid specimens of ichtyolites in the world.

Such are a few of the many attractions near and around Scarborough, towards which a visiter would naturally hasten soon after his arrival; and which, therefore, I have at once enumerated to my readers, without attempting any elaborate description of them; a description, indeed, rendered unnecessary by the existence of the able and learned works of Phillips, Young, Smith, and others, to which I must refer my readers for more extended information.

Of another publication I must not omit to make honourable mention also, which will prove to the visiter at Scarborough a fund of amusement and instruction, namely, "The History and Antiquities of Scarborough," by Thomas Hindewell, who was bred to the sea, and all his life a sailor. The first edition of this work appeared in 1798, and a revised one with a memoir of the author, a native of Scarborough, in 1837.

To such as love to scan doggrel verses, and laugh over a

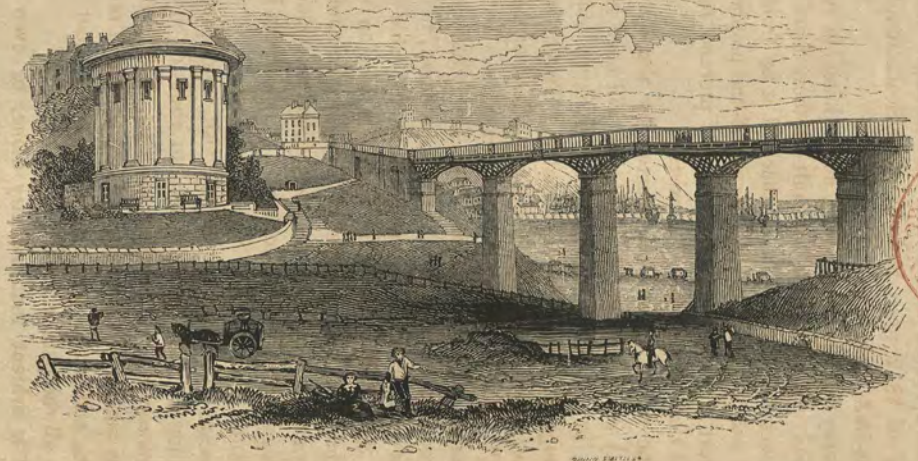
few caricature sketches by an "H. B." of Scarborough, the work published by Green and Rowlandson, in 1812, will be a source of fun and amusement. Glorious days those of 1812 must have been for Scarborough! *Reviendront-ils?* I think so.

Every thing has been done, and is doing, to verify my prediction. It will not be the fault of those more immediately connected with the place, neither will it be from any lack of zeal and love of truth on my part, if the prophecy be not in a short time fulfilled. We will now proceed to examine in what that "every thing" consists.

The reader (generally attracted by the illustrations of a book) ere he peruses this chapter will have glanced at the cuts, in which three of the most striking objects at Scarborough are faithfully represented. Two of them are connected with recent improvements; indeed of these one, "The Spa," is but just completed in all its parts. To it I proceeded in company with Mr. Dunn, the highly and justly popular surgeon at Scarborough. This gentleman, to the qualifications of a first-rate surgeon, ready and able to undertake any thing that a hospital surgeon in London would venture to undertake for the relief of suffering humanity, joins the rarer attribute of being a sincere friend to science, especially geology, with the practical part of which he is quite conversant.

Aware of the object of my visit, and prepared for the manner in which I was likely to conduct my inquiry into Scarborough, and Scarborough Spa, Mr. Dunn took every pains imaginable to facilitate my object, and render it complete, and with equal readiness and candour supplied me with all the particulars I desired.

It is evident that industry alone, or even the best experience in the conducting of such investigations as I had undertaken, would not have enabled me to obtain all that information which I deemed requisite in matters of this kind.



SCARBOROUGH CLIFF BRIDGE, AND MUSEUM.

How, for example, could I have learned aught respecting many points of my inquiry,—such as, for instance, the climate and salubriousness of Scarborough—its ordinary or average temperature, and its barometrical variations,—except through the verbal communications of some intelligent and old inhabitant, or from an erudite medical man?

I gladly, therefore, availed myself of the kind assistance afforded me, not only by the active medical person just named, but by his associate also, Mr. Travis, and likewise by Dr. Murray, whom I have twice already introduced to my readers, and who enjoys now at Scarborough the fruit of his former professional exertions.

"What structure is that," inquired I of my kind conductor, "which, like a turreted castle, is strongly seated on a sea wall nigh the shore, at the foot of that high bank covered with green, beneath Olive Mount—for such I heard you call that lofty hill on our right, bearing all the features of an oolitic formation?"

"That is our NEW SPA," replied my guide; "within that striking edifice, which has sprung up in the last few months, to serve as a new landmark to the mariner approaching our coast, are placed the two mineral springs, of which, doubtless, you have read, as being celebrated in the olden days for their healing qualities. They were formerly very insufficiently protected by a mean-looking building, from the inroads of the sea. Now the art of Wyatt, directed by the taste of one of our worthy representatives in parliament, has secured those valuable springs to the invalid, while it has also afforded the latter an accommodation of a superior class during the hours of drinking the water, which they enjoyed not before. They have now a saloon of good proportions to assemble and walk in, with other smaller rooms and contrivances, such as are found at some of the Spas in Germany, so familiar to you. We look for your approbation of our waters, when you shall have examined them; and of the

building likewise, which has added unquestionably a striking feature to our landscape. The idea was happily conceived, as we trust it has been executed, though not without difficulty, owing to the great proximity of the sea to the springs, which had washed away a former edifice."

We were standing in the centre of a circular platform with its convex brow (formerly the projecting ledge of what is emphatically called "the cliff") turned to, and connected with the magnificent bridge, of which I have introduced a correct view in the present volume, and which bears from its connexion the name of "Cliff Bridge." Its existence dates only from 1827, and is due to private subscriptions, amounting to 9,000*l.*

The view which offered itself to us from this favourite spot with the visiters to Scarborough, is, perhaps, the one best calculated to produce in the beholder that impression of amazement which I experienced on my first arrival. At our feet the wide strand encircled the margin of the ocean, the more distant expanse of which, lost to view on the left hand, seemed bounded on the right by a succession of beautiful bays and concave shores, which extend between Scarborough and Filey to the utmost verge of the horizon. Nearer to us the shore, bold in some parts, and almost *a-pic*, looked gracefully green, rounded, or tabular in proportion as it retreated from the water in a series of oolitic cliffs backed by Oliver Mount, loftiest of the range, and 490 feet high.

Between this spot, and another nearly equally high ground opposite, beyond which stand the two springs just alluded to, a chasm four hundred feet wide yawns with a depth of nearly eighty feet, which in former days must have rendered all communication between the town and the Spa difficult, and even painful to invalids. Across this chasm a bridge has been thrown, resting upon light iron arches, and supported by three square stone insulated piers seventy feet high, besides the two end piers or bridge walls that connect the structure

with the two opposite cliffs. The floor of the bridge, which is fourteen feet wide, is formed of transverse planks, and a lofty, open, iron railing serves as a protecting parapet along each of its sides.

A moderate toll of half-a-crown a month is charged for each person desirous of enjoying the convenience of this bridge. As I paced cautiously at first this airy structure, I could hardly look down to the far-removed strand below, through the slender plank pavement, perforated with apertures for the escape of rain water, without a recoil of the blood, a dizziness, and a feeling of horror. Yet a bold charioteer with four well-trained steeds in hand, undertook, at the opening of the bridge in July 1827, to drive a coach over it amidst the acclamations of the myriads who covered the adjoining buildings and surrounding hills, which, on that eventful day for Scarborough, were swarming with human faces, all eagerly intent on that single object.

The looking down upon the road below, which, descending rapidly in a slightly curved line from a neighbouring hill, sweeps between the two centre piers, and goes to join the strand, reminded me of a somewhat analogous position I had trod in some years before when crossing that magnificent and imposing structure the Menai Bridge. There, vessels in full sail glide under the suspended arches, and look like coasting boats on a deep blue lake. Here vehicles of all sorts, and animals, and people, rendered dwarfish by the depths at which they are seen, wind their way to and from the sea-shore.

On the broad sands of that very shore the Scarborough races are held, and what, at one hour, was the estuary of living waters, murmuring in successive bow-like waves towards the foot of the cliffs, becomes in the next hour, upon that occasion, the course-ground and the theatre of the equestrian as well as pedestrian display of man's skill and animal agility: thus reversing the destination of the Roman arena, which,

after the course of the quadrigæ and the fights of the gladiators, was presently inundated to afford scope for the representation of mimic naumachia or sea-fights.

The view of the horse-races from a place suspended almost in the air, at such an immense height over them as this, is enjoyed perhaps uniquely in this country, by the people of Scarborough and the visiters at the Spa, from the CLIFF BRIDGE,—which may indeed be said to be, on such an occasions, the grandest *stand* of any race-ground in the world.

Beyond the straight line of the bridge a wide path has been made along the brow of the cliff, leading now in a straight and now in a zig-zag direction to the building of the new Spa already mentioned, and which, at my visit, was just completed in every respect, except as to its interior decoration. The whole structure will cost from nine to ten thousand pounds; defrayed by subscription.

Mr. Leslie, the engineer, first raised a species of sea-wall, or break-water, at low-water mark, and built it up to above high-water mark, with baulder stones, in appearance strong and gigantic, and resembling a mighty bastion. How far such a defence will resist the repeated shocks of the thundering waves from the German Ocean, by which it is almost daily assailed, or the wearing action of high-tide, and the dilapidating effect of the south-eastern gales, which blow directly over the coast, it is not for me to decide: its stability is not doubted, else the great terrace spread on the top of it, on which is seated the whole range of the new Spa buildings, would not have been so placed.

At one end of that terrace the springs of mineral waters, two in number, are to be found, to which you descend by a few steps, much in the way that the visiters at Kissingen descend to drink the Ragozi. Adjoining is the saloon already alluded to, or promenade-room, suitable, from its length, for walking in rainy weather. It is lighted by

several windows facing the sea. From the small casements of the upper portion of the turrets, as well as from the flat roof of the building, the visiter has an opportunity of enjoying a variety of views of the sea and coast.

The style of architecture adopted in this edifice, as will be observed in the plate, is the Castellated Gothic, with embattled walls and towers, from one of which a smaller turret rises to bear the standard of Scarborough. The stone used in the building is of a brown, ochry colour.

Mr. Wyatt imagines that this is the only style of architecture suited to English scenery, and to the broken and wild slopes of the shore; although, by the by, the cliff which rises immediately behind and above the new Spa, to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, consists of alluvial rubble, loose, and without any compact adhesiveness,—and not of wild and broken features.

Originally that cliff was almost perpendicular, and upon the slightest interference with it, or after heavy rains, threw down destructive avalanches. It was consequently cut down, and made to decline with a gentle acclivity, from the terrace of the new Spa upwards. But this remedy has not yet been applied to all the parts of the cliff which overhang the new buildings of the Spa. Nor has the newly-created surface of the slopes been planted with shrubs, so as to give it a pleasing and soft aspect, instead of its present unsightly and rubbish-like appearance.

The gravel walks also are sloppy in wet weather, and too loose and unconnected on their surface in exceedingly dry weather. The fact is, that the new-made soil is not sufficiently compact and adhesive, and requires, as I ventured to suggest, the application of a thick layer of chalk under the gravel bed, to render the surface perfect. This is no trifling consideration for the visiters at Scarborough, who have to walk once if not twice a day in all weathers, to and from the new Spa, for the purpose of drinking the waters,

and who, even at other hours of the day, are disposed to make use of their privilege of meandering along the various paths on this cliff, which, when more thickly planted, will be a great resource to the invalids.

The author of that magnificent idea of an architectural embankment of the Thames,—which will always be considered as the origin of whatever improvement may hereafter take place on the banks of that filthiest of all the metropolitan rivers in Europe, whether it be after Rennie's, Martin's, or Walker's plan,—suggested and watched over (so I understand) most of these recent improvements at Scarborough; indeed the designs for the building of the New Spa were supplied by him. The gallant member for Scarborough, accustomed, from living in one of the prettiest places of his own in Ireland, to the contemplation and enjoyment of what is beautiful,—conversant, moreover, from travels, and the society of the skilled in fine arts, with whatever constitutes genuine taste,—was likely to suggest nothing which the most fastidious could not approve. We may conclude, therefore, that by adopting his ideas, and following the impetus he has given to those measures which are to resuscitate from its long lethargy one of the Spas best favoured by nature in England,—Scarborough will secure to itself a full share of popularity and success.

In a small, sunken court of the castellated building, paved with flagstones and surrounded by stone walls, are the lion-mouthed spouts, placed at some little distance from each other, from which the mineral water is continually pouring,—the excess passing away through a small stone basin, and by discharge-pipes, down to the strand below. From their respective positions these two springs have received the names of North and South Wells or Spas.

I tried the waters of both several times. That of the south well is colourless, and very limpid; two qualities which it shares in common with the north well. The former does not taste like a saline water, though it is

supposed to hold more ingredients of a purgative nature than the other, and has, in consequence, been called hitherto the saline or salt well, in contradistinction from the north spring, which has always been considered as a purely chalybeate water; yet the taste of iron is not much more marked in the one than in the other spring. In the south well that particular taste is not elicited until after drinking two or three glasses of the water. In the north well the same taste may be said to be more immediate, though it approaches more to what would be called *goût apre* than to the *goût* of rust of iron.

The flow of water is different in the two wells. That in the south spring is at the rate of half-a-pint in twenty seconds; whereas, in the north spring the same quantity of water is obtained in seven seconds. I repeated the experiments often with Mr. Dunn's assistance. The north well, therefore, supplies seven hundred and sixty-five gallons of water in twenty-four hours.

Most of my readers are probably aware that for a long succession of years, Scarborough mineral water enjoyed universal reputation in England. That reputation diminished in proportion as fashion brought other mineral springs into notice, and attracted the higher classes of visiters, who formerly used to flock to Scarborough. That the efficacy of its mineral waters depended on something substantial in them, and not on capricious imagination, no one can doubt who is at all conversant with the medical history of the place. But even the well-tested effect of such waters will not prove sufficient to fix permanently the opinion and favour of the public in their behalf, if medical men of influence and character, practising on the spot, publish, from time to time, an account or analysis of their component parts, each of which differs from that of its predecessor.

That such has been the case with regard to the very mineral waters we are now considering, I collect from a statement made by Mr. Dunn at a public meeting held last summer at

Scarborough, in which I find it laid down that of five successive analyses which had appeared in the course of perhaps two-thirds of a century, there was not one that did not differ from the rest in every essential particular. They all disagreed, for example, as to the total weight of saline matter in a given measure. They disagreed in the quantity of iron present, and still more so in that of carbonic acid gas. Some too admitted ingredients as present in the waters, which others had not even mentioned. Thus insensibly was the confidence of the public shaken in the real composition of the waters, and by a natural consequence, the confidence also in their medical virtues.

In this state I found the knowledge respecting the composition of the Scarborough water at my visit to that Spa, and the personal observations I had occasion to make at that time, though merely cursory, served only to add to my former state of doubt, as to the real chemical nature of the two springs. Accustomed as I have been for some years to examine mineral waters with a professional eye, I was not long in perceiving that in one or two points the analyses hitherto published could not be correct. I saw no trace of free carbonic acid; I could not distinguish any greater quantity of iron in the well emphatically called the Chalybeate, than in the one called the Salt, or Saline Well; and as regards the latter, the great difference stated to exist between its proportion of common salt, and that of the same salt in the chalybeate spring, I could hardly detect.

The probable origin, as well as composition, of the water of these two springs may be anticipated from a study of the nature of the geological formation of the cliffs from which they surge. According to J. Philipps, that formation exhibits calcareous, and iron stone* strata, with their long,

* Iron nodules and stone are to be seen even on the strand, and I understand are carried away in boats, and sold by the Corporation to people from Newcastle.

straight and intersecting fissures, often lined with double lamina of oxyde of iron, between which, sometimes, there occurs a white, compact, soft, smooth substance, said by the Rev. W. V. Vernon to be a compound of alumina, silica, and perhaps magnesia.

We should, therefore, expect to find in the Spa water—Carbonate and sulphate of lime, Alumina, Magnesia, Silica, Oxyde of iron; and, probably, the alkaline muriates.

But a fresh analysis of both waters ought to be made by a professed chemist, a man of undoubted eminence, whose name and well-known experience in the difficult art of properly analyzing mineral waters shall stamp ever after the analysis of the Scarborough wells, to be given to the world, with an authority and authenticity never to be questioned.

All this I took the liberty to represent to my intelligent cicerone, adding that, "Although I respected, and indeed applauded, every preceding effort made by the several individuals who had published an analysis of their own of these waters; yet the discrepances that existed among them called for a fresh investigation. Perhaps for medical purposes, the approximating analysis of the probable ingredients at present received may be deemed sufficient, especially when we add the taste, temperature, specific gravity, and physical impression made by the water on the organs of digestion. Still a precise knowledge of the real composition of the waters was in my opinion a desideratum, which it was unquestionably to the interest of the leading inhabitants of Scarborough to procure. I for one would not undertake to speak positively of the nature and efficacy of those waters without possessing such an analysis.

To the credit of all those concerned in the affair, it is gratifying to have to record that the suggestion was soon after my departure taken into consideration at a general meeting; when it was resolved to apply in turn to the several eminent chemists, whose names I had supplied, for

the purpose of securing the services of one of them on the occasion. The choice fell on professor Richard Phillips, who has produced, with his accustomed ability and philosophical precision, a report of his chemical inquiry into the composition of the Scarborough waters, which has stamped them at once with a sufficient degree of value to warrant my previous recommendation of them; a recommendation which, having been made publicly known soon after I left the place, occasioned in the course of that very season the demand for the water to be threefold what it had been.

Professor Phillips's report has very properly been printed, by order of the Cliff Bridge Company, and a copy of it sent to every subscriber. The analysis it contains of the north and south well I have, as usual, placed in my general tables. In this place it will be sufficient simply to mention, that the result of Mr. Phillips's analysis affords a practical verification of those chemical characters of the water which I had deduced from geological data, and upon the strength of which, as well as upon the effect of the waters upon myself and others, I ventured to speak in commendation of their use.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### SCARBOROUGH CONTINUED.

MEDICINAL Virtues of the Scarborough Springs—Quick Remedy for Heartburn—How to cure a Fermenting Digestion—SCARBOROUGH after Harrogate—Principal Complaints cured by the Mineral Waters of the Former—Effect of the work, "The Spas of Germany," on English Practice—SCEPTICISM quickly changed into Faith—Self-interest works Miracles on Doctors—Indiscriminate and injurious recommendation of Foreign Baths—THE RESULT—Lamentable Cases—Author's Practice and Method—Opinion of able Medical Men respecting it—A Dishonest Reviewer—A VIEW of Scarborough.

THE mere consideration of the ingredients now distinctly ascertained to enter into the composition of the two mineral springs at Scarborough, suffices to explain, and accounts for the several cures said to have been effected by them during many years past, and points out at the same time to the experienced physician the particular complaints in which the waters in question may be successfully employed.

Supposing a visiter to be directed to drink a half-pint tumbler of the water of the South well, he will then take into the system about half a drachm of soluble salts, principally of the alterative and laxative kind, which is a very agreeable and fit dose for daily use. Combined with this he takes also a little more than the tenth part of a grain of a preparation of iron, different from those we are in the habit of prescribing, namely, iron in the first degree of

oxydation, combined with double the usual quantity of carbonic acid found in the ordinary medicinal preparations of that metal.

The latter circumstance is of immense importance, as it renders steel admissible in many complaints of the stomach, even when accompanied by morbid irritability, in which the more usual preparations of steel—such, for example, as those generally prescribed by a very popular physician at another of the English Spas—would prove injurious.

Of this fact, which I originally assumed from mere inference when I tasted the water at the spring, long before Phillips's analysis had been instituted, I felt convinced on personal experience. Being, at the time of my visit to Scarborough, subject to severe attacks of acidity and pain at the pit of the stomach soon after every repast, no matter how light in kind and quantity (an inconvenience which I attributed, first to the state of morbid irritability produced in my stomach by the repeated trials I had made of the strong sulphurous waters at Harrogate; and secondly, to the frequent change in my food, arising out of my then erratic life from place to place)—it struck me that a small tumbler of the South well water, taken soon after meals, would prevent the unpleasant effect before alluded to. In this I was not disappointed. Further experience taught me also, that if I drank the same quantity of that water, while actually smarting under that most disagreeable sensation, to which the name of *heartburn* has been given, in less than half-an-hour after, the symptom would disappear.

It is pleasant at all times to drink, while suffering from the effects of dyspepsia or laborious digestion, a small quantity of cold limpid mineral water taken at the very source; but I can hardly express the luxurious feeling with which I used to quaff two or three moderately-sized tumblers of the South spring at Scarborough, after a substantial dinner of mine honest host Webb, of the Bell, which had set the biting vipers at

work within the recipient of all his good things. In a few minutes after the ingestion of the water, the disturbance in the last-named receptacle was effectually quelled.

And here I must, before I proceed farther with the consideration of the virtues of the Scarborough waters, express my great approbation of the arrangement made in the new building, for retaining the old mode of procuring the water from the spring, by means of a simple spout through which the water is seen constantly flowing, instead of introducing the very objectionable, unscientific, and often nasty process of pumping for the water when required. There is a freshness in the very look of the old mode, which is not a little influential in favouring the effect of the water.

Even from the little I have said, an inference may be drawn, that after a course of the Harrogate waters, the daily use of the south spring water of Scarborough would form the most appropriate and beneficial appendix to the treatment of a vast number of disorders, for the cure of which the powerful and exciting effect of the sulphuretted waters had been deemed necessary; as that remedy may have set up a morbid sensibility of the nerves of the stomach, and an irritability of its lining membrane, which a feeble solution of bi-carbonate of the protoxyde of iron, combined with half a drachm or a drachm of Epsom salts, would be calculated entirely to remove. I must, therefore, invite the attention of medical men who may have to send invalids to Harrogate, and that of invalids themselves who may happen to go to Harrogate without advice, and feel grieved, after a course of the waters, to find that their stomach is in an irritable condition,—to the fact that by going afterwards to Scarborough they will find means to counteract that unpleasant result.

In the same manner, with reference to some of the Spas in Germany, we find it necessary, after exciting the system by the Carlsbad waters, to send the invalids to be cooled and

tranquillized by the Kreutzbrunnen, or Ferdinandbrunnen at Marienbad.

But in the case of Scarborough, that place offers two other important reasons for recommending to the Harrogate invalids a conclusion of their course of treatment with a sojourn at the former place. The one is that the air at Scarborough in the months following the termination of the Harrogate season, is more genial and elastic, and purer than that of the moors, which are then charged with moisture. And the second is, that an opportunity there offers for sea-bathing of the very first description.

On the subject of the medicinal virtues of the Scarborough waters, referring principally to that of the south spring, I held a long converse with Mr. Dunn, who had seen me take on the spot two or three doses of the water, followed by the good effect I have already described.

"We find," observed my interlocutor, "that this water exerts considerable action on the kidneys, and will prove likewise sufficiently aperient if the invalid, before he begins the use of it, takes care to prepare the way by one or two brisk purgatives, and afterwards drinks daily and regularly in divided doses from a pint and a half to two pints of the water. In this manner I have known even chronic cases of constipation, to be effectually and permanently cured."

"I have noticed in some of the works written on the Scarborough Waters," I then said to Mr. Dunn, "that they have been found serviceable in cases of debility, relaxation of the coat of the stomach, and sickness; also in pains of the loins attendant on gravel, and in some distempers of the skin. The water from the north well in particular, which, from containing a smaller proportion of the aperient salts, tastes more inky, and is more heating, has been recommended to those of the fair sex who are very delicate or relaxed: as it has been found to brace them up, and add

strength to their limbs as well as colour to their blanched cheeks."

"Just so," was the reply; "we have had, every season, instances of the most satisfactory kind, to prove the correctness of those assertions. They were made by their authors upon grounds of positive experience, and our own subsequent observations have tended to confirm those of our predecessors. This remark will not surprise one who has, like yourself, studied so extensively the effect of mineral waters on the human system; and has, by his work on the Spas of Germany, effected a revolution in the system of scepticism prevailing among us English practitioners. We look to you, therefore, for carrying out this fortunate change to its utmost extent; and gladly do we see you engaged in studying the mineral waters of this country, which you will, no doubt, make known to the world with the same success you did those of the continent."

"A period of three years," said I, "since the publication of the book you have alluded to, has worked marvellous changes in the mind of my professional brethren in London. From being sceptical, they have now become universal admirers of mineral water treatment abroad; so much so that as the proper season comes round for proceeding to the foreign Spas, the London physicians are now for sending thither all their patients;—with what discrimination as to places—with what positive acquaintance with the peculiarities of the spring and localities they select—with what personal experience with regard to the effects of the water they recommend—I must leave you to guess, who have read my exposition of the state of knowledge of foreign mineral waters existing in this country, when "the Spas of Germany" first made their appearance in 1837.

These indiscriminate recommendations, as I must in consequence call them, have led to disastrous as well as ridiculous mistakes, many of which have fallen under my notice, and I have had to rectify them. Patients have

returned to England made considerably worse by being sent to a distant Spa, upon no other apparent ground than because it bore a popular name, or had been very flatteringly described in the work you have mentioned. Of this a most lamentable instance has occurred this very summer, in the case of an amiable and most interesting noble lady whose end was manifestly hastened by, to say the least, a useless journey to one of the Bohemian Spas. In one or two instances patients have come to me, on their return from abroad, complaining that they had not derived the peculiarly soothing and delightful effects I had promised them in my book, under the head of Wildbad, whither they asserted they had proceeded at the recommendation of their own medical man. But upon inquiring further into the matter it turned out that 'their own medical man,' who probably had never condescended to peruse the "Spas of Germany," in which the peculiar baths of Wildbad were first made known in England, had sent the patient to *Wisbaden*, a name more familiar to their ears, and which they considered to be probably one and the same Spa with Wildbad. In fact, there is no end to the mistakes that have occurred; and many of them have been serious."

"It passes my comprehension; it certainly does not agree with the principles of common honesty towards their patients," observed Mr. Dunn, "that medical men should undertake to recommend any particular bath, being themselves unacquainted with its real nature, rather than direct the patients at once for advice to the individual who has given public proofs of having studied the subject of mineral waters most maturely."

"I have kept," so ran our dialogue, "a digested register of those patients who have consulted me on the propriety of using the German waters, either abroad or at that useful establishment at Brighton, ever since the publication of my work. They amount to upwards of seven hundred regularly indexed—

exhibiting many very extraordinary cases of disease wholly eradicated by mineral waters; and others materially benefited by them although of many years standing. I have not got the return of all the registered cases, so as to be able to speak confidently of the success in all; for some of the patients do not think it worth their while to report the result of their case after coming back from Germany. But I have every reason to be satisfied with the total result of all the cases that have come to my knowledge; nor have I had a single instance in which either the patient or myself had to regret the choice I had made of the particular Spa for their recovery. Methinks that a similar precision, and with it a similar success, may be ensured in the case of the English mineral waters, to the study of which, as means to cure disease, I am now applying myself in the same manner that I did in Germany. My unbounded confidence in the efficacy of mineral waters as agents calculated to combat disease with immense effect is such, that I have extended and introduced their use in the treatment of ordinary complaints, even such as occur every day—namely, acute diseases and fevers. In the two latter classes, instead of draughts, and mixtures, and powders, and pills, without end, intended to produce but two effects—namely, purging and perspiration—I administer an appropriate mineral water, in divided doses, diluted with warm water, which accomplishes all the indications of the case in the most satisfactory manner, and certainly with less disgust and worry to the patient."

"I thank you for the hint," rejoined my scientific guide. "I am already indebted to you for a valuable mode of expediting the cure of certain diseases requiring counter-irritation, and I shall be too happy to add this other mode of treating general disorders by the employment of such admirable compounds of nature—instead of the many more complicated drugs we generally employ. It is but due to you, and a mere act of justice on my part, to state that the counter-irritating

lotion you first recommended in your work upon the means of expeditiously curing disease by external application, has, in my hands and those of my respected and experienced partner, produced all the effects you predicted, and that neither of us ever go out now without being provided with that powerful and most valuable agent. The day will yet come when the profession will render justice to the inventor of a preparation the effects of which are as certain as they are immediate; and the rationale of which is based on the soundest principles of physiology."

I purposely report, even at the risk of being taxed with vanity, the preceding honest and candid opinion on this all-important subject, (spontaneously given) of a fellow member of the profession, who enjoys the largest share of practice in a populous place, and who spoke from his own knowledge and experience. A similar opinion had been expressed before by the able physicians whom I named when describing my visit to the city of York; and analogous sentiments have been conveyed to me by others whom I shall have occasion to allude to in the sequel of the present work, as well as by letters from total strangers in various parts of England and the continent.*

Our conversation ended, we slowly retraced our steps, taking the direction towards the Cliff Bridge, on the thresh-

* Such disinterested testimonials, founded on a real knowledge of facts, from so many able individuals in the same profession,—together with the singular unanimity of commendation from more than twenty reviewers, regarding one of my recent medical publications † referred to by Mr. Dunn,—may well be considered as more than sufficient to neutralize that single example of nefarious condemnation of the same work, which appeared, without one word said of the contents of the book, not in one but in *two* successive numbers of a quarterly medical publication, conducted by Dr. Forbes, of Colchester, who is hired to "do" that journal by a medical bookseller in London.

In this new capacity, the disappointed physician and unsuccessful

† *Counter-irritation, its Principles and Practice; with one hundred cases, &c. &c.*—1 *vol.* 8*vo*, 1838.

hold of which a very striking panoramic view of Scarborough presented itself, inferior only to the one represented in the engraving, taken from a boat at a small distance from the harbour, and given in the title-page of the present volume.

The back being turned to the sea and its sweeping bays,—the two straight and prolonged lines of the lofty iron-rail parapet serve to direct the eye to a converging point, where the toll-gate stands, at the furthest extremity of the bridge. Here the circular platform of "the Cliff" expands, backed by its oblong square, formed of neat dwelling-houses, which are generally well filled during the season, as they enjoy an open prospect of the bay.

On the left, the long side and square tower of Christ-church, a modern sacred edifice, raised by a subscription of three thousand pounds among the inhabitants, arrests our attention.

Following the direction of that object still further to the left, Beavor-terrace appears; so named in honour of the Duke of Rutland, who, although he has ceased to be the absolute patron of the borough, is still as much revered as ever by its inhabitants.

translator, delights to vent his impotent spleen against every thing that is either beneficial to the world, or above his feeble comprehension.

My recent extended tour through the country has proved to me the sort of estimation in which such a journalist is held by the profession: inasmuch as, in a great many instances, I found that, disgusted with the uncouth and unlettered style and general bearing, as well as with the frequent and gross inaccuracies of the British and Foreign Medical Quarterly performance, medical men had discarded it for another which possesses far greater and prior claims to their support, as being infinitely superior to its rival in information; and for honesty, without a competitor.

Such a performance is not likely ever to fall into the hands of any of my readers; but should it by chance meet their eye, I caution them against supposing that it contains even the semblance of truth respecting the works of many of his superiors, which the editor incapable of understanding or appreciating them, slashes in the most scurrilous jargon, under pretence of reviewing them.

Separated from this terrace by a wide opening intended to be the site of a new street, the beginning of a projected grand crescent is seen, half-a-dozen of the houses of which are already finished. These houses are much in the same style of architecture as those commonly seen at most of the fashionable watering-places, St. Leonard's especially. One or two among them are distinguished by size and greater pretensions, and are the residence of the Woodwards, a family of great consequence, and much respected among the permanent inhabitants of Scarborough.

There are but two or three of these superior dwellings (by far the best in the place for situation and comfort) which are let as lodgings.* When this crescent shall have reached the farthest end of its projected line, it will mask an unsightly range of stables erected on the same ridge, which, at present, obtrude, and offend the eyes.

Descending towards the sloping ravine at the bottom of which runs the road that passes under the bridge, to reach the Strand,—the ridge in question terminates in a green knoll, on whose summit stands an insulated and smart house (the best situated in this locality) the residence of G. Knowles, Esq., who laid out the various paths and walks on the hill above and beyond the new Spa.

Of the semicircular line of land-views just described on our left, the centre point (about midway on the lofty embankment) is occupied by the Scarborough Museum—a rotunda of Roman-Doric structure, thirty-seven feet and a half in its external diameter, and fifty feet in elevation.

If the eye now returns to the centre of the Cliff Bridge, and tracks the outline of the landscape to the right or north side, far different objects present themselves. A bold line of cliffs, the summit of which is variously shaped and figured

* An excellent opportunity offers here to a spirited speculator in houses; as land for building contiguous to Beavor-terrace, is to be purchased for five shillings per square yard.

by natural accidents, as well as by many buildings placed thereon, is seen to emerge from within the opening of Scarborough harbour, and to project into the sea. It rises higher the farther it stands out, until upon its loftiest point, which measures more than three hundred feet above the highest tide, it exhibits the once famed but now ruinous castle, within the surrounding walls of which lie concealed nineteen acres of smiling green land. The ancient and conventual-looking church of St. Mary,* with its square tower, seems placed on purpose in this direction, though farther inland, to add to the effect of this picture by its contrast with the remains of the embattled walls of the castle; beyond which, the outline, gradually descending to the horizon, terminates at some distance with the piers of Scarborough harbour.

Here the small craft form picturesque groups; while the many and heavy clusters of red brick dwellings of the humbler classes, which are thickly huddled together right and left of the opening of the harbour, spread some way inland, and form the primitive or old town of Scarborough, canopied over by hovering clouds of blue smoke which rise in light and curling columns.

* This is the parish church of which the Rev. Michael H. Miller is vicar, and in which public worship is performed five times a week. I have already alluded to the exemplary character of this most worthy churchman.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### SCARBOROUGH CONCLUDED.

Improvements in Scarborough—The New Museum—The Celebrated Collection—Skilful Arrangement—The late Dr. Smith, Father of English Geology—An Ancient Briton and his Coffin—Mr. Williamson the Curator—The Promenade—Company—The Sands—Sea-bathing, and Bathing-machines—Both in Perfection at Scarborough—Ill-luck of the Germans—Public Baths—Living at Scarborough—Waters—Lodgings—Hotels—Scarburghers neither Dancers nor Playgoers—The Black-eyed Widow, and the empty Benches—Gazette of Fashion and Amusement—Church-room for the Poor—The Vicar—Bean's Museum—Jet Manufactory—Climate—Winds—Temperature—Rain—Longevity of the Inhabitants—Farewell to Scarborough.

Such is the sea view of the new, as well as of the old town of Scarborough—the fashionable and the unfashionable end of this celebrated watering-place. A scène cannot be imagined of greater contrast in its two composing elements, or of greater interest in its *ensemble*. Whatever progress modern structure may be destined to make southward, whether inland, or upon the various points of the great amphitheatre which faces the ocean, it is heartily to be wished that the sacrilegious hand of improvement may never dare to touch a single vestige of the primeval huts and cottages of the fisherman and the mariner. The picture is now complete. The like is not often beheld in other parts of this island; and its existence is, to my mind, one of the many merits peculiar to Scarborough, as a temporary residence for invalid strangers.

That improvements will take place, and building be carried on to some extent, no one can doubt who is aware, as I am, of what Scarborough is still susceptible. Every facility in the mean while is afforded for such an enterprise. Land for building, contiguous to Beavor-terrace, is to be purchased (as I have said) for five shillings per square yard; and the Kelloway Rock, a ferruginous sandstone with fossil shells, abounds on this part of the coast, particularly under the Castle hill, where it is seen above the pier. The new Museum, to the architecture of which I have already alluded, is constructed of this stone (the gift of Sir J. V. B. Johnstone, Bart.), which is alone worked for building purposes at Hackness, and hence often called *Hackness Stone*. It is a beautiful building-stone, as well as a valuable one. While in the quarry it is very soft, easily chiseled, and readily fashioned into architectural decoration; but it soon becomes hard on exposure to the air, and then possesses much durability.

Having reached the threshold of the scientific temple just named, belonging to the Scarborough Philosophical Society, it was not likely that my kind cicerone, one of its most indefatigable officers, should suffer me to pass by without entering its precincts. And well does the establishment deserve a visit from every stranger who may chance to be at Scarborough. To those who make that place their residence for a month or two, such a museum must prove a most delightful source of amusement and intellectual gratification. Every temptation, even upon the score of economy, has been offered to the scientifically inclined, or even to the merely curious, to visit frequently that institution, for the admission to which only two-and-sixpence is charged for a month to a single individual, or five shillings for the same length of time to a whole family, no matter how numerous.

Considering the extent of its collection—its methodical and novel arrangement, due to the late Dr. Smith, the geologist (who suggested also the circular form of the

building for the display of British geological specimens), and the short period that has elapsed since Scarborough was without this additional and attractive feature,—the Museum offers a remarkable instance of what may be effected for science, by perseverance, great activity, and an earnest desire to support it. In 1828 no vestige of a scientific collection was in existence at Scarborough, yet its Philosophical Society was formed. At one of its meetings a desire was expressed that a Museum to contain the many rich specimens found on the adjoining coast, and other objects of natural history, should be constructed. Instantly a liberal-minded and wealthy Baronet who presided over the Society, takes up the subject, subscribes liberally himself towards its attainment, and gets others to do the same. Having procured from that able architect, Mr. R. H. Sharp, of York, the design of a chaste and classical edifice, the worthy president presents all the necessary building-stone from his estate at Hackness, and with an energy and promptitude seldom equalled, seconded by the unremitting co-operation of Mr. Dunn, then Secretary to the Society, succeeds in adding to Scarborough, in less than two years, one of its present most prominent and attractive features, at an expense of 1893*l.* for the building, fitting up, and decoration altogether.

On entering the principal room, which is thirty-five feet high, and lighted from an aperture in the dome, around me I beheld arranged on sloping shelves, and in the order of their strata, very numerous fossils, showing at one view the whole series of this kingdom. Among these specimens, which are, perhaps, some of the most perfect in England, one cannot overlook two admirable collections of fossil corals—the one purchased of Mr. Williamson, the Curator—the other presented to the Society by Mr. Duesbery, being the valuable collection of the late Mr. Hindewell, the historiographer of Scarborough.

Below these sloping shelves an horizontal one is placed,

sustaining the general arrangement of fossil, and recent shells; while the birds and animals are placed above the geological arrangement; so that every part of the Museum can be seen at once.

Among so many objects deserving admiration, it is not easy to specify those that attracted most my attention; yet it is impossible not to single out the magnificent saurians of the Scarborough collection, the fragment of one of which, alone, is nine feet long, and that only half the length of the animal. Neither is it likely that, on quitting the Museum, the visiter should fail to notice the skeleton of an ancient Briton and his oak-tree coffin, placed just outside of the building, recently brought to light, and supposed to be 2000 years old. The teeth are all perfect, and the skeleton would appear to have been preserved by the tannin found dissolved in the water, which had penetrated into the coffin.

All these various objects are ably explained to the visiters by the keeper, Mr. Williamson, who is himself no inconsiderable object of attraction. Originally a working gardener, and fellow-labourer with another equally-distinguished naturalist of Scarborough, whom I shall presently introduce to my readers, Mr. Williamson has by his own industry educated himself to be an excellent naturalist, has made nearly the whole of the collection of pebbles and fossil remains in this museum, and is bringing up to the medical profession a son who bids fair to prove a worthy scion of of his sire.

The sight that presented itself below us as we emerged from this repository of science was of the most cheerful description. The sun, long past its meridian hour, was lighting up the magnificent scenery around, and inviting people abroad. Long lines of pedestrians were approaching from the cliff to the bridge, and passing through the toll-bar, deployed themselves over the whole length of that stupendous structure, making it their afternoon promenade.

Many groups and parties extended as far as the tortuous paths on the opposite hills. Amongst them, I recognised many and was accosted by some whom I had the honour of being known to professionally, and all of whom spoke in praise of the place.

The bearing of many of these visiters bespoke the rank in life to which they appertained. Lady R——, the relict of the opulent Yorkshire baronet, near Ferrybridge, whose great wealth has descended to a minor grandson; Colonel M——, and his lovely family, nearly allied in blood to a recently deceased earl; Sir L. O—; the Rev. Dr. F——, a distinguished divine and dignitary of the church; the Honourable Lady and Miss W——; the Ladies H——; the Earl of T—— and his Countess; were a few of the *distingués* I could discern in the moving crowd. Others my kind guide named to me, and the presence of all showed that, with a very large number of the superior classes, Scarborough retains still its natural attraction. And well will it be for them and all of the kindred class, if, while debating whither to go during the summer and autumn in search of health, and the enjoyment of nature's beauties, they do not forget that Scarborough offers both gifts, to an extent not easily equalled on other parts of the British coast.

I mixed not in the gay scene, but parting with my friend, whose professional avocations called him away, I threaded a tortuous and descending path down the side of the hill on which stands the Museum, and then reached the broad strand, from which the waves had but lately retired. To my right the soft yet firm and level sands extended as far as the distant sea-wall of the new Spa, which is accessible at low water from the strand, by means of steps practised in the great sub-basement of the Spa-terrace. On my left an equally level and wide zone of the purest sands I had ever beheld, stretched as far as the piers of the little harbour, skirting the foot of the Castle-hills.

Straggling groups of people are seen basking in the sun, or leisurely pacing the strand in this part, at the earliest hour of day. Early equestrians too I have beheld taking possession of the level expanse, and pirouetting their chargers on the soft sands—the best riding-ground in the world; while led horses go through their morning exercise, sniffing the gentle sea-breeze that has just set in.

Fronting the sea here, some neat houses appear, which are let as lodgings, and are called the marine houses. They have a small adjoining building for cold and warm baths,—the sea, at spring tides reaching nearly to the threshold of its garden front. A lofty and sloping bank; from a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high, thickly covered with shrubs and trees, rises from hence, and in a southern direction, like a species of crescent bower, goes to join the cliff bridge. On the brow of this green embankment, at various elevations, between one hundred and one hundred and forty feet, stand many of the best houses, with a south or south-eastern aspect. On the sands below, a file of thirty or forty bathing-machines is ranged on their broad wheels, ready for use. Those belonging to Chapman, twenty in number, appeared to me to be the largest and the best.

The arrangements for bathing in the open sea by means of these machines are of the most satisfactory kind, particularly for ladies. The almost insensible descent into deeper water, with the softest bed imaginable for the feet to tread upon when immersed in the water, and the peculiar transparency and purity of the returning tide upon these open bays, render the operation of sea-bathing in this place not only perfectly safe, but one accompanied with almost luxurious feelings. If sea-bathing is to impart vigour to an infirm constitution, or restore a morbid frame, surely the having it in great perfection must be one of the first and most desirable of its recommendations.

Sea-bathing, judiciously prescribed, and properly em-

ployed, I hold to be, next to the use of mineral waters, one of the most powerful means a medical man can wield for the restoration of his patients. Even where the complaint requires to be treated with mineral waters, I have known a great many cases which could not be completely and permanently restored without sea-bathing, as a concluding measure. In this respect, Scarborough offers, for those who judiciously use Harrogate, or Cross, or Dinsdale, or Shotley Bridge water for their ailments, not only the advantage of great proximity as a sea-bathing place, but also that of being one of the very best places of that description.

I hold it to be an unfortunate circumstance for the Germans, that their country affords them not the means of having recourse to sea-bathing, after having been at their own delightful and very efficient Spas. Those among them who can afford time and money to procure the luxury of sea-bathing, have but one place to fly to, and that is in consequence much frequented by them: I mean Scheveningen, near the Hague —a spot perfectly desolate and insulated, below a range of sand-hills, and affording only the accommodation of a single large building perched upon those hills. Here, in 1836, I beheld invalids who had come from distant parts of Germany for the benefit of sea-water, and who were dying of *ennui*. Had they stretched across the German ocean and landed at Scarborough, how different their situation and the ultimate result would have been!

Of the advantages of sea-bathing in a professional point of view I have spoken in another part of the present volumes, and I have only to add in this place, that in addition to the great sea-water bath afforded by the incomparable sands at Scarborough, that place offers the convenience and accommodation of some of the neatest and most elegant baths, within special buildings placed on different parts of the cliffs, that I have seen any where. Travis's baths are on the "cliff." They are of marble, and fitted up with much taste

and every convenience, and supplied, as I ascertained by inspection, with the purest sea-water. Every form of baths, whether warm or cold, is administered when required, including shower, pumping, drenching, and vapour baths.

The above are, I believe, the oldest baths in the place. But the very *ne plus ultra* of a coquettish bathing-establishment is attained in the comparatively modern baths of Dr. Harland, and those of Champney. The former are placed in a neat modern building very favourably situated not far from Beavor-terrace. The reader can hardly form an idea of the boudoir-like and costly manner in which these baths and their dressing-rooms are fitted up. The expense for a single bath at all these establishments is moderate—being half-a-crown, with a trifle to the attendant.

By this time my readers will readily believe that I must have been weary with my researches and peregrinations. I returned to my hotel to arrange and collect my flying notes taken on the spot, and found a merry party assembled at dinner; at which some of the finest fish was served up. Scarborough is noted for that delicate article of the table; and it is to be procured at very reasonable prices. The fine turbot laid on our board had cost only five shillings; and for sixpence one can get three large haddocks.

Living on the whole is somewhat cheaper at Scarborough than in London, and certainly not so extravagant as at Harrogate. From inquiry of an excellent manager, the mother of a large family, I learned that the prime pieces of meat, with all bones removed, cost but eightpence* per pound; that poultry, eggs, and butter, are one-fourth cheaper than in London; and that a fair-sized codfish may be had for one shilling, or a pair of the largest soles for that sum. Bread and milk are tolerable, and water is excellent—rather hard but well-flavoured and limpid.*

* This, which is called the Falsgrave water, is obtained from land-springs and collected into reservoirs where it deposits its mud. The cistern is

Water and bread! These are no trifling comforts at a Spa—and though they may appear trite in their nature to some people, yet the enumeration of them will have its value with a large majority of my readers.

House-room, whether in the form of lodgings or of separate houses, is not to be procured good at a very cheap rate. The average rent for the latter is ten guineas a week. A large house near the cliff bridge lets for thirteen guineas during the season, which is reckoned to begin on the 1st of July, and to terminate on the 12th of October. After the latter date, house-rent falls to one-half its former amount. Lodging and boarding-houses are of three classes, and at all of them four meals are allowed. The respective prices are 4*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.* 6*d.*, and 6*s.* 6*d.* per day, including a bedroom.

I have already mentioned the charges made at the Bell. I occupied in it a bedroom facing the south side of the castle, and under it the two piers of Scarborough harbour were visible. Below I looked upon the clustered streets of the marine portion of the town, and on turning my head to the right, I beheld the beautiful bays down to Filey point. The house stands on a shelf of "Bland's Cliff," and the view from its apartments is not interfered with by any of the rows of neat lodging-houses which are arranged in front of it, for they are below its level.

covered, and thence the water takes its course through iron pipes to four conduits, where women fetch it and carry it to private houses at a penny a pail. One of the reservoirs is a natural one, connected with which there is a curious anecdote of old Smith, the father of English geology, who by giving the name of *Corn-brash* to one of the rocks of the series on this coast, identified himself with the geology of most parts of the country. Scarcity of potable water during one summer, induced many persons to consult Smith, who having found a natural fissure from which the scanty supply of water was obtained, desired them to bore in that place, when the water surged with a profusion that both pleased and alarmed the people. Old father Smith upon this uttered an exclamation of joy at the result of his own sagacity, and declared that the water was what had been pent up since the deluge!

A visit I paid to Captain S—— (a former acquaintance), at Reed's Hotel, enabled me to examine with attention that crack establishment of the place. For situation, interior arrangement, and fitting up, it appeared to me to be the best of its class. The charge is 6*s.* 6*d.* per diem, and half-a-guinea a week for the bedroom. The *sommités* who visit this Spa generally alight at this well-conducted establishment. Among other conveniences Reed's Hotel boasts of a spacious ball-room.

But, alas! of what use to the place is such an accommodation, except for some mediocre concern now and then? Of all the auxiliaries so much required at, and generally forming the boast of, other Spas, Scarborough repudiates the two principal and most cheering ones—dancing and sociability. The Scarborough visiters have hitherto been the greatest separatists in England, and would as soon think of returning a bow to some "small unknown" to whom they had never been regularly introduced, as they would to dance with any one not belonging to their own set. This should be reformed, and the sooner the better.

Nor is the theatre better supported during the season. It made one's heart ache, almost, to see the bewitching widow of a late gallant life-guard officer, whose histrionic efforts, aided by a very handsome person, and eyes that are

> Stars, stars, and all eyes else dead coals,

London audiences know so well how to appreciate, struggle to perform with spirit and frolicsome gaiety the task she had undertaken for her own benefit, before nineteen spectators!

No—excursions inland, or a walk to the summit of Mount Oliver, where, upon a terrace six hundred feet above the ocean a most superb panorama of land and water is enjoyed; and parties on the water, especially for the purpose of exploring the interesting coast right and left of the town, which offers a

very museum of geology,—these seem to be the principal amusements peculiar to Scarborough.

Numerous boats are always in readiness to take parties out to sea at the moderate charge of one shilling per hour; while from thirty to forty horses, and donkey-carts and other carriages, may be seen at the end of the road under the Cliff Bridge, at one shilling and sixpence per hour the single, and three shillings the double harnessed vehicles.

To those who are fond of angling I would recommend a walk to the banks of a noted trout-stream in the Forge Valley, not far from Scarborough, where visiters have hitherto been permitted to fish. But a club is about to be formed for the preservation of the fish, which is, however, intended to be on very liberal terms.

Scarborough has its Gazette of fashion and arrivals during the season, in which the aristocracy of the farmers from the East and West Ridings figure away in long lists at the hotels and boarding-houses. As the season advances, and the two days of the races, held on the sands, in August, pass away, the great mass of visiters of ignoble birth gradually retire and make way for those of a superior class. The number of visiters of every description who have of late years frequented this watering-place during the season has amounted to about two thousand. It ought to increase to four times that number.

Their presence, in one respect, has been so far beneficial to Scarborough that it will have occasioned the erection of two additional churches. Hitherto, hardly any provision existed in the place for affording to the poorer people, especially sailors and fishermen, an opportunity of attending divine worship. St. Mary's, besides being too far removed from the shore, was found insufficient, and the want of room in that parish church probably gave rise to the many meeting-houses for dissenters which are to be seen about the town. A new church (the *Christ-church* before mentioned) was con-

sequently erected a few years back, to the south of the Castle Cliff, not far from the principal street; and a certain number of free seats were reserved in it for the sole use of those classes of people whom it was desirable to induce to attend the national form of worship.

But here again the number of strangers, who from the different hotels flocked to the new church, took possession of the free seats, and the more humble worshippers saw themselves deprived of every accommodation in the house of God, unless they submitted to the inconvenience of attending church at a much earlier hour than the usual time for divine service.

This was greatly felt by the excellent vicar, whom I have already introduced to my readers. In his heart was he sorely grieved to find, on the one hand, that the class of persons who stood most in need of true religious instruction were without the means of obtaining it; and on the other hand, that the absence of such means was the main cause of the daily advances made among the population, by the spirit of separatism from the church of England.

The consideration of these two important facts induced the worthy pastor to solicit contributions from the faithful towards erecting a new and modest temple to God, down upon the Strand, and he has every reason to rejoice at the prospect that his most anxious wishes on this point will be fully realized at no distant period. To this end he has strained every nerve, and exerted himself zealously for a long time past; making frequent appeals to that effect from the pulpit of the parish church. Within that church I once attended divine service, when I was much edified by his discourse and mode of delivery, which are such as to have given him a great hold on the esteem and veneration of his flock, among whom he enjoys the well-merited reputation of being an excellent preacher.

The few hours I spent in the society of this gentleman at

his house in the evening tended to confirm the favourable impression I had received in the morning, of the conscientious manner in which, even at the expense of his private fortune, this worthy minister discharges his duty.

In point of intellectual amusement Scarborough offers many more resources than are to be found at other Spas. Besides the Museum and the Library of the Philosophical Society, there are the Agricultural Library, and Mrs. Theakstone's News-room and Circulating Library.

But one of the most intellectual treats besides, is a visit to Mr. Bean's unparalleled collection of shells, both recent and fossil, including complete series of corallines and British shells, decidedly superior to any other in the country. The latter are scientifically arranged according to the most approved modern authorities, in two large cabinets, containing from sixty to seventy thousand specimens, among which Mr. Bean showed me almost every recorded variety in this useful and most delightful branch of science.

I noticed among them three recent specimens of a shell (*Panopœa Glycymeris*) which, until Mr. Bean had discovered these specimens, was considered to be an extinct animal, every naturalist having the fossil specimen, but not any of them a recent one. On the other hand, Mr. Bean has a fossil *Pholas*, which is a recent species supposed never to have been found in a fossilized state. Professor Grant saw it. Lyall and Sowerby were expected to visit it.

A great number of Mr. Bean's corallines have lately been figured in "Johnstone's British Zoophytes;" yet many new and rare species remain undescribed in his cabinets.

As for the geological specimens from the Yorkshire coast in this collection, they are on a par with the rest of this superb museum, being as perfect and complete as human research has yet been able to make them. In the *Cornbrash* limestone alone Mr. Bean has found one hundred and fifty species of fossil remains, most of which he has described in the

Magazine of Natural History.* His fossil plants vie with those of the Scarborough Museum; many of them are as yet undescribed, and deserve the close inspection of the fossil botanist.

It is impossible, in the present work, to speak otherwise than generally of this scientific and matchless collection, or rather I should say, this series of collections, which Mr. Bean began and completed in the course of twenty years, during which period he discovered and named many new species and varieties. He at first began to look for fossils, but finding he did not know how to class them without being previously acquainted with the recent shells, he set about forming the present collection of them, by walking twenty miles for five or six hours every day backwards and forwards; and unquestionably he appears to have made the most splendid collection of British shells in the country. The genus *Helix* (snail), in particular, presents a most splendid arrangement.

But it would much exceed my limits to attempt any thing like a specific enumeration of such treasures. Those who visit Scarborough and can have access to the museum of Mr. Bean, whose urbanity and communicativeness are the theme of praise, will find it an honour to the place, and a lasting monument of the genius and skill of its possessor.

The produce of geological research in the vicinity of Scarborough is not altogether applied to scientific purposes; some of it has a more pleasing destination—that of forming ornaments for the fair sex. I would single out in particular the beautiful manufactory of jet—for which both Scarborough and Whitby are celebrated. At the latter place jet is found in large blocks, which are cut afterwards, at Scarborough, by an Italian artist and jeweller, named Vassalli, into every species of ornaments, such as necklaces, chains of every variety of pattern, crosses, waist-buckles, paper-folders, and rings. There is much taste displayed at times in the choice of the form given to these several objects, and their high finish renders

them still more acceptable. Their price is about one-fourth of what would be asked for them in London; and it is curious enough that some of the lady visiters informed me, in regard to other objects appertaining especially to their toilet and comforts, that they found at "Crawford's shop," in Scarborough, the metropolitan fashions, from Ludgate-hill and Regent's-street, at a lower price than in the capital. Indeed the Everingtons, and the Merringtons, and the Swan and Edgars have their district depots for the season in Scarborough, as they have at Harrogate.

The climate of a place such as I have described, which recommends itself by so many advantages to the attention of all who require to recruit their health, is a point that deserves particular notice in a work like the present. I have already alluded to the purity of the atmosphere, its elasticity, and bracing quality. From its exposure on the east coast, a mistaken notion is entertained by many, that winds in an easterly direction (which are universally feared) must be of longer continuance at Scarborough than elsewhere. The inspection of a table of prevailing winds, given me by Mr. Dunn, exhibits as the mean of seven years (from 1832 to 1838 both inclusive), the number of ninety-eight days only, during which, winds blew in the course of each year from the east, north-east, and south-east quarters. The mean number of days in which the north wind blew during the same period of years was forty-five days and a half.

On surveying the bay, I noticed how it is sheltered by hills from the north and east winds, except the south-east; while it is also open to the whole day's sun. These local circumstances necessarily render the winters remarkably mild; it having often happened to strangers who had prolonged their stay at Scarborough as late as Christmas, and on whose veracity I can rely, to be able to dress in the morning with the windows open, through which a genial breeze blew in from the sea.

The opportunities afforded me at Scarborough and since, to examine the meteorological tables kept by Mr. Williamson and Mr. Hawkridge at the museum, and those of the registrar of births, marriages, and deaths, by Messrs. Donner and Woodall, have convinced me of these important facts: First, that the mean average temperature in the month of January 1838 and 1839, at Scarborough, was higher by six degrees than at York, and by nearly four degrees than in London, and only one degree less than that at Torquay. Secondly, that for many years past the mean temperature of the autumnal quarter has ranged between forty-four and forty-nine degrees, while for the whole year it has been as high as $52\frac{3}{4}$ degrees. Thirdly, that the average number of days of rain throughout the year has been somewhat more than one-third of the year; August, September, October, and November being the months, generally speaking, of less rain. Lastly, that the claims to a superior longevity in favour of the inhabitants of Scarborough, over that of other parts of Yorkshire, is fully established: it appearing, besides, that the period of the visitation of strangers is at the most healthy time of the year.

On these several points Mr. Dunn has drawn up a series of tables and memoranda, which he was kind enough to send me, and to which I trust he will be induced to give publicity. I much regret, that the nature of the present volumes precludes me from making a more extended use of their valuable information.*

I now bid farewell to Scarborough—of all the English Spas I have visited, the one which has left the most pleasing impressions on my mind, probably in consequence of its combining the luxury of sea-bathing in perfection, with the more solid advantage of efficient mineral springs.

* My wish, in this respect, has been since accomplished. Mr. Dunn presented his Tabular Vital Statistics of Scarborough to the Medical Section of the British Association, at Glasgow, and has since published them.

## CHAPTER XV.

### HOVINGHAM SPA.

The Vale of Pickering—Railroad to Whitby—The German and Irish Sea, almost one—A strong and a strange Case in proof—Road to Kirby Moorside—The Buckland Cave—Antediluvian Relics—Desolation—Duncombe Park—The Dog of Alcibiades—Rivaulx Abbey—The Village of Hovingham—The Spring no Spa—Properties of the Water—Cures performed with it—Proposition to establish Sulphur Mud-Baths—A Tour—Botany and Agriculture—Sowing wheat *versus* planting Trees—"My Son Edward's Children"—Who is the greatest Benefactor? Surgeon Wilcocks—Parish Work and Commissioners' Pay.

Within the last twelve years much has been said, and much more has been done, to impart notoriety to a sulphuretted spring brought to light in the immediate vicinity of a small village, called Hovingham, in the vale of Pickering. Printed papers and circulars of all sorts were sent round, proclaiming the virtues of the recently discovered spa; and invitations, as well as many hints, were thrown out to capitalists and hotel-keepers, to come and settle at Hovingham, which it was expected would become a favourite resort for invalids. No quantitative analysis of the water was ever made, or published, however; but a general account of its ingredients, ascertained by simple tests, was placed in my hands, with the respectable name of Dr. Travis, of New Malton, attached

to it; and this was a sufficient inducement for me to journey from Scarborough to Hovingham.

Anxious to see the country, I engaged an open carriage, with a conductor who had been well recommended as one capable of giving me much local information. Posting in a gig is not only a very convenient, but also a by no means unfrequent mode of travelling in Yorkshire; and during summer weather, a most delightful mode of conveyance it is. A succession of very brilliant days enabled me to enjoy it in perfection, and use it to advantage.

It is impossible to leave Scarborough, and not to cast a last look towards it as we reach the summit of that great hill distant about two miles, which, when once we have descended westwardly, will stand, like a mighty screen, between us and that town. It is from that very summit, that the first view of Scarborough and its south bays, and the great promontory on which the castle rears its dismantled towers, bursts on the traveller who journeys thither from Malton. Seen from thence that ancient citadel seems to stand apart and away from the mainland. The dark mass, contrasting with the yellow sunshine that covered the waste to the right and to the left, appeared as if unconnected with the general outline of the shore.

Looking westward soon after, I caught a glimpse of the remains of Wykeham Abbey, and a general view of the rich vale of Seamer, the latter once a flourishing town, and now a mere village, yet a village magnificent in appearance.

After an excellent breakfast at a neat inn at Snainton, I changed my vehicle and driver, and set off for Pickering, along an enchanting by-road; though the road itself is neither smooth nor in good condition, from the friable materials, the calcareous grit of the county, employed in making it, as well as in keeping it in repair.

The smart lad who sat by my side first pointed out to me Mr. Osbaldeston's villa on our right, passing which and before

reaching Allerston, I beheld on my left, from the crest of a hill, the rich champaign country, still called the Marshes, with New Malton in the distance, and Castle Howard at the foot of the Howardian hills; the whole bounded by the Wolds, south of the York road.

Next he introduced to my notice Thornton Dale, placed in a hollow, with its trout-stream crossing the road and Mr. Hill's park, in the vicinity of which we chanced to meet a fair country lass travelling unattended, on horseback, in the fashion of the county. One cannot speak satisfactorily of the appearance of the several villages through which we passed. The houses of the yeomanry, built of the yellow-coloured stone so general throughout this oolitic district, did not give one the idea of comforts within. My quick-tongued companion alleged as a reason for it that the inmates were not in easy circumstances, owing to low wages and hard work. Being himself the son of poor farming people at Brompton in the neighbourhood, he admitted that he had been kept at the school in that village, at Sir George Cayley's expense, for nearly six years, where he had learned but little reading and writing, and was just able at the end of that time to manage his bible and no more. I inquired if people drank much in these parts, "Yes, a goodish little," was the answer. "And what is it they do drink?"—"Why all sort, ale and rum, and brandy, and gin, and sometimes three or four young farmers, who can afford it, will club together for a bottle of wine, and drink that instead, to be thought gentlemen like."

To the north of the market-place at Pickering, an ancient broad carriage-way with the remains of a line of lofty elms, which once formed part of a great avenue, leads to one of those undulations or swells in the limestone formation, which like so many ribs, descend from north to south, down the lofty moorland into the vale of Pickering. On the summit, of one of these, the remains of Pickering Castle

are still visible, though in a very dilapidated state; the walls of circumvallation, in some places lofty, and in others depressed, following the undulation of the ground, mark still the extent of the castellated territory. The view from the hill into the vale of Pickering would be exceedingly beautiful were it not for the unsightly stone fences and boundaries, which, with straight and right angular deformity, offend the eye, and have considerably spoiled in this, as in most parts of Yorkshire, the picturesque appearance of the country.

Pickering owes its present prosperity to the railroad which placed it in immediate communication with Whitby. Its inexhaustible quarries of limestone would have been useless but for the new facility thus acquired of disposing of that produce. By bringing York, too, in nearer communication than before with the Port of Whitby, there being but twenty-five miles of coach-road between the terminus at Pickering and the metropolitan city of the county, the German ocean has been, as it were, approximated to the Irish sea.

Of the reality of this fact, I met with an illustration in the person of an American skipper, who having put into the Port of Whitby from the Baltic, had there found letters summoning him instantly to return to his native land, with or without his vessel. He had consequently left the latter in charge of his mate, and mounting one of the carriages on the single line of horse-rail to Pickering at five o'clock in the morning, reached that place in time for the coach to York, where I saw him get out and immediately enter the carriage train on the railroad to Leeds, on which I was myself preparing to travel at the time. It was then about noon. Leeds we reached in a little more than an hour, and here my hurried skipper, who had allowed himself scarcely a moment's breathing-time, took coach again as far as Littleborough, where he would arrive at four o'clock, quite in time for one of the afternoon trains on the new railroad, which from that place conveys the traveller

in three-quarters of an hour to Manchester. Thence, I need not say that our transatlantic traveller intended to proceed by one of the numerous trains which leave for Liverpool, so as to reach that seaport at the expiration of an hour and a half, quite soon enough to enjoy a hearty repast, the first refreshment on that day, and ship himself off in one of the steamers, which, at the close of a long day in July, drop down the Mersey with the evening tide, ready to take advantage of the land-breeze that is to waft them into the Atlantic.

Thus a man who rose in the morning, on the eastern coast of England, his face turned towards Russia, would, ere the sun of the same day had set, be seen quitting the western coast of England, his face turned towards America. Such is one of the miracles of railroad travelling!

The drive from Pickering to Kirby Moorside, is through a succession of the richest and most extensively-cultivated lands I had yet seen. The road happily undulates with the dips and risings caused by the many dales and ridges descending from the north in almost parallel lines, and affords many an opportunity of casting a bird's-eye glance at the subjacent plain. The entire surface is teeming with tokens of social life. The villages are here neater,—few of the dwellings being thatched, but generally tiled and built of stone. They trail the rose and the honeysuckle up to their chamber casements, and the population seems numerous, healthy-looking, and well clad.

Our course ran so tortuous, that it afforded all the accidents of an ever-varying landscape. Some of the ridges that divide the nearly parallel dales to which I have just alluded, are thickly clothed with wood; while others, which the eye could track to their highest and most distant point, though green, were bare of forest-trees, and terminated abruptly and nearly perpendicular in the vale; divulging by their denuded faces the characters of their geological structure.

I had thus far committed my notes to my tablets, whilst my vehicle was driving through Kirby, where it presently halted in front of the great quarry at *Kirkdale*, on the western side of which I perceived the fissure in the rock that marks the celebrated Buckland Cave, or repository of antediluvian relics. A desolate hole, truly — the whole quarry, and opening of the cavern seemed! As if the terrified beasts of a former world, in quest of shelter from the one universal devastating flood which threatened their existence, had by instinct purposely selected a spot too frightful to entice any persecuting enemy of their race to follow them.

The steep descent of the road to reach this scene, the hanging wood overhead, and the rocky-shallow *beck* that you must cross to reach the neighbouring kirk from the dale—are all sombre objects, quite in character with the overpowering recollection of the vast dissolution of living creatures which once took place in this sequestered spot; but the hand of man is already at work upon this hallowed ground of science, and a few more months of pickaxe and gunpowder-blasting will have swept away all vestiges of a scene rendered so interesting by the able and enthusiastic professor of Oxford.

From sombre to gay the transit is often rapid. Nature and art afforded me a strange example of this trueism, at the present conjuncture. Scarcely emerged from the gloomy recess I have just described, a valley of surpassing beauty received us, presenting many interesting objects upon a large extent of champaign country, defined on many points by the line of the Hambleton hills. Upon the summit of one of the lesser and subsiding eminences of this lofty range I beheld the manor-house of Duncombe Park, presenting one of its imposing porticoes to the west, and commanding an extensive view over one of the richest valleys in Yorkshire. The brow of the hill before the house has been converted into a lengthened terrace, the two ends of which are marked by an Ionic and a Tuscan temple.

This is by far the most favourable view of Duncombe House, and surpasses that which is obtained on approaching it from the York road, through a Tuscan archway of indifferent design, bearing on the top of it, in the inside, an inscription to Nelson. The noble host, by whom I had many years before been consulted in conjunction with Sir Henry Halford, on account of one of his sons, was out in the grounds, and I was prevented from paying my respects to him. But the dog of Alcibiades, which guards the vast hall adorned with Corinthian pillars, tempted me to trespass, and I examined that imposing entrance with feelings of the highest gratification. I required no further indulgence, and being, moreover, pressed for time, instead of loitering through the various apartments, I hastened to another part of the demesne, where pacing a velvet lawn of exquisite beauty, shaped in the form of a grand terrace, many times larger and more grand than Windsor terrace, and terminated, like the terrace in front of the mansion, by a temple at each end, I beheld at my feet the gray and weather-stained remains of Rivaulx Abbey, to me less interesting and less picturesque than those of Fountains Abbey.

These deviations, and a short visit paid to Mr. Dawson, —the resident surgeon of Helmsley, a very quiet and intelligent person, well read in his profession, who received me hospitably, and gave me much valuable information, especially on the subject of the mineral spring I was about to visit,—retarded my progress; but I was amply repaid at the sight of the fertile and rich vale into which the road insensibly descended, after quitting Duncombe Park, and which is, beyond conception, grand. All I have seen today (so I find it noted in my diary) of the North Riding, south of the eastern moorlands, has impressed me with a most favourable idea of the wealth and high condition of the county, fertilized no doubt by the *débris* swept down from the great north ridge that stands at an elevation of twelve hundred

feet, by the numerous *becks* which accompany the several ridges that pass down southwards from that high crest into the vale of Pickering. Many of these very *becks*, or little rivers, by the by, according to Mr. Dawson's statement, who had ascertained the fact in more cases than one by personal examination, suddenly dip it seems, and disappear into the earth at certain places, and again come to light at some more distant spot; an ingulfment noticed also by Buckland.

Mr. Wilcocks, medical practitioner at Hovingham, who has resided in that sad-looking village for nearly thirteen years, received me with kindness late in the day, and after an evening entertainment at his own house, procured for me a most luxurious bed at one of the three principal inns in the place, facing Hovingham Hall, for which the charge of *six-pence* was made the following morning by the good-natured landlord.

Mr. Wilcocks, who has from their very first discovery (1829) taken great pains to study and properly to appreciate the Hovingham mineral water, accompanied me that same morning to the spring, respecting which I may say at once, in order to save time, that neither from its locality, nor from its quality, nor indeed from its quantity, is it ever likely to become a favourite.

After walking nearly a mile and a half from the village, by an indifferent road and along a path through several fields in a low situation, which after every rain are generally in a complete state of irrigation,—I was surprised to find myself in the midst of a regular, quaking, and elastic boggy ground, threatening at every moment to sink under my weight, and in one part of which the sulphuretted spring (for it is of that nature) is found.

I examined attentively the whole of the ground adjacent, and felt convinced, on the spot, that the little square well containing water, charged with a very distinct though faint portion of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which it parts

with very rapidly by deposition, is nothing else than the collected draining of the water distilling through the strata of inflammable bituminous shale, and the fetid, compact, oolitic beds, into the vale of Pickering, to the south or inclined part of which Hovingham is situated. From the well in question the water is allowed to flow, through an iron pipe, into a species of reservoir; the surplus being conducted to a miserable-looking wooden hut, in which there are two baths, much resorted to by the common people, and used quite cold.

Such is Hovingham Spa, with no accommodation for a safe and easy approach to the well to drink the water, and no provision made for the better classes of visiters for using it either as a warm or a cold bath. Visiters, however, Hovingham has none; and notwithstanding all the various notes of preparation sounded to entice them thither, the Spa, as yet, can boast of no more than a limited local reputation. All that is known of the composition of its water is that it smells and tastes like all mild sulphuretted water, and that it contains, according to Dr. Travis, of Malton, five grains of solid matter in every sixteen ounces of the water, consisting of sulphate of magnesia and muriate of soda.

That such a water, notwithstanding the simplicity of its composition, possesses properties which recommend it to the attention of medical men, I have the authority of Dr. Simpson of York, of Mr. Dawson of Hemsley, and of Mr. Wilcocks himself, for asserting; and indeed it is a fact to be deduced physically from its constituent principles. As a diurétic, and in calculous disorders, it has been found beneficial. An elderly woman, after having been afflicted with pain in the loins for several years, accompanied by inability to move, and supposed to be suffering from lumbago, having drank largely of this Spa, passed a calculus, which Mr. Wilcocks showed me, and was cured.

As was to be expected, the water is much used in cutaneous complaints, for which the place was at one time so much

frequented by the neighbouring people, that the farmer who rents the land, used to collect from them, in sixpences, a sum of about thirty pounds per annum. These people used also the water as a cold bath, descending into it at its natural temperature of 48° Far., remaining three minutes up to their chins, and never complaining of chilliness, but rather of an excessive glow on coming out of the water. These baths, however, which are in their rudest form, are very little frequented now, and the utmost use made of the water is by the inhabitants of Hovingham, who drink it as their common beverage.

One mode, which suggests itself, of fertilizing the peaty earth, impregnated throughout its extent with sulphuretted hydrogen, and probably with some free sulphuric acid, as in the case of the land near Egra, in Bohemia, would be to apply it to the purposes of mud-baths. The materials might be quarried, as at Egra, and conveyed to the village, where a suitable building should be erected, with bath-rooms; and the mud being previously heated by steam, might be employed to fill appropriate tubs into which the patients might be immersed.

The beneficial effects of such baths I have already fully descanted upon in another part of the present, and likewise in a former publication. In this respect Hovingham might perchance vie with Harrogate, provided handsome and convenient accommodations for the patients were established; for the materials are equally proper at both places. But as a Spa to supply sulphuretted water for internal use to any patient above the lower classes, Hovingham will try in vain to supplant Harrogate. The worthy baronet, Sir William Wolsey, lord of this extensive manor, who has been doing all in his power to give Hovingham the benefit of a Spa, might, and I trust will, turn to account this professional suggestion.

My kind brother practitioner insisted upon escorting me from his place of residence to one of the principal market-

towns on the great north road, on my way to examine other sulphuretted springs in this part of Yorkshire. After travelling through a large part of the grounds of Wolsey Park, which afforded me a partial view of Hovingham Hall, we took a circuitous route along by-roads and private drives, purposely to become acquainted with this interesting part of the country, which offers at this moment one or two important facts on agriculture, besides an ample harvest of botanical curiosities.

Among the latter, one cannot help distinguishing the very many exceedingly beautiful varieties of heath which are to be met with at every step in Lord Carlisle and Lord Feversham woods, or on the moors belonging to the Fairfax of Castlegilling, the descendants of the great parliamentary general, and those of Mr. Garforth of Wiganthorpe. A large collection of these heaths was made some time ago and deposited in the York Museum.

But to a traveller much attached to agriculture, as I profess to be, a far more interesting sight was that of large tracks of moorland, redeemed only since the previous Christmas, by the last-named gentleman who had added them to his other cultivated lands, with every prospect of success, as to the crops I observed on his new enclosures.

The mode adopted here of converting moor or waste land into tilled or arable land is by burning off the surface of the heath; then paring the ground, and piling the heath in large blocks, which are set fire to again. The earth underneath is necessarily scorched; and over it are scattered the ashes from the burnt heaps, which are ploughed in, when a crop of turnips is taken, and the land very soon after converted into corn land. The soil thus turned to good account looks favourable, is adhesive, free from stones, and of a rich brown or black colour; not unlike that of the recently recovered tracks of land in the Lincolnshire fens, near the Witham.

The view of a very extensive district of waste land just brought into cultivation, is calculated to suggest more than

one important consideration. That which claims attention first, is the question of preference between that process and the much vaunted one of *putting money out at interest*, by planting trees. "I am sowing my son Edward's children's fortune," observed to me many years ago a thrifty M.P. in the west of England, to whose seat I had been summoned on the occasion of that very son's (a mere child) serious illness. The senator was then engaged in planting nearly half a million of trees upon some hillocky and sandy tract of waste land, which in my opinion required nothing but a proper supply of *Flemish* manure from the neighbouring town to be made into most excellent corn land. Edward grew up and his children have since come into the world, and a large proportion of the trees (their intended fortune) have been growing up at the same time; the growth and height of their stems being duly and regularly measured and noted down from year to year. But the children are growing faster than the trees, and the square feet of timber in the latter are not yet such as to realize the expected fortune.

Now had my friend, instead of his own speculation, adopted the scheme of the Yorkshire squire of Wiganthorpe, the vast tract of land he has condemned to nearly half a century of unprofitable returns, would have yielded not only an ample fortune to Edward's children, but one also to their *father* and *grandfather*, inasmuch as both the latter, as well as his son after him would have derived an immediate and yearly profit from the conversion of waste into arable land.

If, while driving along one of the newly-made moor roads on the Garforth property, we contrast the smooth newly-turned-up surface, oily, black, and lumpy, covered with turnip-plants, which is seen on the one side, with, on the other side, the rough and hillocky surface of the primitive moor, covered with unproductive heath, chequered by water-pools (with only a scanty portion of short pasture here and there); besides the large tracts on which, after rain, your horse sinks to his knees; the conclusion to which we must instantly come is, that the man

who converts most of the latter into the former sort of land, is the greatest benefactor to his neighbour, to his country, and to the world at large—for he adds at once to the general mass of food for God's creatures.

After passing through the Garforth property, our way led us to the brow of a hill, whence, upon clearing a wood on our left, a most magnificent panorama burst upon us, York Minster forming its central point. Straight before us rose, upon a hill, that curious *enclavé* of the Bishop of Durham called Crake, marked by a solitary short square tower, the remains of a castle renowned in baronial times. Between it and the foot of the hill on which we stood, Brandsby Hall, the seat of Francis Cholmondeley, Esq., lay imbedded in a wood, with the rectory just behind it.

The vast plain, now stretched like a great map before us, appeared rich, and highly cultivated, containing large tracts of the finest grazing county in England, on which the short-horn and the Leicester sheep are bred to a very great extent; as I had occasion to ascertain in part while going through the farms of Mr. Wiley, the celebrated and largest gentleman-grazier and breeder in these parts. Easingwold is the market-town immediately adjoining.

At Thirsk, the next post-town, I bade adieu to my kind and intelligent guide and brother practitioner, and heartily wished him better luck in his laborious and ill-requited office, of surgeon to a Union of sixteen parishes, for which he receives the paltry sum of twenty pounds a year! Mr. Wilcocks is the son of the Rev. James Wilcocks, who, while trout-fishing one day, discovered the Spa near Guisborough; of the grammar-school of which place he has been master for many years.

# CHAPTER XVI.

## CROFT AND DINSDALE.

Arrival at CROFT—The Spa Hotel—The "OLD SPA"—Its properties and physical characters—The CANNIWELL—Surgeon Walker and his pet Spa—His extensive practice, and Analysis of the Waters—The "NEW WELL"—Pump-room and Baths—A *tremendous* Water—Its Appearance, Taste, and Immediate Effect—Marvellous Error!—Effect of the Water on the Author—Interior of the SPA HOTEL—Efficacy of the Croft and Dinsdale Waters in the Cure of Diseases—Consumption and Prussic Acid—The Author's claims—Dinsdale Hotel—View from the Hill—Eligible Residence in Summer for any body—DINSDALE SPRING—Taste of the Water—Its Virtues—Danger of divulging your Name—Middleton One Row—The principal Inns—Fashionable GAZETTE—Spelling-book—A Circulating Library—BURY *versus* BULWER—A Project—A Failure—Sad Misfortune—The Hen and the Eggs.

WITHOUT any further delay I hastened towards CROFT, keeping always in sight, on my right, Black Hambleton Hills

until I passed Northallerton, and alighted at the "Spa Hotel," in full time to examine, leisurely and with care, the various parts of this comparatively modern watering-place. The road, before reaching Croft, passes under one of the arches of the great railroad now constructing from York to Darlington, which is projected across the valley, and forms part of the great north of England railroad.

John Emerson, the very civil and obliging landlord of the "Spa Hotel," in manners far superior to persons of his class, escorted me to the springs, at about a quarter of a mile from the hotel, in a field near the road-side, where the "Old Spa" is situated. Nothing can be more primitive or of ruder aspect than the whole concern. At a very short distance from a very humble-looking cottage is the spring or head of the well, which is generally kept covered with a flagstone. Here the mineral water is collected, and travels thence, by a short pipe, to a little cistern by the side of the porch of a cottage or Spa-house, for public use; as well as to the interior of the same building, where it fills up to a constant level a cold plunging-bath, six feet and a half long and four feet wide, sunk four feet into the ground. Five stone steps lead down to the bottom, which is paved with large flagstones.

The water keeps incessantly running, coming in from the head well at the rate of about twenty-four pints to the minute, according to my experiments. It is beautifully clear and transparent, and smells of its peculiar gas, though not so strongly as Harrogate water. I should compare it to the Aldfield water, near Ripon, already described, and it must be looked upon as the draining of the north-east side of the great Richmond Hills, in the same manner that Hovingham spring derives its origin from the draining of the south-west shale and limestone strata of the eastern moorlands.

The temperature is 51°, and never varies. A deposit of sulphur, as at Aldfield and Hovingham, is observed in the head well, and on the stone troughs through which the water

runs, as well as upon the grass twigs near them. Its taste is precisely like that at Hovingham—saponaceous and alkaline. People drink from three to seven half-pint tumblers of it, and find it strongly diuretic. They, however, prefer bathing in the water, which operation is always performed at its natural low temperature of 51°. They take three or four dips overhead in the plunging-bath without complaining of chilliness, and assert that they experience, on coming out of the bath, a most genial glow of the skin, which feels quite soft after the immersion. This bath, however, is only resorted to by the common and working people—principally on Sundays.

The "Old Spa" was closed upon the opening of the new bathing-establishment; but in consequence of the water of the former being preferred, and people coming to it from many distant parts, it was again put into operation; and one or two nice lodging-houses were built near the spot.

Entering a wood at a short distance from the "Old Spa" we find, after walking a quarter of a mile, a small hillock by the side of a narrow but rapid *beck* or brook, within which is a well of sulphur-water, lined with red sandstone taken from the Tees. The water smells and tastes more strongly of sulphur than that of the "Old Spa." It is conveyed by *tile*-pipes to the building of the new baths, to be described presently; and its waste runs into the beck at the rate of fifty pints in a minute, and from thence into the Tees. The poor people prefer drinking this water on the spot, thinking it more genuine. The name it bears is *Canniwell.*

Thomas Dixon Walker, surgeon at Harworth (a small place between Croft and Dinsdale), a gentleman so much engaged in practice that he is never to be seen except either mounting or alighting from a horse, and always equipped in top-boots and spurred, has published some "Facts relative to the medicinal properties of the Croft and Dinsdale waters." The work has gone through three editions, and must consequently have been read; yet, oddly enough, the little volume in ques-

tion contains not the slightest description of the local arrangements of the Spa, with the exception of a ground-plan and elevation of the new baths. It is to supply that deficiency that I have entered into so many particulars.

In speaking of the Canniwell spring, that work states that it rises in the middle of a brook. We have seen that this is an error.

I collect from Mr. Walker's analysis of the "Old Spa," that my notion of its similarity to the Hovingham water is borne out by its slight impregnation with sulphuretted gas, of which he reckons but one cubic inch and three-quarters in a gallon. And I am also pleased to find myself confirmed in the idea I formed of the origin of the old sulphur springs at Croft, by what Mr. Walker relates relative to the history of the discovery of the "New Well." This was done by boring to the depth of twenty-six fathoms, when a much more strongly-impregnated sulphur-water than that of the Old Well rose to the surface.

Over this "New Well," so discovered in August, 1827, or rather in front of it, Sir William Chaytor, of Witton Castle, upon whose property the Spa is situated, caused to be erected a suite of baths, with a pump-room fifty feet by seventeen, with the principal elevation in the cottage style (decorated with a veranda or covered walk) facing the east.

The pump-room is a modern oblong room, plain and unadorned. In it the sulphur-water of the new spring is distributed, as well as that of another or third spring, the *Canniwell*, before mentioned, by means of the objectionable mode of pumping. The first of these waters is generally drunk warmed, and with a tea-spoonful of common salt, as the water is totally deficient in that ingredient. Ladies I have seen promenading at two o'clock in the afternoon under the veranda, who now and then applied to the pump-room woman for a small tumbler of the stronger kind of water, mingling the said quantity of kitchen salt in it. With what appetite they sat down to

dinner afterwards I could not learn, as I did not join the gay throng at the table d'hôte in the New Hotel. But it seemed an odd time of day to quaff sulphur-water of no ordinary intensity.

The bath-rooms, with their respective dressing-rooms, are neatly arranged behind and on each side of the pump-room. Among them is a large plunging-bath and a vapour-bath, and convenience for shower-baths; all of which are to be had at prices much the same as at all other Spas—perhaps cheaper. The baths are lined with stone flags, and paved with slate. During the season of 1837 there had been as many as eight hundred bathers; but at the present and last season the number has been sadly inferior to that—a circumstance for which the unlucky author of "The Spas of Germany" was considered responsible.

The water supplied to the cold plunging-bath is derived from the "Canniwell Spring;" that for the warm baths is pumped by hand from the "New Well," adjoining, into a cistern and boiler above the bathing-rooms; and such is the strength of the sulphuretted effluvia of this water that all the doors painted with white lead-colour have acquired a jet black coating. This is not to be marvelled at, considering that Mr. Walker detected no less than twenty-two and a quarter cubic inches of sulphuretted hydrogen in the gallon; a quantity larger than that of any sulphur spring in England.

The source of this *tremendous* water—for such I must designate it—I afterwards proceeded to examine. It consists of a wide shaft or sunken well, kept always covered; upon the inspection of which I found the mineral water reaching to within two feet of the margin, and looking on the surface like thick frothy soap-lees, of an opake bluish-white colour, but appearing very clear when pumped out of the shaft into the cistern, through a large leaden pipe which dips considerably into the water.

When the latter is received into a glass a great many air-

bubbles are seen to ascend from the bottom of it, and to adhere to the inside of the glass. Its taste I can hardly describe. It is at first sweetish and astringent, corrugating the inside skin of the lips; but it soon becomes bitterish and metallic, as if Epsom salts were mixed with a preparation of lead. It is a discouraging taste, and I question not but it is owing to the presence of the leaden pipes plunged into the water—producing sulphuret of lead, which falls in scales from the surface of the pipe into the water, contaminating the latter.

How such an arrangement could ever have been permitted for a moment, it is not easy to conjecture. I stated its fatal objection to the persons around me, and urged it afterwards to Mr. Walker himself, who admitted its justice, and confessed (as indeed he had previously done in his little work) that the water required great caution in its internal use, having often produced hypercatharsis, and even vomiting—at which I marvel not. I shall not easily forget the momentary effect which the small quantity of the water I drank in the pump-room had on my head, my palate, and my stomach; and I should be sorry indeed to prescribe any such water internally, under ordinary circumstances, without great and minute precaution; but under the circumstance of a large body of lead being constantly present in it—I should prescribe it never. There appears also to be in this water a natural oily substance, which Mr. Walker has called *petroleum*, and which is not less objectionable than the lead.

On my return from the "New Well" to the Spa Hotel, I passed Croft Hall, formerly the seat of Sir William Chaytor, now converted into a school for young ladies, which enjoys high reputation. The hotel is well situated at the entrance of Croft, near the bridge, and contains, besides numerous apartments, a grand ball-room and billiard-room, as well as a news-room for subscribers. The terms for boarding at the public table are a guinea and a half a week, with half a guinea more for a bedroom. A private sitting-room may be

obtained for half a guinea extra; and servants are boarded and lodged at three shillings a day.

I am rather inclined to think that the pet Spa of Mr. Walker, who is lucky enough to live *entre deux*, is Dinsdale; the water of which he considers equally efficacious as Croft's water in hepatic disorders, and cutaneous complaints, in Dyspepsia, Hypochondriasis, Diabetes, and even poisoning by lead. Of all these complaints Mr. Walker has published many cases of recovery effected by these waters. A very recent instance of the lastmentioned accident, the ill effects of which were checked and ultimately removed by the Dinsdale waters, Mr. Walker mentioned to me. It was that of a man employed in some neighbouring lead-works, who had his upper extremities completely paralyzed, and who was sent home quite re-established, after drinking the Dinsdale water, and bathing in it six times.

The same medical practitioner has a long article in his book, on pulmonary consumption, which he considers curable in its earliest stages by the Dinsdale waters—combined with prussic acid. Of the efficacy of the latter medicine in diseases of the chest Mr. Walker, like most of the medical practitioners in this county, has had ample and satisfactory evidence.

It is now twenty-one years since I first introduced to the notice of the profession and first prescribed, in this country, prussic acid in pulmonic and other diseases, with the most complete success. I continued to do so almost single-handed for two or three years—meeting with every species of opposition and unfair hostility from my medical brethren—as I have since met on the occasion of my first making public my peculiar system of counter-irritation—or the mode of curing diseases by external applications. Truth prevailed at length in the case of the first medicine, as it is beginning to prevail in that of the second; and both practices are becoming general: to such a

degree indeed that some people have appropriated to themselves the merit of the suggestion in regard to the first practice, as well as of my subsequent recommendation of the second; sinking my name, all the while, as if "I had never been." But even with such drawbacks I accept and enjoy thankfully the satisfaction of finding, from the testimony of medical men in all parts of the kingdom, published from year to year, in favour of the use of prussic acid, and of the ammoniated lotions, that the value of my therapeutical recommendations, instead of diminishing has gathered strength with the progress of time.*

The traveller who wishes to see the twin Spa of this border land of Durham, DINSDALE, has only to cross the bridge over the Tees, here rapid and shallow; pass through Harworth, the birthplace, as every one knows, of the celebrated self-taught mathematician Emmerson, whose eccentricities gained him the reputation of a necromancer, and whose biography is one of the most amusing in English literature; and after a short drive along the north bank of the river, upon reaching the village of Nesham, turn into the left road which leads to the "Dinsdale Hotel."

* From a recent statement in the *Penny Magazine*, a publication which circulates, it is said, to the extent of 150,000 copies, I learn that the college of Physicians, in Edinburgh, have admitted, in the new edition of their Pharmacopœia, lately published, my formula for the counter-irritation, or stimulating lotion, which I first inserted in the *Lancet* of October, 1838. Whether they have done so with the name of the inventor attached to it or not, that journal does not mention, nor can I learn, as I have not the Pharmacopœa in question at hand. But even without such acknowledgment, I am thankful for the honourable station that has been assigned to a preparation which will be found more and more valuable the better it is known to the public and the profession. The able writer of the article on stimulating applications, in the *Penny Magazine* alluded to, is entitled to my thanks for giving so wide a circulation, through his pages, to the process for preparing my counter-irritating lotion.

DINSDALE SPA.

The Spa itself is variously denominated Dinsdale, and Middleton One Row; and some people have imagined (myself among the rest) that they were two distinct springs. But the double denomination arises from the fact, that the mineral spring is in the parish of Dinsdale, there being no village of that name, but only an hotel; while Middleton One Row is the village nearest to the well, on the opposite side of the little dale descending at a right angle upon the Tees.

The road to the "hotel" winds up a very steep hill, from the summit of which a fine and extensive view is obtained of the vale of the Tees, and the distant hills both of the North and West Riding. This hotel, which is the offspring of a bright idea of the noble earl who inherits his title from a bordering county, is a large brick building placed within a court planted all round, and having its longest side turned to the south, with ground in front of it tastefully laid out. From its windows, in this direction, the sparkling Tees is seen meandering in serpentine girations through the broad mass of a highly-cultivated champaign country, called the Vale of Cleveland, or "Garden of Yorkshire." The Hambleton hills on the farthest south-east horizon, close the picture.

The hill upon which the hotel stands, as a conspicuous object, slopes gently and park-like to the east, as far as the spring, which is placed in a hollow near the margin of the Tees; and on the ridge of a corresponding hill on the left, is the row of red brick and tiled houses which originates the name before mentioned, of Middleton One Row. There are pretty paths and walks through the plantations, and beds of flowers grace the nearer portion of the pleasure-grounds, open to the inmates of the hotel.

The interior of this establishment affords first-rate accommodation. There is a large dining-room at one end, and at the east end the great drawing-room. In the centre of the ground-floor there are three private sitting-rooms; up stairs three other sitting-rooms, and one other room higher still,

with a bay-window enjoying the finest prospect from the house. The internal arrangement is commodious and symmetrical, and the furniture, though plain, is good and selected with taste. Dinsdale Hotel, in fine, is one of those places so happily situated, and by nature as well as art so well favoured, that, as a summer residence for invalids, even without the resource of any mineral water at hand, a medical man consulted by the wealthy of the neighbouring counties can recommend it with perfect confidence and pleasure. Of course the situation is lonely and retired, as far as society is in question; there being only that which is to be found in the house. But where the enjoyment of the purest air, with an enchanting scene, accompanied by general tranquillity, is an object, Dinsdale Hotel will be found to afford it most successfully.

It is to be regretted that, of late years, the intrusion of the noise of the approaching and passing railroad-trains between Darlington and Stockton, in the rear of Middleton One Row, has somewhat interrupted the tranquillity of this charming retreat.

I had but a slight glimpse of the landlord of the Dinsdale, Mr. Forsyth, and a still slighter one of the landlady; yet I saw enough of both to make me think that the inmates of their establishment are not likely to complain either of their inefficiency, or the exorbitance of their charges.*

I have dwelt more at length upon this Spa-Hotel than I do in general, and even before treating of the "Spa" itself, because, in reality, I cannot help looking upon it as a most excellent "Maison de Santé" of itself, during summer weather. The sportsman, too, when the invalids have vacated their comfortable apartments, might find this hotel a desirable headquarter later in the year, being situated in the very centre of the Lambton, Harworth, and Cleveland hunts.

* They are a trifle higher than those at Croft.

From the hotel, a pretty winding road, with a plantation on each side, leads down to the spring immediately upon the bank of the Tees. It was discovered by labourers in the service of the Lambton family, whilst engaged in searching for coals. They had just reached, by boring, to the depth of 72 feet, chiefly through red sandstone and whinstone, when the spring burst forth.

The first object I beheld was a plunging bath, in which the water on its surface looked yellow and creamy. The other bath-rooms are commodious, and, like every other part of the Spa, useful, though neither handsome nor pretending. The water comes up through pipes from nearly the level of the river, to a large cistern, and is thence conveyed again by pipes to the pump-room. The latter is a very plain and unpretending apartment, something like a servants' hall; having, however, an arrangement for the distribution of the water, which is very ingenious, and worthy of being placed in a better lodging. Three marble slabs placed against the walls have each two small spouts projecting from them, through which, by pressing inwardly a button placed over them, the water instantly issues in a free stream. Two or three of the spouts are of glass, and from one of these, at one end of the room, the water is obtained, warmed to 90 degrees. This attention paid to the proper choice of materials in using sulphuretted waters, and to the administering of the said water at a uniform degree of warmth, is worthy of being imitated at other Spas of greater pretension.

I could not see the spring or well itself, so as to taste its water at the source; neither could I learn with what material the cistern holding the sulphur-water was lined, and what pipes were used. All seemed behind the scenes, and the attendant pump-room woman could not tell me any thing respecting these points. I asked the same question of one of the visiters; but he had never seen the spring, nor inquired for it!

The taste of the water at the pump-room when cold, and at its ordinary temperature of 52 degrees, is at first sweetish, then slightly pungent, and *âpre*—neither did it go down so saponaceous as the water of the "Old Spa" at Croft. When drunk warm, the taste is at first smooth to the tongue, more saponaceous than when cold, not so pungent, yet still a little so; and, after a few seconds, some sensation of saltishness is manifested. The charges for bathing and drinking the water are the same as at Croft.

Mr. Walker has the merit of having analyzed this water also, from whose statement it appears that there are in a gallon of it two hundred and twenty-four grains of solid matter, more than the half of which he considers to be sulphate of lime. This point, as well as the manner by which Mr. Walker ingeniously endeavours to account for the presence of so large a proportion of a salt sparingly soluble in water, requires consideration. The proportion of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, ascribed by him to the water, is two cubic inches less than that in the new well of Croft, and yet equal to the strongest water at Harrogate. The analysis will be found in my table.

This water cannot, from its composition, be either a purgative or a powerful solvent. I have already hinted at the several complaints in which it has been found useful. As it requires long boiling to deprive the water of its sulphuretted hydrogen, when the quantity present is as large as that in Dinsdale water, and that of the new well at Croft, it must be evident that both waters are highly calculated for warm bathing, since a fair proportion of the sulphuretted gas will remain present in the water, after warming it—a circumstance that does not obtain when waters, slightly impregnated with the gas, are long exposed to heat.

As a visiter I was requested, while in the act of looking at the pump-room, and after tasting the water, to enter my name in the visiter's book, kept in the ante-room of the Spa. I did so; but, with the exception of what happened to me at

the gates of Warsaw in 1828,—when, having declared aloud to the officer in command my name und character, I was followed by a swarm of Jew beggars with *plica* and sores, urging me to heal them,—I never recollect the declaration of my name in a public place to have led to the result that followed the one at Dinsdale. As I was sneaking away, after having examined every thing connected with the Spa, I found myself successively stopped first by one invalid, who, after a word of apology, asked me whether the cold or hot bath would be the best; then by another, who desired to know what quantity of the water should be drunk in the morning; and, lastly, by a third, who was anxious to ascertain if drinking the water both morning and afternoon would be injurious.

I delivered my opinion to the best of my judgment; but such interruptions, considering the arduous task I had before me, I voted to be a bore. However, it is better to be taken for what one really is, than to be mistaken for something else. At York the driver of my open vehicle from Harrogate insisted on tumbling me into an old coach-inn, the "Old George;" because, from the wrappers I had on, and my black leathern portmanteau, I probably looked tolerably commercial. As a commercial traveller, therefore, I was thrust by the waiter into the commercial room, where, after the clouds of the Nicotian vapours had subsided, so as to allow my arrival to be noticed, I was greeted with "How is trade with you?" and with "Any luck to-day?"

Taking the footpath through the plantations, along the bank of the river, I was directing my steps towards Middleton One Row, from the Spa, when I was overtaken by the man of the baths, who happened to be absent while I had been making my inquiries of his wife, touching the sources and management of the mineral waters. He informed me that the spring is in a rock behind the bath, from which the water issues at the rate of twelve gallons in a minute, and

is conveyed to two cisterns—the one as a reserve for the cold, and the other for keeping the water continually warm, fit for bathing; an object which is accomplished not by steam, but by ordinary fire placed under the cistern. These cisterns, or reservoirs, are cleared out every week, when a crust of hard whitish sulphur is removed from the inside. The pipes used, according to this man's statement, seem to be of lead; so that even here we have the same mistake committed, of exposing lead to the effluvia of sulphuretted hydrogen gas!

Middleton, stretching in a crescent-like form on the top of a lofty and gently-sloping bank of the Tees, consists as I before stated of *one row* of lodging-houses, principally for the accommodation of those who come hither to use the Dinsdale Spa water. The distance from the Spa is about a mile, not *below* the baths, as Dr. Peacock, another writer on Dinsdale waters has stated, but *above* it, on the ridge of the hill.

The principal inn, kept by an honest widow (Mrs. Hanson), is very clean, and contains plenty of excellent accommodation at reasonable charges. It occupies nearly the centre of the row or crescent, with a direct western aspect, and I found it quite full,—as indeed were all the lodging-houses. During the season families of the first respectability from Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire come hither, as I perceived indeed on glancing at the "Spa and Sea-side Fashionable Gazette," the luxury of possessing which, Dinsdale and Middleton share in common with Croft and Seaton on the Coast. And a smart thing truly the said Gazette is, with all its appurtenances of a vignette and lacelike pattern of a border to its pages! Oddly enough, there appeared in one of the numbers so many monosyllabic names, as those of some of the visiters who dwelled for the most part in the same house, that I was forcibly reminded of my old spelling-book, "Abbs, Bell, Brown, Dees, Hall, Hog, Last, Laws, Meek, Muff, Ord, Stag, Tate, Winn,"—*cum multis aliis.* Most of

these oddities were snugly lodged at the "Woodbine Cottage, at Croft,"—the rest were under the same roof with myself; and I imagine, equally as much pleased as I was with the hotel and the treatment they received from the landlady, who is the most civil person in the world. I must not omit to add, that the beds here are particularly good, and that, in fact, one could hardly expect such accommodations, at so reasonable an expense, in such a place.

Who, at a Spa, consisting of merely twenty one-story-high-lodging-houses, brick and mortar built, overlooking the Tees and the vale of Cleveland, would expect to find, besides an Hotel, a Bazaar, an Omnibus, and a Circulating Library, as well as a due proportion of phaetons and donkeys? Yet so it is. Moreover, the *Bazaar* has its raffles, at which articles from Birmingham and Tonbridge are disposed of at prices four-times their original worth. The *Hotel* has its billiard-table, where a few young Durham students knock the balls about; while the opulent Cleveland farmer and grazier, in *shorts*, with strings dangling from their knees, look over the game and whiff their 'bacco-smoke through the fine white clay. Lastly, the *Circulating Library* has its Bulwers and its Burys.

To the latter establishment (which I should have passed by, from having seen "Grocery" inscribed over its door without reading further, had not my good landlady, who was watching me, set me right) I paid a visit, in hopes of there finding Mr. Walker's account of the Dinsdale waters. A very comely young person stepped in at the same time, and deposited an odd volume of a novel, stating that her mamma had sent it back, for she did not like it, and would call on the morrow for something better. I took up the single volume from the counter. It was the "Disowned." "Bless me, Mr. Winter," said I, "how can you afford the newest publications to your subscribers in so thinly an inhabited colony?"—"Afford, sir? Why it depends on the sort of works. Look ye, sir. This

lady has rejected the 'Disowned,' and so have many others before her, though no one will 'own' it. Not so with the 'Divorced,' for Lady Charlotte is just now a great favourite with both misses and their mammas; though, of the two, the latter have been my best customers for that work. The mere lending her ladyship's novel to them this season has already produced me the sum of five pounds. Upon this, I had made up my mind to get myself a good silver watch out of my lady's duodecimos, and in honour to her, so soon as the pounds should have become guineas: when in an unlucky moment, a lady subscriber, who was perusing one of the volumes while walking through our shaded groves by the side of the Tees, dropped it into the running stream, in one of those moments of absence which the perusal of that work is said to produce. My dream of the silver time-measure, from that *minute*, vanished."

"In that case," said I, "the fair lady must pay for her absence, and give you the value of the book."

"Poor recompence that," retorted Master Winter, whom I discovered to be a dry bit of a wag. "She may pay for the hen; but who is to pay for the eggs?" Now this for an "*épicier*" I vow is not bad.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### GUISBOROUGH AND REDCAR.

The *Quaker's* Railroad—Two Heads better than One—Head and Tail—Curious Coincidence—Stockton—Great and lamentable Changes—Chartism and Idleness—Middlebrough—A New Town—Excursion to Guisborough—The Birthplace of Capt. Cook—Alum Works—Guisborough's Mineral Spring—Nature of its Water—Romantic Spot—Medicinal Efficacy of the Water—The Augustine Priory—Education—What will and what will not improve it in England—Lord Lansdowne's Letter—Prussia and the English Universities—Redcar—Sands and Sea-bathing—The noble Family of the Dundas—The Vansittarts—Turner's Hospital—Wilton Castle—The Clarence Railroad—Somewhat round about—Coal-fields and the Coal Question—Railroads the best means of civilizing Ireland.

The "Quaker's Railroad," as that is called which from Darlington conveys coals to the mouth of the Tees, is an exceedingly convenient thing for such as are in a hurry to leave Dinsdale and Middleton, as I acknowledge myself to have been, anxious as I was to post on for the purpose of visiting the many other places connected with my present inquiry. In less than half an hour the said rail conveyance transferred me from Widow Hanson's comfortable apartments to the *Vane Arms*, in the great market-place at Stockton, where retaining the character that had been lent me at York, of a commercial traveller, I took possession of a snug corner in the commercial room, and with a knowing air, rang a peal for my breakfast.

I am here beginning to tread on delicate ground. At the

conclusion of my tour through Germany in 1836, I had occasion to go over certain minor districts, and visit three or four lesser German Spas, which had been already traced and described by a popular writer with success. In doing that I followed a "Head." I am now about to follow in the wake of another "Head" whilst engaged in looking after *English* Spas; and although our individual objects in making this "home tour" be widely different, yet as some of the places visited by us both are the same, it is not unlikely that I may appear to trench on other people's ground. I can only say that such is not my intention. It is a curious coincidence, no doubt, that in the case of two works, the one upon German, the other upon English mineral waters, I should have had for my immediate predecessors, in treating a small part of those very subjects, two brothers equally and deservedly popular. At this I naturally rejoice; and as it is said that "two *heads* are better than one"—so I trust that to *follow* two Heads will be considered better than to have followed none.

Here at Stockton, the author of the "Home Tour" has preceded me with his valuable remarks on coal-waggons and coal Staiths; but he has said nothing of the town itself and the condition of the people. In the like manner, Sir George has given a faithful and spirited description of "the salmon-leap;" an artificial cascade, distant about two miles from Dinsdale Spa, up the river Tees—though he has omitted the details of the Spa itself.

Further on, the same writer has descanted on the wonders of Hartlepool, whither I shall also follow him; but he left matters there in an unsatisfactory state, and I had the gratification of finding them the reverse. In fact, although the "head and the tail" may have followed each other (as they naturally will), it does not follow that the latter should *wag* precisely where the other has nodded;—and so we go on with Stockton.

This town is losing its old topographical station, and

getting a new character, that of an *entrepôt*, instead of being a seaport of export. On the one hand, the railroad from Darlington, and the Clarence railroad from Durham, have brought inland produce to Stockton; and on the other hand the new town of Middleburgh—the wonderfully rapid creation of the "Friends"—set down at the very mouth of the Tees, six miles nearer to the open sea than Stockton—have robbed the latter place of its station as a sea harbour. Vessels now anchor at Middleburgh snug and comfortable, which before strove to mount the river and reach Stockton, after overcoming the sad surf, tossed over the bar by easterly gales:—so that Stockton, as a maritime place, is become insignificant.

A visit to the waterside soon convinced me of this; and a further inspection of the principal streets exhibited to my view the inevitable effects of such a change. I found every part near the water-side in a deplorable state of dirt; and most of the streets branching off from the long and wide main street (one of the handsomest in any provincial town in the north) and leading or descending towards the port, narrow and filthy.

In the upper part of the town, towards the back of the old church, many of the houses, still retaining their showy fronts, were closed—the grass was growing in the middle of the streets—and some of the latter, which seemed quite new, were unpaved and steeped in mire. The people appeared squalid and ill-dressed,—discontented and not well-looking; yet, according to the authority of an intelligent bookseller and stationer in the market-place, with whom I had a long and interesting conversation, matters at Stockton ought to appear better; for not only coals are brought down to the place for transmission to and shipment at Middleburgh, but also the produce of the mines from the western counties, such as lead, &c. Stockton is also becoming a manufacturing town. Already it has a cotton-mill of considerable extent, and a flourishing pottery, which is about to be

followed by a second, the materials or clay being brought back by the vessels which carry coals hence to the southern coast.

The people at Stockton must have been inclined to the *dolce far niente* when they turned chartists, shortly before the time of my visit, and set about grumbling in good earnest, wandering in groups, the very picture of indolence and wretchedness; else, if we are to believe my informant, they need not have looked as they did, nor have been starving. At no time (so the said seller of stamps assured me), had the industrious classes had less reason for being dissatisfied with their lot; work might have been had plentifully, and none need have remained idle for an instant. Bricklayers, masons, and mechanics could command from twenty-two to twenty-four shillings a week wages, and ship builders as much as thirty. It is in these very classes of operatives, that Stockton found in former days among its inhabitants, many men who attained in various paths of life a high degree of celebrity.

The new seaport of Middleburgh, the site of which nine years ago was marked by a solitary farm-house, now boasts of a population of four thousand souls, all of them engaged in carrying on a lucrative commerce. The extension of the Darlington railroad to this place from Stockton, by means of a suspension bridge over the Tees, has been the main cause of so rapid an increase. A neat Gothic church was lately erected there, for the accommodation of the many who belong to the church of England. Middleburgh in fact is one, and as yet the most important, of the rival harbours which have successfully wrested much of the trade from Tynemouth and Sunderland. We shall see presently that another more formidable competitor is rising on the same coast.

None but those who have visited the district would probably believe the assertion, that a drive from Stockton to Guisborough affords one of the richest treats in England to the lover of landscapes; yet so it is, and I much regretted

when the driver of my humble vehicle halted and told me that our journey was at an end, depositing me at the same time at the house of the physician of the lastmentioned place,—who immediately accompanied me to the mineral spring.

In the course of this short excursion, I purposely directed my conductor to lead me through Marton, an humble village a few miles from Guisborough, which boasts of having given birth to Captain Cook. Even to breathe for a moment within the circle in which a man of imperishable name first drew his breath, is a circumstance of stirring interest to a traveller; still more so to one, who during some years of his early life lived on that same element, and was in that same service which witnessed the achievements of the illustrious navigator.

After a drive of a mile and a half on the south-east road from Guisborough, skirting the lesser Cleveland hills, my friendly companion and I entered a narrow carriage-way, which presently plunged abruptly into a thick and intricate wood. Following here a very tortuous path, hardly wide enough for a two-wheel carriage, and keeping along the brink of a murmuring *beck* on an alum-shale-rock bed, noisy and turbulent, we reached at length a most romantic and rocky nook, enlarged from what nature had made it by former alum-miners, but most solitary and retired.

At a spot where the torrent sweeps along a projecting mass of slaty rock, by the side of which it has scooped out its own shallow channel, and under impending portions of the rocks which hang over from the oposite bank, a stream of the most beautiful and transparent water is seen to spout immediately from the shale strata, and being conducted through a stone pipe, issues conveniently for the use of the drinkers.

The taste is slightly sulphuretted, as is its smell; but this removed (and nothing is so easy) the water tastes as sapid as pure spring water. Perhaps after a little while, and on reflection, one can fancy the presence of a little of the bitterness of muriate of lime; but such a taste is very faint indeed.

The stream flows at the rate of thirty pints in a minute; its temperature was 50°, while that of the air was 63°. It is probable that while the alum-works (now wholly abandoned) were rife in this secluded spot, which can boast of having been the place where alum was first manufactured in England in Elizabeth's time, the workmen may have noticed this water; but its introduction to public attention was due to the Rev. James Wilcocks, as I before observed, and is of as recent a date as 1822. Since then, it has acquired a certain degree of local celebrity. A rude bath-room for using the water, either as a cold or a hot bath, has been erected under the rock, and during fine weather a woman attends from Guisborough to supply the wants of the visiters.

The approach to, and situation of, this spring, are the most romantic I ever beheld in England. Its vicinity, also, to Redcar, as well as Whitby on the coast, besides a multitude of country-seats of great importance by which it is surrounded, invest the place with much additional interest. It will not, however, become very readily a fashionable Spa, —there being many difficulties to overcome for that purpose, many wants to be supplied, and improvements to be suggested. Around the spring the fractured shaly-rock is covered with aluminous efflorescence.

I have inserted in my general table the analysis of this mineral water, published in 1823, by Mr. Goodwill, an apothecary at Lofthouse. How far it is to be relied upon, I am not prepared to say; it seems to have been conducted with great care. A water said to contain only 23¼ grains of solid matter in a gallon, or in other words not quite three grains of saline ingredients in a pint, with only the eighth part of a cubic inch of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, cannot be expected to produce any very wonderful effects on the human constitution, except on homœopathic principles. Accordingly I did not hear of any very extraordinary cure performed by means of this water; although some cases of indigestion,

relaxed and weak bowels, acidity, loss of blood, and cutaneous disorders, were mentioned to me on good authority, as having been completely restored. This I can readily conceive, and I have no doubt more cases of disease might be successfully treated by this very water, from the happy combination it contains of alkaline principles, with the moderate tonic dose of alum.

In returning from the spring through Guisborough, the remains of the old Augustine abbey, which present to this day tracery of perhaps one of the most elegant Gothic windows left to us of the twelfth century, together with the arch of the priory, still left standing not far from those vestiges of monastic times,—detained me a short time.

But I felt considerably more interested in a conversation I had with the reverend discoverer of the mineral spring, who being, moreover, master of the free grammar-school of Guisborough, entered fully into the subject of education—a question on which most of the leading public men of our day have recently cast their venture, and staked their reputation as statesmen.

My reverend friend's experience, however, in practical education, *long* as it had been, could not be said to be very *great* for it had never extended beyond the teaching of the simpl elements of the latin tongue. He was one of the many hun dred examples of the little foresight our great ancestors evinced, in providing for the instruction of their contemporary as well as succeeding generations, when they left quite enough to ill-requite a teacher for striving to cram with the rudiments of a language never likely to be of service to them, the children of petty tradesmen, shopkeepers, and labourers.

In a desolate-looking room, surrounded by empty forms and benches, designated as the Free Grammar School of Guisborough, founded in Elizabeth's reign, there sat at a top table, opposite the seat of the reverend instructor, three little dirty and ragged urchins, with slate and pencil,

and a Lilly's grammar, who were spending their afternoon hours of gratuitous instruction, in declining *hic*, *hæc*, and *hoc felix;* at which *happy* work they had been engaged during several successive days;—and for the trouble of going through with them this daily farce, from year to year—the pious founder of the school had assigned the stipend of fifty pounds to the pedagogue.

When it is considered that in England, sums large enough to endow a first-rate college in each county for the most complete system of general and useful education, are squandered (for as they are uselessly spent, they are in truth squandered) in obedience to bequests, equally miscalculated and unprofitable as the one of Guisborough school, made in the olden times with the intention of instructing the people; and when we reflect also that in the largest majority of cases the fulfilment of that intention has been perfectly unattainable, through circumstances totally independent of the teachers; we shall not wonder at the expression used by a noble marquis high in the councils of her Majesty, in a letter addressed to the Bishop of Exeter, that "this country, in the scale of *secular* education, is inferior to the central states of Europe."

And yet to read the hundreds of advertisements under the head of "Education," which appear in the papers of the metropolitan city of York alone, one would expect that country at least to afford a marked exception to the noble lord's sweeping assertion. At all events, it cannot be said that, of establishments meant to promote *secular* education in Yorkshire, there is any deficiency. Neither is any allurement or soft persuasion spared by the conductors of those establishments, to induce parents to give their children a proper *secular* education. Indeed, on the score of economy alone, it would appear as if those conductors of educational instruction offered an actual premium to parents for sending their children to school; since in some of the announcements, out of thirty-five which I have now before me in a single num-

ber of the *York Herald*, I read of academies, classical, commercial, and mathematical, where every thing is taught for the mind, and where the body is equally well taken care of in every requisite of life, for the sum of sixteen guineas per annum!

The truth is, that with all these facilities, private as well as public, *secular* education among the masses is as Lord Lansdowne designated it; and the causes of it are obvious: the total absence of a uniform, large, and liberal system of instruction throughout the country, applicable to the classes to be instructed, and to their future wants is the first reason; and the self-assumption, unrestrained by any law, of the important character and functions of teachers, by any man or woman who thinks the opening of a school likely to prove a good speculation, is the second reason. Until such time as one and the same scheme of popular instruction shall have been defined and enforced by the state, and none but teachers purposely trained, examined, and approved of, shall be appointed to work out that scheme, secular education in England will continue "inferior to that of the central states of Europe."

Hence the true English philanthropist ought to view with gladness any endeavour, however feeble and ineffective at first, that may be made to attain the second of the two important objects, by means of training schools,—in the hope that the good results that may be expected from them, will enable the legislature hereafter to complete the plan, by prescribing a uniform and universal system of tuition.

We have a most triumphant evidence of the good and successful result of such a plan as has just been hinted at, not only in what is now taking place in Prussia, but at home, even in reference to the classical and mathematical education of the superior ranks of society who frequent the universities. Defective as the plan of studies is admitted in many respects to be at those institutions, yet the mere uniformity of that

plan perseveringly adhered to for centuries, and the well-tried skill of the teachers, who have given daily and visible proofs of their capability to teach for many years before their appointment, have sufficed to produce not only a fair average of well-informed people in the upper ranks of society, but also some of the brightest examples of classical, mathematical, and philosophical eminence. The principle then which, applied to a particular class of the people, and referable to a limited plan only, succeeds so well, when applied to all the other classes with reference to a more general and more useful course of instruction will without doubt work as admirably.

I was now in the vicinity of Redcar, which enjoys a local reputation as a sea bathing-place, for its singularly beautiful sands. Thither therefore I proceeded, calling in my way at Up-Leatham, the seat of the Earl of Zetland, whom, to my regret, I found absent on the continent.

This tranquil retreat, sheltered from the east by vast plantations, and placed in one of those lovely dales which the swells and lesser hills of the Cleveland range form in the neighbourhood of Roseberry Topping, that lofty peak sacred to minstrelsy and witchery, recalls to memory the days of its chivalrous and successive lords, the valiant Earl of Northumberland, Robert de Brus, and Lord Falconberge.

Thence I pushed on to Marske. This ancient and insulated Hall, which, from its external appearance bespeaks the times of Charles the First, and which has often resounded with the noble name of Dundas, stands near the shore, a short way south of Redcar, to which there is a drive on sands as smooth as velvet, yet so firm that neither horse nor man leave their imprint on them as they tread the strand to proceed to Redcar. This peculiarity has given Redcar (in other respects a most insignificant sea-village) a certain degree of sea-bathing celebrity during the summer. Many people who either for health or pleasure desire to have good sea-bathing at that season, repair to Redcar from many parts

in the north, in order to enjoy at the same time the daily walks or rides over the broad floor eight miles long and one mile broad, left by the receding waters. Some intention, however, at present exists of giving more importance to the place, by making it a convenient harbour. For this purpose it is proposed to connect the *Scars* (two projecting lines of rocks near the coast) with breakwaters, and to surmount the latter with walls of enormous length, to serve as piers. But the ultimate utility of the scheme is doubted by many, and the speculation, as yet, meets with little favour.

Returning from this sea bathing-place, a gentleman's seat at Kirk Leatham, was pointed out to me, whose name recalls that of a most worthy and honest Chancellor of the exchequer, now a peer of the realm. With its yellow front and Flemish like elevation, that building seemed purposely placed there to mark the foreign origin of the noble lord's ancestors.

Beyond it, a very curious and large edifice appears, built on three sides of a quadrangle, and of a very imposing exterior,—having a statue upon a suitable pedestal representing justice, in the centre of its open court, which is enclosed in front by a handsome iron palisade. This building, from its denomination of, and destination as an hospital, sufficiently commemorates the pious bequest, and philanthropic name of Sir W. Turner, its founder.

Scarcely had this object been left behind than the eye, as we reapproached at a great speed the lofty wall of the Cleveland hills (here rising like a mighty screen to fourteen hundred feet elevation), rested on Wilton Castle, seated on a small eminence not far from the road. Of the ancient baronial seat nought but the name remains. In its stead the plain Elizabethan windows of Sir Robert Smirke's modern elevation, are seen distributed through a great many walls of red sandstone, the latter flanked by turrets. These, with the many additions since made under the direction of the

proprietor of the castle himself, present altogether an extensive mass of building assuming the castellated form.

This seat of Sir John Lowther stands well in the landscape; but the land around and about it, and particularly that which lies between the castle and the road, does not exhibit the same well-cultivated and rich aspect which I had lately remarked in other parts of Yorkshire.

My peregrination terminated at Middleburgh, whence on the following morning, after crossing the water, I set off by the Clarence railway for Durham and Sunderland, on my way to Hartlepool.

Those who are acquainted with the district will start at the idea of my journeying a distance of nearly fifty miles away from my destination, when Hartlepool laid on the coast conveniently at hand from Middleburgh. But the secret lies in this; that a single coach travels, on alternate days only, the short distance between Stockton or Middleburgh and Hartlepool; and had I adopted that conveyance I must have lost many precious hours in waiting; whereas the Clarence trains travel often in the day and expeditiously; though not quite so much so as in the south; and would wisk me over four times the distance, in infinitely less time than I should have wasted in accomplishing my transference direct from Middleburgh to Hartlepool.

Another consideration swayed me also on the occasion, congenial with the object of my journey. It was the desire of learning something respecting two or three mineral springs in the county, which had been mentioned to me by letters.

To Durham therefore I proceeded by the Clarence railroad; that is to within about six miles of that episcopal see where the railway ends, and from whence a shilling omnibus conveyed me to the city.

Happening to sit in one of the open carriages of the train by the side of a most intelligent gentleman, well acquainted with

the country, and apparently connected with some of the mining speculations with which the country is rife, I found the excursion to Durham both pleasant and instructive. As we proceeded, sometimes on a level plain, and again on inclined plains, the country right and left developing itself under our eyes, my travelling companion pointed out to me the various spots of interest, and the little history attached to them.

Wynyard Park appeared conspicuous on our right, beyond Bottle Hill, in the midst of an exceedingly pretty country, with a broad expanse of water before it, sparkling in the sunshine. A little farther lay the extensive grounds and plantations of Hardwicke, in the neighbourhood of which, Mansforth Hall, the small house inhabited by the learned author of the history of Durham, was singled out with a sort of selfcomplacency, by his countryman my informant.

Hardwicke Hall, once the wonder of Durham county for its gardens and temples, and one of the grandest terraces in England, is now used merely as a hunting-box, and its former splendour is for the moment gone.

Turning the eye to the left in the direction of Bishop Auckland, immediately across an extensive and very fertile country, the noble mansion and plantation of Sir Robert Eden exhibited the gratifying contrast of a domain carefully watched and husbanded by its lord, and consequently flourishing.

We were now entering that vast tract of land which covers one of the largest coal-fields in England, from which alone London had, in one year (1837) been supplied with 805,668 tons of coals from nine collieries only, producing to the owners, upon shipping them, 426,332*l.*—yet costing to the consumers in the metropolis, nearly a million pounds sterling.

As we passed close to Wingate my fellow-traveller did not fail to mention, as one of the examples of the good fortune which will at times attend the purchase of the worst sort of

land in this county, the case of the late Lord Howden, one of the best-hearted noblemen in England, and in his time a gallant soldier, who did not long survive the sudden bringing to light of a mine of wealth on his Durham estate. In a tract of many acres of bad land, purchased some years before, his Lordship had found coals, and had sunk a colliery in conjunction with a house of Newcastle. The tract, supposed to cover an almost inexhaustible stratum of coal, extends to about 2600 acres; and a branch rail to the Durham, as well as to the Hartlepool railroad, at once supplies ready means of disposing of the produce. That produce was not likely to fail, said my informant, since the Howden tract was in the immediate vicinity of two other collieries, one of which, the Haswell, had already been worked successfully for two years.

Now that the subjacent strata of this vast estate of Lord Howden, originally purchased at the price of waste or indifferent land, are made to yield gold, its upper surface also will be turned to account, and some of that gold employed to bring the whole tract into a high state of productive cultivation: thus will the owner and the public be benefited in a twofold manner.

We see here another striking illustration of the powerful agency of ready and cheap communications. A quantity of land, amounting to nearly 3000 acres, which before the putting down of any line of railway, had been almost despaired of, or at the utmost had been made to yield but ordinary crops—a land, too, which had changed hands over and over again, without any of the successive owners dreaming of the treasure that lay concealed under his steril acres, or, if suspecting it, unable to convey that treasure where it would be bartered for gold—such a land, I say, by the single agency of a railroad, is about to be converted into a region of inexhaustible riches, from within as well as without.

Further on, and right and left of the railroad on which we

were at the time travelling, another equally striking illustration of this kind was presented to us; for there lay some of the land on which a noble earl connected by property and his title with the county, had sold to the descendant of a deceased high chancellor, as any common land; although, by borings previously made, the noble proprietor had ascertained that underneath it, rich veins of coal lay concealed. Could his lordship have imagined that at no distant period a line of easy transport for that coal would be made to cross, as it now does, that very land, with a terminus at a seaport, he most assuredly would not have parted with his property, and left the purchaser of it to reap, as indeed he is now doing, the whole benefit of the discovery.*

In like manner, the Lord of Wynyard could not have turned, as he has done, into a large income, the extensive landed property of the Tempest family, but for the branch railway he has established, in communication with the Durham and Sunderland railroads, as well as for the private harbour he has made at Seaham as a shipping terminus, by which an easy and incessant *débouché* is for ever secured to the rich produce of his lordship's collieries.

It is then made manifest that railway communication, by its certainty, rapidity, and consequent economy of time, does more towards creating wealth at home than any other agency which man can command; since it gives value to that which was valueless before. But it will also give impetus to agricultural enterprise, through the very wealth it creates, which enables us successfully to compel the earth to yield the fruit so much needed by man. Hence as abundance of the earth's produce, and wealth, or capital, the necessary results of it,

* Between writing this passage and correcting the press—an interval of time almost too brief for any event—the spirited and high-minded nobleman, here alluded to, has been almost suddenly removed from his territorial possession, and the field of his ambitious views recalled, ere the allotted hour of man, to the home of his forefathers.

if not the only, are at least the principal agents of civilization —it follows that that government will be the wisest which shall most encourage and foster the formation of radiating lines of railway communication between every possible point of the kingdom.

Apply this principle to a sister kingdom, still a century behind England in every social art and comfort, and that island will soon be worthy of its present association, and its people be made happy. Traverse that island in all directions with railroads, and the desolate appearance of its surface will soon change into a rich and productive garden. Railway communication will do more for the civilization of Ireland than education. It will give white bread in lieu of potatoes to the people; and never until that people can eat white bread of their own growth, will they be in a better position than they are at present.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

BUTTERBY SPAS—DURHAM; HARTLEPOOL.

First view of Durham CATHEDRAL—The Prebend's Bridge—The Durham UNIVERSITY—Modern antique—Students' Rooms—BUTTERBY SPAS—Endless rope Railway—The Collieries—Hetton and its Produce—OFFERTON Spa—Longevity of the people at HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING—Excursion to HARTLEPOOL—The "Home Tour"—TWO HEADS better than none—The great Causeway—Hartlepool as it was and as it is about to be—SIR JOHN RENNIE'S gigantic works—Sea-bathing Celebrity gone—Chalybeate Spa vanished—Substituted celebrity—The HARBOURS—The Docks—Future Prosperity and present Misery—A CHEMIST and DRUGGIST—The Poor-law Commissioners—The SANDS—Black-hall rocks—A Risk avoided—Awful Situation.

THERE are only two, of the many magnificent cathedral structures in England, that present themselves to the traveller suddenly as it were, upon approaching their respective cities, and in the most imposing manner, towering on high above all surrounding objects, like the cupola of St. Paul's over all the other edifices in London: Lincoln cathedral is one; the other is this of Durham, towards which I was journeying from the terminus of the railway at Sherburn, mounted on the outside of a lumbering omnibus.

Before any of the dwellings and other parts of the city come in view, as they lie behind lofty and rocky banks, clothed in dark verdure, the body and towers of the cathedral, and the loftier keep of Durham Castle, appeared all at once on the horizon, lit up by the sun of a brilliant day in August.

Oh, for the pencil and pallet of Stanfield to fix this glorious picture! On approaching nearer, and as we cross the Elvit bridge over the Wear, to enter the city, and ascend under the old city-walls to the market-place, the further unrolling of the ground-map of this episcopal See tends to diminish the first impression; yet is every object right and left of the bridge, the new and the old, grouped and arranged in the most picturesque manner imaginable.

Another exceedingly pretty view of the cathedral is obtained from the north end of the Prebend's bridge. The river is here at a bend, sequestered, removed from the bustle of the town, and imbosomed within two lofty and well-wooded banks, dammed up by a wear placed across the stream. The cathedral appears on the opposite bank, towering above its loftiest plantation.

In this secluded spot, the river affords amusement during the summer to the good people of Durham, who assemble once a year on the surrounding banks, dressed in their holiday clothes, to witness a gay regatta that is said to rival those on the grand canal at Venice.

My reason for passing through Durham, and remaining a few hours in that city, after exploring the various objects of interest it offers to a stranger, was a desire to visit the new university, in doing which I received every kind assistance from Professor Johnson, the able teacher of chemistry in that establishment. With him, and with Mr. Shaw, a surgeon in considerable practice in Durham, whom I had casually become acquainted with on the road thither, I went round and examined the various parts of that *young* institution lodged in *ancient* and almost romantic apartments.

It was an excellent idea, that of founding a new university in an old and venerable building; clerical and monastical withal; whereby the *prestige* of such accessaries as those so much boasted of, and deemed so essential to a high, classical, and intellectual education in the two senior sister universities,

is at once attained, without waiting for the slow progress of centuries. Hence the university of Durham may be termed "a modern antique."

Professor Johnson escorted us all round, pointing out and explaining the several divisions and arrangements of the college, scattered over a large extent of ground, and through many different old buildings. In our progress along the Gothic corridors, we entered the different rooms of the men (now absent during vacation)—some neat and in good order, others mean-looking, ill kept, and in the same state of confusion in which they had been left.

How easily the mind and disposition of these several absentees might have been gathered from the appearance of their rooms at college. Here, indeed, a species of more sound phrenology than that of the so-called science, might have been exercised, and the disposition of each dweller of these chambers easily and truly read off their walls and flooring, by the mere inspection of their interior condition and arrangement. I tried my hand at this, in two or three instances, and the worthy professor smiled assent and gainsaid me not.

Some of these rooms of the students are in the castle and old archiepiscopal palace, and these have a pretty look out over the castle gardens, with a peep at the river and the surrounding hills. The men can likewise walk round, to a great extent, upon a terrace which was originally a part of the old bastions; or they may descend to the margin of the river, and walk through the shaded groves beneath the lofty walls of the Prebendary's dwellings, under the casements of Mylord Bishop of Chester, or of his Right Reverence of Exeter, or in fine of that of the prelate of St. David's, all three of whom, besides the diocesan, have residence here, as well as in their respective episcopal palaces. In no other cathedral establishment perhaps has it happened before, that four bishops should have an individual right to congregate together.

The great and ancient Refectory, now the Hall, is equal to

some of the best at Oxford or Cambridge, and can accommodate about 400 students; but as yet, not more than 100 have sat down in it. There is a combination room, which is very large, and a new room adjoining.

Some of the inner corridors that run round one of the courts have been much improved of late. In doing this an accidental and curious discovery was made, while altering a window, of some rich Gothic ornaments, with projecting little columns, and running arches, covering the walls. These had been entirely masked with mortar and plaster, which have since been altogether removed.

Another restoration in which the college authorities were engaged, is that of the great keep or tower, originally consisting of three stories, but till now appearing to have only one, in consequence of its being choaked, up to the middle with rubbish. In clearing the latter away, the skeleton of a spermaceti whale was discovered.

As there is a want of rooms for the additional students expected to attend the university, it is intended to restore the two stories to the tower, converting them into dwelling and lecture rooms. The view from this position is truly beautiful, extending not only all over the city, encircled by the Wear, but also far beyond it, over a rich and densely-populated district.

It was gratifying to hear the learned Professor express himself with satisfaction on the present and future prospects of this Northern University.

Of the mineral springs in the county of Durham, I have already described the two most important, and have now merely to mention a third Spa, which about twenty-five or thirty years ago enjoyed considerable reputation in the vicinity of Durham. I allude to BUTTERBY, a place still resorted to for its mineral springs, and to which a short but delightful walk leads the visiter, who on approaching them enters a most romantic dell, the sides of which are deep, and

shadowed by overhanging wood. There he meets with the "Sweet Well," as the first spring is called from its agreeable taste—or rather from the absence of all taste, in as much as it appears to be a pure water, holding in solution a very small proportion of carbonate of lime.

Further down the dell, on getting nearer to the margin of the river Wear, a second spring is found, the distinguishing character of which is to hold in solution a notable quantity of sulphuretted gas. Its presence, however, does not render the taste of the water particularly disagreeable, owing probably to the combination of moderate quantities of muriate of soda, lime, and magnesia found in it.

Judging by the analysis of this particular water, which I have inserted in my general table, and with which I was favoured by Dr. Clanny, of Sunderland, its author, I should consider it eminently useful as an alterative, and more safe in its internal use as a sulphuretted water than many others of that class.

Its natural temperature is 50°, that of the atmosphere being 63°. It is colourless; gives out a few air-bubbles on agitation; and on being suffered to remain at rest for a few hours, these disappear at last, without troubling the water, or throwing down any sediment, but simply diminishing the intensity of the sulphurous taste and smell.

Dr. Clanny, whom I have just mentioned, while occupying the important post of physician to the Durham Infirmary, published an account of the Butterby or *Beau-trouvé* Spas, to which he had paid great attention. Those of my readers who take an interest in scientific matters of this kind, need hardly be told that the opinion of Dr. Clanny on a subject of this sort may be received with the utmost confidence, as that of an individual perfectly qualified by talent and erudition to express one.

At Butterby, the two springs just described are not the only sources that claim attention; there is a third, even more

interesting in a physical point of view than the others. This rises in the very middle of the bed of the river Wear, and is charged with iron and a large proportion of common salt. Diluted as this mineral water always is with that of the river which is for ever flowing over it, hardly any medicinal use can be made of it, until such time as by enclosure of the spring all admixture shall be prevented. In such a case the spring may be made available, by being administered in combination with the water from the sulphur well, which seems, as it were, to lie purposely at hand.

The distance from Durham to Sunderland is only thirteen miles; yet the stationary engine railway-carriage, in which I took my venture, occupied two hours and a quarter in going over it. The many stoppages, and the changing of ropes consequent on the system of stationary engines, are the causes of this delay,—of which I heard people of the county travelling upon it complain bitterly—exclaiming at the same time against the prevalence of private over public interest. But as the proprietors of the railroad look for remuneration chiefly from the conveyance of coals and merchandise, which are neither in haste nor prone to murmur, they laugh at the grumbling passengers, and adhere to their old cumbersome mode of managing the railroad, which is nearly half a century behind all other railroads in England.

On our way to Sunderland, we first passed one of Lord Londonderry's collieries, the produce of which, as I observed before, is conveyed by a railway proper to Seaham harbour.

We next came to the famed Hetton colliery, where a long halt took place. This colliery is one of the most extensive in England. It is worked by a company, and not fewer than 1000 men are employed in it. The excavations have now attained the extent of three miles, to reach which you must descend to the depth of nine hundred and sixty feet. In it two sets of men, each in its turn, work for eight hours daily, assisted by locomotive engine, within those profound and

cavernous recesses. In 1837 this colliery threw into the London market 204,668 tons of coals, which fetched the highest coal-market price of that year, namely 24*s*., besides all the other extra charges.

Hetton colliery is an important colony of itself. The population above ground amounts to nearly six thousand, who have eleven places of worship and seven Sunday-schools. I found the men and their families well lodged in small cottages, provided with fire, and in case of illness with medical attendance. They appeared healthy, and many of the pitmen, still active and at work, were as much as sixty-five and seventy years of age. Wages depend on strength of arms, but speaking generally, the pitmen seldom earned less than twenty, and often as much as twenty-seven shillings a week. They appeared to be orderly, quiet, and perfectly contented, and are always in full work.

It is probable that had I been earlier apprized of the existence of a mineral spring at Offerton, situated on the banks of the Wear, respecting which Mr. Stonow, surgeon at New Bottle, near Houghton-le-Spring, and a company of subscribers, expressed a wish to have my opinion, I should from Hetton have made a deviation to the indicated spot, with a view of examining the water in question. As it is, I can only report, on the authority of Mr. Stonow's letter, that the said water was analyzed at Newcastle, and found to contain three grains and a fraction of carbonate of soda, and one of iron, as the most active ingredients in it.

The situation of the spring is said to be most beautiful, and "wonderfully adapted by nature for a watering-place." Of the purity and salubrity of the air in the neighbourhood of the spring I can entertain no doubt, if it but resembles that of Houghton-le-Spring, where people seem to live "until they forget to die." At the time of my visit at that beautifully sequestered village, the parish boasted of a parson seventy-six years of age, a sexton of seventy-two, a bellows-blower of

eighty, and a sexton's portly rib of ninety; making a total of three hundred and sixty-nine years!

Houghton-le-Spring however is famous not only for having a very aged rector, but also as being one of the richest rectories in the county; and likewise for having been the field of the apostolic acts of Bernard Gilpin, one of its rectors of olden times, a man whom his learned contemporaries used to stile "*Vir sanctissimus.*"

It was as well that the slow and cumbersome train on which I had embarked was not more expeditious in its movement; else all these to me interesting digressions must have cost me my place. However, proceeding at length, and rushing down the inclined plane from Seaton to Ryhope on the seashore (a species of terrific *montagne russe*, down which we rattled at the rate of forty miles an hour with a tremulous and unpleasant vibration), we reached Sunderland, from whence I started for Hartlepool on the following day; having in the mean time transacted some business in the former place.

To Hartlepool, the special object of my summer's excursion led me; not only because it was once a sea bathing-place of considerable note, but also because I felt a great desire to examine in person the mineral springs long known to have existed in that place, below high-water mark; a circumstance of no inconsiderable interest. How far my expectations were realized will presently be seen.

Hartlepool is, in too many respects, worthy of particular consideration to be hastily dismissed. At this moment an engineering operation of vast magnitude is going on in that seaport, which will not only change the aspect of the country immediately around it, but also affect property very materially in Hartlepool itself, as well as at many of the neighbouring ports. The author of the "Home Tour in 1835," has admirably and minutely described the great works which had been carrying on there up to the time of his visit, when they

had been suspended, from causes admitted as valid by some and disputed by others. He saw that line of railroad from Durham and Sunderland in progress, which has since been completed, and has given a new turn to the great question of whether a safe and capacious harbour, as a port of refuge for the shipping on a coast where navigation is dangerous, as well as of export for the mining produce of the northern counties, is a desirable and a feasible object, and one likely to prove an advantageous speculation. That question has, in the mean time, been decided in the affirmative, as far as regards the eligibility and feasibility of the project,—leaving but little doubt with regard to its productibility. Not only have the suspended works been resumed, but they have also been enlarged, and are now more vigorously pursued than at any former period.

Sir George Head, then, will rejoice that a plan which his own sagacity and observations had led him to consider as "good," and its completion "desirable," is not likely to be set aside from any caprice or faintheartedness. Look at the returns of the extraordinary progress made by Hartlepool as a seaport during the last four years only; and the facts alone which they divulge, will suffice to show the accuracy of my assertion. In a ministerial journal of the 26th of December of last year, it is officially stated, "that in 1835 there were only three sloops registered at Hartlepool, and that there were now (1839) ninety vessels, averaging about 245 tons each, and representing a capital of nearly a quarter of a million of money."

An excursion to Hartlepool from Low Haswell, one of the eleven principal collieries in Durham, which I examined on my return from a short visit to the mineral springs of BUTTERBY, is one which I would strongly recommend to every tourist in the north, who may be desirous of witnessing what the energy and ingenuity of man can effect, not only in staying the impending ruin and total extinction of a place, once a celebrated "emporium of the see," as Camden calls it, but

also in raising it to an importance far superior to that which it formerly possessed; as most assuredly the operations carried on in that place within the last six years, and now in progress of completion, are calculated to accomplish. It is an excursion I call to memory with the most lively interest.

The first of these operations, and the most influential in producing the results I have glanced at, is the completion of a single line of railway, projected from the end of the Durham junction railroad, through the beautiful district of Castle Eden, and along the summit of that curious causeway, or peninsula, which, beginning at Middlethorp, extends about three and a half miles in a straight direction, as far as the north-gate of Hartlepool, with a somewhat rapid downward inclination.

For the space of the two last miles this single railway forms, as it were, the backbone of a ridge, partly natural and partly artificially raised, which becomes narrower as it proceeds onwards to its termination into the ocean, where the town of Hartlepool is seated. Its upper plane is just wide enough to admit that one line of rails and no more. In some parts (that is farthest from the town) the ridge is nearly one hundred feet high, in others only seventy-five, sixty, and fifty feet. On its left the waters of the German Ocean leave a broad sandy shore, along which runs a double and triple parallel line of sandy hillocks, from twenty to thirty feet in height, capable of defending the basis of the ridge from the inroads of the sea. On the right or land side a rich succession of corn-fields appears to a considerable distance, until they merge into a more varied and still further landscape.

Trains of forty and fifty coal-waggons, each of them weighing, with its cargo, fifty hundredweight, are constantly to be seen passing downwards towards Hartlepool, to which the carriages for passengers are linked behind. To one such train of waggons, proceeding from the Thornley colliery, and inscribed with the name of Sir William Chaytor, our carriage

was yoked, by means of a single and endless rope, as thick as a man's wrist, travelling over a number of successive iron pulleys, here called sheaves, which are placed immediately under the centre of the waggons and carriages, between the two rails distant from each other about twenty-five feet. Our string of coal-waggons and passenger-carriages, extending over upwards of four hundred feet of ground in length, and weighing a quarter of a million of pounds, made good its descent, of two miles and a quarter, in less than three minutes by my watch!

The endless rope by which the rapid movement is effected is put in motion by a stationary engine, which at the same time pulls up the inclined plane the string of returning empty waggons, to the spot where the two trains, the descending and the ascending, are able to pass each other by means of *sidings*, or short lateral rails. The ascending passengers' train, however, from Hartlepool as far as the level, and again from Hasleton Dean to Castle Eden (a portion of the road on which there is a double line of rails), is dragged up, or sometimes pushed up from behind, by locomotives.

If the tourist, on his way to Hartlepool, departs direct from Sunderland, many are the modes and changes which he will witness in the manner of being forwarded to his destination. The manner altogether is a tedious though an extremely cheap one, and as the levels of the ground vary, so do the means employed to travel over them. Thus, from the sea village of Ryhope, three miles from the first station out of Sunderland, the traveller will be dragged up an elevated plane, by stationary engines working an endless rope, in the way before described, and in that manner will he reach Haswell. Of these stationary engines there is one at every three miles; but even that number would not have been sufficient for the intended purpose, had not the ascending ground been rendered less steep, by excavations made through the soft oolitic rock to a considerable depth.

At Haswell the moving power is again changed, and a single horse, put in front of the whole train, is found to be sufficient to draw the immense loads I have described, along a single rail. This being upon a gentle inclined plane, the animal finds it no difficult task to proceed at the rate of from eight to ten miles an hour, with all that tremendous tail behind him. In this way Castle Eden and its noted iron foundery is quickly passed and left behind.

The train next enters a very extensive and deep excavation, in many places from seventy to eighty feet deep, being alluvium; it then crosses, over a viaduct, a most picturesque chasm, called Haselden, or Hastleton Dean,—where the sea, to which our back had been turned since leaving Ryhope, again bursts on our view. It is soon after that the long descent to Hartlepool, previously described, begins; before reaching which, however, the drawing horse is removed into a waggon *behind* the train, and the rest of the journey is performed quickly as well as comfortably without him—this being perhaps the only instance in human affairs, where it answers very well to "put the cart before the horse."

The train stops precisely where the excavations for the formation of the new harbour and docks are now proceeding, agreeably to the vast scheme devised by that able engineer Sir John Rennie—a scheme which, including the railway, has already required the sum of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

There are two inns at present at Hartlepool, where none existed when Sir Cuthbert Sharp, mayor of that place, published its interesting and antiquarian history twenty-four years ago. The George and the Cleveland Arms stare each other in the face. I selected the latter, and had reason to be perfectly satisfied with my choice. Nowhere in England could a better or a more profuse breakfast be presented to a hungry traveller, as I was, in so expeditious and so neat a manner, and for the moderate charge of one shilling and sixpence.

My repast finished, I proceeded to explore the place, and seek for the particular objects I came to examine; but, alas! to no purpose.

Hartlepool is in a state of transition. It had once its day as a sea bathing-place. "It is at present a watering-place of considerable celebrity," says Sir Cuthbert, in 1816. That glory is now past.

"Hartlepool," observed Dr. Short, "boasts of by far the best mineral water in the county. It is exceedingly fine, clear, thin, of a pleasant smell, chalybeate taste, smells a little of sulphur, is grateful, and sits light on the stomach, and passes quickly off. It has surprisingly good effects in *scorbutic cases, habitual nervousness, stomach hyppo and hysterics,*" besides a hundred other maladies.

To judge by the number of authors who have written of this mineral water, Hutchinson, Munro, Short, Berkenhout and Eliot, it must have indeed enjoyed a glorious reputation. That reputation is now gone.

Hartlepool is no longer a famous place for either of these two great physical features which before gave it lustre in those respects. We have to record the end of its good days; but we may also report the termination of its degradation. At no distant period we may have to chronicle its rise and new prosperity. The rail that brought hither the waggons and the black gold from Bradyll and Thornley, has driven the fine company of bathers away; and the excavators who are so much dreaded near the docks and railways in progress, have by their operations given the last blow to the mineral spring, or chalybeate spa, once in existence near the water gate; clearing the coast, at the same time, of the last remnant of sickly dames and invalids.

My occupation, therefore, at Hartlepool was gone. But the contemplation of the eight hundred hardy men whom I beheld at work, engaged in excavating extensive docks, and in remedying the ill effects of that sad catastrophe which Sir

George Head has so vividly described, in 1835, was a sufficient motive for detaining me yet awhile. Sheltered by the handsome new brick building of the Hartlepool rail-office, I stood surveying the vast operations of these "dreaded" labourers, and reflected that by converting a vast tract of barren land, or a stagnant lake, into one of the finest harbours on this coast, they will be the means of bringing back to Hartlepool more than its former splendour, and much of the wealth that now pours into Tynemouth, and the mouths of the Wear.

This is no dream. The notes of the engineer are before me, and they tend to explain to the uninitiated, while marvelling at all he sees, the extent as well as intent and purport of what appears now inexplicable as well as inextricable.

Two great basins, or an inner and outer harbour, the one containing sixteen, the other thirty acres, with suitable docks, occupying about sixteen or eighteen acres more, will constitute the port of Hartlepool. Four hundred sail of large colliers will find ample room to float and move about in them. In case of need, both the harbours may, at any period, be enlarged.

To cleanse the outer harbour and keep it open, a surface of two hundred acres of water, collected in a great reservoir or Slate, lies close at hand, capable of being discharged at low water by means of sluices. "This is a most powerful and efficient means for the purpose," observed Sir John Rennie to me; "the like of which we have not elsewhere in this country. Ramsgate has only a sluice and power of eleven acres, and Dovor of twenty acres; and I believe that there is nothing of similar extent on the continent."

One million and six hundred thousand tons of earth have already been excavated in the prosecution of this truly gigantic undertaking, and the total quantity of masonry in the basins, walls, &c., extends already to 180,000 tons. Should the remaining part of Sir John's plan be carried into

effect, consisting in raising a great mole or breakwater outside, having five fathoms at low water of Spring tides, Hartlepool would then possess the finest asylum harbour in the north, for vessels of all classes, so much wanted on this coast.

With these data and explanations before me, I proceeded through the huge excavations and embankments, climbing over some of the heaps of soil, or leaping across many of the temporary rail-tracks that seemed to intersect the ground in all directions. A similar scene of bustle and activity, occupying an extent of flat ground as vast as eye could encompass, was probably not to be met with, at that time, elsewhere in England.

Amidst the half finished and the fully completed portion of the works, one's attention is almost distracted. I halted on a bridge, struck at the sight of a stupendous dock gateway just finished. It ran nearly due west, with walls cased in babylonic blocks of stone, and its bed elliptically hollowed,—the sides rose straight and upright,—firm, immovable, and wider apart than in any dock gateway in the Thames or Mersey. Once within the haven to which this water gateway leads, hundreds of vessels will lie at peace, let Æolus or Boreas blow; and either discharge their imported goods upon the wide quays, now in the course of being formed with the very materials thrown up from the excavations—or take in the inland produce of the country for exportation.

To expedite both operations the stiff clay, mixed with loose white sand, brought up from the excavations, is deposited by the side of the ridge on which the single railroad now runs, to widen its upper platform, and render a double line of rails admissible, on which it is to be hoped that locomotives will supersede altogether the long and tedious process of stationary engines. Such an arrangement will put Hartlepool

in direct communication with the whole of the north and west of England.

What a glorious sight it will indeed be, when the man whose skill has devised and planned the whole, having completed these gigantic works, shall, to crown all, give the word of command that will let in the ocean into the stupendous entrances his genius has created, followed by a long line of decked vessels which will presently be floating proudly and in safety where but a few hours before it would have been destruction for them to have touched! To see a mighty three-decker launched from a dry dock into the bosom of the deep, is a magnificent and inspiriting sight; yet we have but added another to the myriads of those engines by which man usurps a temporary power over the ocean. But to behold the latter admitted within an artificial estuary prepared for it, that it may be subdued for the safe existence of those very engines the strength and skill of which it laughs to scorn during its moments of ire; to view it imprisoned between lofty walls—its lion-murmurs muzzled, and its surface stilled;—this is a sight far more inspiriting, and a conquest far superior over the restless element. Such a sight will be worth the journey from London, or any other distant part of the country; and I doubt not but that the opening of Hartlepool New Port will attract thousands of applauding spectators.

After this minute picture of the certain and immediate prospects of Hartlepool, it is hardly necessary to remark, that the present desolate appearance of its semi-abandoned streets and houses will change into a scene of bustling activity, business, and dense population; and further, that not only will all the already existing modern dwellings, deserted at the epoch of the catastrophe of 1834, be reoccupied—but double and triple their numbers will rise in all directions—for which ample scope is afforded by the state of the land in and about the town. Judging as a cosmopolite, from

all the circumstances of the case, it is not difficult to see that an investment of money in judicious building speculations at Hartlepool, would be a safe and lucrative operation. Accordingly, I found that a building society was about to be formed in the town, the members of which, by small monthly subscriptions, meant to raise a fund, from which advances could be made, to be repaid by instalments, with interest, so as to enable the industrious classes, individually, to build or purchase small freehold or other dwelling-houses.

This is a comforting prospect for the people of Hartlepool, who have hitherto borne patiently their poverty, or indifferent fortune—a lot which it is easy to perceive has been more or less that of every class in the place. Hence, as I cast my eyes around me, while walking through the streets, the proofs of the dismal truth stared me in the face, in a variety of ways, and I regret to say, even in the case of persons connected with my own profession.

To what strange occupations has indeed a medical man in this, as well as in many other distant parts of the country I have visited resorted, for want of bread, consequent on the excess of competition from an overstocked market, or from the casting loose of unqualified and irregular practitioners among the industrious classes and poorer labourers; by the Commissioners appointed to carry into effect the New Poor-laws! Here, within a few paces of the inn, at Hartlepool, from which I was about to take my leave, a "dispensing chemist and druggist," who, I understood, gave also advice with his threepenny powders, showed to what shifts an offshoot of the medical profession is driven to secure bread. The double windows of his fair-looking shop, besides its usual characteristic glass flagons, yellow, pink, and blue, displayed an heterogeneous mass of articles, such as were never before married together in a similar establishment. There were scents and toothpowders on the one side, close to jars of pickled onions and boxes of *genuine* Seidlitz powders.

In the twin window the "true Mexican jet" was strongly recommended to scouring maids; and hard by, there lay French *allumettes* side by side with Congreve lucifers, a case of true Havannahs, and a phrenological head, with its various bumps conspicuous. Against the inside panes of the centre glass-door two printed placards were pendant; on the one, "choice drugs and chemicals," with "bleeding and tooth-drawing," besides "physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared," were inscribed in bold capitals; while the other or fellow placard advertised to the passer by that genuine coffee was imported there.

On leaving Hartlepool, I took to the sands on my return,—it being low water, and the distance along the shore five miles only,—to reach the celebrated clusters, called the Black Hall Rocks, which I was anxious to behold. A walk of so novel a kind to me offered strong temptations. The state of the tide I had ascertained was such, that if I loitered not in picking up the many inviting shells that are found scattered on these sands, or in examining the hundred varieties of fuci, confervæ and ulvæ with which the face of the rocks on the coast is studded, I might reach in time, and so pass through, the perforated rock among the romantic clusters before named, which the force and constant action of the water have separated from the coast, and fashioned so as to appear at a distance like gigantic towers.

Accordingly I began my march, though dissuaded by my landlady of the Cleveland Arms; but I had scarcely proceeded three-quarters of a mile in my lonely excursion, when thoughts and feelings supervened to shake my resolution. It was the 2d of August, the day was intensely hot, and the sun, only an hour removed from its meridian, shone withan intensity of light which the white sand reflected back with a dazzling splendour. I found the sands not so hard as I expected. The way was dreary and solitary; not a human being was in sight. A few distant sails were seen balancing on the waving line of blue, to

my right; and the surf, far ahead of me, was seen to beat against the fringed coast. Anon this latter seemed to start into the sea and bar all further progress, until I approached the spot and discovered a passage. Again it appeared to sink back into receding inland circles, leaving a broad strand between it and the incoming tide, which rolled in successive eddies on the shore, with a rustling noise.

These constant changes in the aspect of the coast portended fhe tortuous, long, and dismal course I should have to follow. The glare of the smooth and dazzling sand, as it reflected the sun back into my eyes, presently troubled my vision, and made my brain hot. A few steps farther and the temples beat as if the hat had been too tight. I doffed this and exposed the bare head to the western breeze, which blew from between some chasm in the rocks on my left, or through a break in that long line of sandhills already mentioned, which, covered with coarse tall grass, inhabited by rabbits, and here and there gladdened by the presence of a sauntering sand-bird—extend, in parts, along the coast.

The sensation in the bead, however, was not diminished by this precaution. Symptoms of fulness in that part kept increasing apace. *A coup de soleil* is the work of an instant. It is unexpected, or if preceded by any warning (as I have often had and profited by, to save myself), it would, in such a place, come as a warning in vain. To fall unseen and unknown on the strand, as the rolling tide is within an hour or two of returning to it, and thus to meet the fate of one whose cherished image is ever before me, was a possible case —an event not improbable even—one which might befall me, and which might remain unknown for many a day after. I thought of home and those I had left there; and instantly quitting the solitary strand, along which I dared not retrace my steps the whole distance I had come, plunged at once among the sandhills, and past these, with my face to the

west, I gained the narrow tract of cultivated land which lies between them and the foot of that magnificent railway embankment so often mentioned, which now rose nearly a hundred feet above me.

A little rest in one of the fields, and the green aspect of the country around, soon restored my circulation to its former tranquillity. Proper caution and a few efforts enabled me to scramble up the loose acclivity, and gain the summit of that great causeway. But here another danger awaited me, which I had not anticipated, and which, for the moment, presented itself in a much more threatening attitude than the one I had not had the courage to encounter.

It has already been stated that the summit of the ridge, or causeway, is just wide enough to admit of a single set of railway tracks, which occupies the centre. The space left on each side is only of sufficient width for a man to walk upon; but he must be of strong nerves and have a steady head to do so; for as each margin of the causeway is unprotected by any barrier, and a precipice of sixty, seventy, or even a hundred feet depth yawns below it, it is no ordinary head that can stand the walking upon the very brink of it, along the whole of an uninterrupted line of two miles and a quarter, as straight as the course of an arrow.

To avoid the latter alternative I took to the middle between the tracks, and thus proceeded on my pedestrian tour towards Hasleton, enjoying, from the height whence I surveyed them, the magnificent sight of the ocean on my right, and of the fertile country on my left, which extended to the very verge of the hills on which Durham rose in the distant horizon.

Presently, as I had walked about a mile without meeting a single object in my progress, a small black speck appeared in sight straight before me, and at the farthest visible point, which seemed to occupy the centre of the long and narrow causeway. At first the object, flanked on each side by lofty

and dark embankments, seemed stationary, like an insulated rock between them. But as I kept progressing on my way, it appeared to detach itself from the surrounding landscape, and to stand out in front of it, until it left the landscape behind and an empty space besides. The latter kept increasing at every instant as the object got larger and larger, and thus showed that the latter was travelling on the same causeway as myself, and advancing towards me.

Then, and not till then, the frightful thought shot across me, that this was one of the long and heavy trains of loaded waggons, rolling down the inclined railroad on its way to the terminus at Hartlepool—a thought which the total absence of smoke, or of any appearance of fire in a train that was moved without a steam-engine, prevented my entertaining before.

Of the reality of my surmises, and of the awfulness of my position, I soon became convinced, as, with increased velocity and almost noiseless revolution, the rolling train kept nearing me, showing its long line of dark waggons guided by no human hand that could stay its progress on perceiving my danger. Of that danger I became quickly sensible; and in the emergency of the instant, I knew not which way to escape, unless indeed I attempted the perilous experiment of retreating down the precipitous side of the causeway, the bottom of which was, in this part, immersed in an extensive sheet of water. Places there were indeed, here and there, on the summit of the causeway, where the platform swelled out to afford room for the workmen, when employed on the road, or any stray traveller, to retreat to while the trains are passing. But none such were at hand where I stood transfixed almost to the ground, convinced that inevitable destruction awaited me if I continued in the centre of the railway, or serious personal injury if I retreated to the narrow path between the rail and the brink of the causeway. Meantime upon—

"Those single ribs of steel,
Keen as the edge of keenest scimitar,
The *lengthened* cars roll'd on.
* * * * * *
Steady and swift the self-moved chariots went,
Poised on their single wheel they moved along,
Instinct with motion;
Rolling self-balanced on their downward course."

There was not a moment to be lost. I could now distinctly see and count the loaded waggons; and as the drumming noise of their revolving wheels became louder and louder, I felt sick at heart. What was to be done? I threw myself with my face flat on the ground, athwart the narrow path on the right of the rail, with my arms extended, and quickly retreating backwards until my legs and body hung pendulous against the side of the causeway—my head being just above the edge of it—I kept myself thus suspended by my arms stretched on the ground, until the whole train had passed me, its downward velocity fanning the very air on my cheeks.

"As the cars roll'd on their rapid way,
I bow'd mine head and closed mine eyes for dread."

# CHAPTER XIX.

## SUNDERLAND—TYNEMOUTH—NEWCASTLE.

Caves—Castle Eden Dene—Deviation—Strange Characters on the Road—SUNDERLAND—The Iron Bridge—The Pier—Evening Promenade—Odoriferous Approaches—The Belles of Sunderland—TYNEMOUTH—Its Appearance—Sea Bathing-place, or the Brighton of the Newcastle People—The LIVERPOOL of the North Sea—First and second Visit to NEWCASTLE—Surprising Aspect of the City—DESPOTISM AND ARCHITECTURE—The Penny Magazine and a certain fair Authoress—Accuracy and Blunder—ROBERT GRAINGER—Vast Conceptions—Extraordinary Results—New Building and new Streets—GREY STREET and the Column—The Exchange and the Markets—REFORMED CORPORATION—Their love of Jobbing—An American GRAINGER—Parallel between him and the Northumbrian—GEORGE STEPHENSON—An amiable Family—Apology for this Chapter.

"Whoe'er hath loved with venturous step to tread
The chamber dread
Of some deep cave, and seen his taper beam
Lost in the arch of darkness overhead,
And mark'd its gleam,
Playing afar upon the sunless stream,
Where from their secret bed
And course unknown and inaccessible
The silent waters swell;—

"Whoe'er has trod such caves of endless night
He knows, when measuring back the gloomy way,
With what delight refresh'd, his eye
Perceives the shadow of the light of day;
How heavenly seems the sky,
And how, with quickened feet he hastens up
Eager again to greet
The living world and blessed sunshine there,
And drink as from a glass
Of joy, with thirsty lips the open air."

Of this long but beautiful quotation from the great poet who supplied me with the few apt lines with which I concluded the preceding chapter, I was forcibly reminded on emerging from the caverns in Castle Eden Dene.

Having made good at last my walk along the ridge or causeway as far as Heselden or Hasleton, where I was overtaken by a train of empty waggons on which I got a lift to Castle Eden, I proceeded to explore its renowned defile, from its upper entrance, within sight of the lofty modern hall in which resides the daring projector of the Sunderland bridge, down to the gate which opens on the sea-shore; being a distance altogether of about three miles. A little urchin, whom I procured at the porter's lodge, was my conductor until I found myself fairly immersed in the midst of romance and wooded gloom; when, preferring at all times the luxury of being "alone in solitude," I dismissed him with his expected reward.

A poet, and a poet only, can do justice to the many varied beauties of this enchanted region. The brilliant tone and robust pencil of Stanfield might seize and portray some of its

truly magnificent pictorial features, which appear, as it were, purposely arranged for the artist, in some of the happiest and incessantly varying combinations of rocks that seem split asunder by some geological catastrophe, and hanging woods which, in many places, actually darken the face of the sun, and serve to perpetuate night.

A winding and safe road, throughout the whole extent of this defile, serves admirably the purpose of displaying its endless beauties to the many hundred visiters who, during the summer, are admitted by the liberal proprietor to the enjoyments of this magnificent region, containing some of the finest scenery in Durham county. Seen from the upper part of the Dene, not far from where a stream of water springs from the crevice of a rock, and, forming a natural cascade, falls into the gunner's pool, the road can be traced to a considerable distance through the valley below. Snake-like and in broad coils it rushes down the deep sides towards the bottom of the dell, which is too much steeped in gloom to reveal its own secrets. Here and there the road is seen for a moment to right itself upon a level in the shape of a platform, or to wind round a steep bank covered with trees and brushwood; but it soon again takes a downward course, and proceeds to its destination.

Caves, gloomy and unfathomable; masses of rock, detached and rolled down precipices—among which a stream of water frets and murmurs—and trees of every species that please themselves in the soil of Great Britain—such are some of the features that strike the attention of the visiter, who in general prefers approaching the Dene, and exploring it, from the lowest or sea-shore entrance. Gay vehicles filled with such visiters are seen almost constantly ascending from below; and many did I behold on that day, from a circular terrace that overlooks a hanging wood, and heard them trying their prolonged halloos, to provoke an echo which faintly answered to their calls. Gipsy parties are spread among the steep and grassy slopes, seeking for a spot where

to display their picnic baskets. They gaze upwards at the azure of the sky, which they can only behold through the various clumps of trees that hang over them, forming a refreshing canopy to their repast.

I could have lingered hours in the enjoyment of such a spectacle as this, and in such a region; but I was warned by the recollection that the evening was to be spent in Sunderland, and that if I missed the passenger-train, on its return from Hartlepool, I should have no other conveyance at hand for that day to carry me thither.

Were it only to behold the span of that stupendous bridge of iron which, striding over the Wear and its loftiest vessels under sail, with a length of two hundred and thirty-six feet, and at an elevation of one hundred feet, springs from its abutments of solid masonry, twenty-four feet thick, one of which, that to the south, rests on the solid rock, rising twenty feet above the level of the river—a deviation from my course to the Northumbrian and Cumberland Spas would have been at all times excusable. It was to me temptation on the present occasion—I confess it; and the reader must suffer me to linger thus awhile on the road from one Spa to another.

In my present work, I profess not to give a mere catalogue *raisonné* of mineral waters, or to take those who can bear with me from the mere description of one watering-place to that of a second, and a third and a fourth, and so on to the end of the endless list. Mine is not a treatise on English mineral waters only; neither is it intended to be a strictly scientific account of their chemical composition and medicinal virtues and nothing more. I should despair of being read were I thus to confine my object; but, taking encouragement from the flattering reception a former analogous publication has met with, in which positive and useful information was blended with light and amusing details of episodical or collateral subjects, I have studied to follow nearly the same plan on the present occasion, and trust I may rely on the same forbearance from my readers.

Curious characters one meets on the road. I had scarcely taken my place in the Hartlepool train, which had at length worked its way up to the Castle Eden station by means of a locomotive, when two trains, the one of twenty the other of thirty waggons, full of coals, were seen to ascend at the opposite end from Low Haswell, pushed by locomotives.

Turning to a fellow-traveller, who was sitting by my side, and who, with less of the taciturnity than belongs to the Society of Friends, of which he seemed to be a member, had already divulged himself as one of the Directors of the very railroad we were about to travel upon, I inquired how it happened that the passenger-train in the morning was not equally pushed up the steep ascent by a locomotive engine, instead of being dragged by the horribly tedious endless rope.

"Those locomotives belong to the proprietors of collieries," was the reply; "the company simply permit the use of them in conveying the coals on the railroad at a certain charge each per ton."

"And what might that charge be?"

"Three farthings per ton and per mile."

I thanked my "friend" for the information which I was in

the act of transferring to my note-book, when, after having written a few prefatory words, the prices mentioned escaped my memory. Wishing to be exact, I ventured to ask my informant if he had said *three halfpence* a ton and per mile. The silver-headed, square-faced, brown-coated, drab-gaitered, and placid "friend," without moving lips, looked long and doubtfully for a minute or two at me, and at last exclaimed, "I told thee three *farthings* per ton and per mile;" and he turned his back upon me, with marks of something approaching to contempt for the dulness of my apprehension. The information, at all events, is worth something, as an element in the consideration of the great Coal question lately agitated in the metropolis.

The best position from which to contemplate the iron bridge of Sunderland, is on the brink of one of those numerous mounds of loose earth which project from the south bank of the river, immediately over the lower or water road seen from thence at a considerable depth below, winding up wide and steep, from the margin of the river to the level of the principal side streets of Sunderland, for carts and trucks which go to and from the shipping. From that spot the stupendous structure,—one of those projections which show the power of man so strikingly, and which well entitle the engineer to exclaim "*Nil desperandum!*"*—looks light and woven like the spider's meshes which that insect has spun in the air, across some vast chasm.

Even though the beholder is here placed at the height of forty or fifty feet from the river-level, the bridge seems to him as if suspended in the air, and he must raise his head to look at it. Beyond it, and in the immense space defined by its arch and its lofty abutments, large vessels are seen coming down the river, and passing under the suspended structure, over which a string of heavily-laden waggons is, at the same time, slowly moving along its strong timber-framed pavement, strewed with marl, limestone, and gravel, yet quivering under

* Such is the inscription on an iron tablet in the centre of the bridge.

the pressure of such a load. Two hundred and sixty tons weight of iron projected and suspended across a wide space, trembling at, yet resisting, the incessant trials to which its strength is subjected every day in the year! Justly will the descendants of Burdon, through whose perseverance, and at whose expense principally, this imposing structure was raised, feel proud of such an ancestor.

Dr. Reid Clanny, who resides in a handsome and wide street leading to the bridge, showed me every civility, and I owe it to him, that in a couple of days I made myself master of every thing worthy of note in a place which, in a commercial point of view, particularly as to the shipping interest, must be regarded as the fourth seaport in the kingdom; a rank to which it has risen from that of a fishing hamlet, in the course of little more than two centuries. Upwards of 300 new vessels of various burden were launched in Sunderland during the past year.

There is a sort of evening promenade, a marine one, on a noble pier (the south one) at the entrance of the harbour, 650 yards long to its present eastern extremity, and at its widest part 250 feet broad. The top of the pier is eleven feet above high water of ordinary spring tides, and its width between the harbour-wall and the sea-parapet, is divided into two longitudinal parallel portions, one of which, sixteen feet in width, destined for the promenaders, is raised about two feet by means of a continuous range of steps. This platform is paved with large laid blocks of stone, well dressed and fitted together. A handsome parapet, raised a step in height, divides it from the rubble breakwater, formed as a glacis to protect the pier from the south-easterly gales. At my visit this part of the structure was yet in progress. Stones obtained from the limestone quarries of Pollion, situated about three miles up the river on the south bank, are deposited, and when sufficiently consolidated by the action of the sea, the exterior surface of the slope is rough paved with the largest, heaviest, and best-adapted blocks.

There is also a north pier, which has been for the last eight years in the course of rebuilding, on a plan approved of by Sir John Rennie, and under the superintendence of Mr. Murray, the present engineer of the perpetual commissioners appointed by act of parliament to watch, enlarge, improve, and protect the curious and interesting harbour of Sunderland, to which this town is indebted for its importance.

Mr. Murray, to whom I am indebted for many interesting details respecting these splendid piers, and of which I regret not to be able to avail myself more fully in a work like the present, is an engineer from whose talents and zeal the good people of Sunderland, interested in the preservation of their noble estuary, have reason to expect every thing that is satisfactory. And they truly need it, now that Hartlepool is preparing to dispute, in a few years, the palm of export trade from Durham county, and other districts in the north.

Like the lastmentioned port, Sunderland has a tidal basin attached to a dock, lately constructed by a private company; but whereas the dock and basins of Hartlepool, as we have seen, will be capable of floating four hundred sail of colliers, this of Sunderland holds only the fourth part of that number.

A branch railway from the dock joins a railroad called the Brandling Junction Railway, open during my stay in Newcastle in 1838, which again being connected with the Newcastle and Carlisle railroad, places Sunderland in quick and direct communication with the Irish sea.

The approach to the pier from the upper part of the town, unfortunately, is through a long dirty street, the prolongation or tail of High-street, inhabited by the lowest class of people, principally mechanics and sailors, and from which branch off, to the right and to the left, many very narrow passages or alleys, those of the latter leading down to the water-side, and all presenting, at the time of my visit, the very sink of gloom and filth—an apt nest or rendezvous for typhus and cholera.

Yet in despite of this unfortunate *trajet* to get to the pier, the evening promenade I witnessed upon it was gay and

SEA BATHING PLACE AND PRIORY, AT TYNEMOUTH.

thronged, though of the most motley kind. The physiognomy and appearance of the better sort of women here are calculated to produce a prepossessing effect. There is a peculiar expression in their face, which I had not noticed at Durham, and which approaches almost to what one would call *distingué*. They are moreover frequently tall, but not well made. The men, on the contrary, are short, thickset, light-haired, and not unlike the Hamburgher. There is more than Durham blood in these men and women of the middle and lower classes in Sunderland.

The Northumbrians vaunt their sea bathing-place at Tynemouth. On approaching the mouth of the Tyne from the sea, two projecting headlands, from sixty to seventy feet high, and much less than a quarter of a mile apart, are seen to encompass a receding strand, with firm and fair-looking sands upon it, in front of which, however, many variously-sized, sharp, and swarthy rocks peep out of the water at all times, and render sea-bathing altogether an operation requiring caution. Yet here upon these sands, within this contracted space, on which I espied a few straggling bathing-machines, do the Newcastle people and others from the neighbourhood repair, for the luxury of washing off with muddy salt-water the sooty layers deposited on their skin during the lengthened winter season.

I never saw any thing less inviting, or more discouraging for a bather—any stranger, for instance, who arrives at Tynemouth, either through North Shields, or from South Shields, as was the case with myself—than the appearance of every thing around. The general character of all the three places is that of ugliness—Tynemouth itself perhaps, being the worst, and with the aspect of poverty to boot. Towards the cliffs a few mean-looking houses are let as lodgings during the season; but there is a great dearth of house accommodation at that period.

The two clever architects, Messrs. Green father, and son, whose celebrated Victoria bridge on the Wear, and the curious

as well as ingenious viaduct on the railway from North Shields to Newcastle, would alone have stamped them with the character of men of eminent skill, had they not even executed the many other great works of which they are the authors, these gentlemen propose to erect several houses in the form of two crescents, the one looking north-east, and the other south-east, on each side of, and on, the lofty cliff below which the principal sea-bathing takes place as before stated. The latter situation has received the name of Prior's Haven, although placed at some distance from that bold promontory on which the ruins of an ancient priory, standing with the lighthouse at their north-east angle, like a landmark to sailors, attract the attention of the stranger. A parapet, raised breast high, runs round the edge of the cliff, forming a species of terrace from which a very fine sea-view is obtained. Beneath the precipice, the tremendous ledges of rock, called the *Black Middens*, stretch into the sea to a considerable distance.

A small and old bath-house, very plain and mean-looking, is placed at the back of the Prior's Haven, with facilities for taking warm sea-baths, or getting into a plunging-bath. It is to be expected that the opening of the railroad between Newcastle and North Shields will induce a great many more visiters than heretofore to proceed to Tynemouth, to which an omnibus conveys you, after a rapid journey on railway of sixteen minutes over a distance of seven miles and a half from Newcastle to North Shields; and it is to be hoped that improvements, equally necessary and important, will be devised, with a view to render Tynemouth truly worthy of the support of such of the good people of Newcastle as love sea-bathing and sea breezes. By this railroad I made good my way to Newcastle, taking up my abode, as on a former occasion, at the Turk's Head in Grey-street.

A second visit to this Liverpool of the North Seas impressed me even more vividly than the first with its importance and striking appearance. On the former occasion

there was, in aid of my impression, the *prestige* which the presence of nearly two thousand strangers,—philosophers by name,—spouters and men of pleasure by inclination—and gourmands from natural disposition, still all good fellows, assembled to enlighten the good people of Newcastle, was calculated to excite. Among them, men of an imperishable name in their respective branches of knowledge there were, who shone conspicuous by their works and justified by their example, as really working members, the assumed name of "British Association for the advancement of science"—a name the implied meaning of which did certainly not apply to the majority of the fellows.

Still their united efforts to amuse, or to enlighten, joined to the conspicuous and splendid manner of their reception and treatment by all the easy classes in and about the city, imparted, for the moment, a brilliancy to every object around, which could not fail to impress me, a stranger like the rest, with admiration.

And yet, when on the present, my second visit, I found Newcastle pursuing its ordinary course of busy life, without foreign or meretricious tinselling and excitement to give it a fleeting brilliancy;—the one day being like the one which preceded it, and like that by which it was followed,—the impression I received of its present and growing importance, and of the prominent station it has nearly taken among the very first cities of the empire, was infinitely more striking than ever.

The reason is obvious. The one master mind, who, within the short space of four years up to the period of my first visit, had swept away from the very centre of Newcastle, over an area of many acres, scenes of solitude and desolation, and dangerous ravines, and useless orchards smoked into unproductivenses, changing the surface of the earth where such things stood, that he might place on it in their stead a hundred spacious buildings, with façades more elegant, more classical, and more uniform in design

than had hitherto been attempted; opening out, at the same time, more direct and spacious streets, squares, and thoroughfares;—that master mind, I say, had also in two short years more, so extended his immense operations, and so exquisitely and magically completed those designs and plans which had hardly had any commencement when we first beheld the new city—that the feelings of astonishment and admiration excited at this second visit assumed necessarily a tenfold intensity.

Modern Newcastle would surprise every Englishman previously unacquainted with the place, even though he may have seen and admired the only two other provincial cities that can be compared to it—Edinburgh and Bath—or even after the contemplation of some of the many splendid cities on the continent. Modern Newcastle is a strong illustration of the principle which I hold in common with many, that "Despotism is the true creator and encourager of the art of architecture." The will of ONE, capable and determined, is necessary to bring into existence the grandest conceptions in that art. Survey all that ancient Greece and Rome, or modern Italy, or the present capitals of the Bavarian, the Prussian, the Russian, and the French dominions have of truly magnificent buildings, and say whether the single "fiat" of a king, or an emperor, or a pope, or even of the chief magistrate of a republican community, aided by contemporary genius and unbounded means, did not start them into existence. The despotism need not be exclusively that of royalty or political rule—though that be, unquestionably, the very best for the object. The despotism of a private individual—his only will, uncontrollable, unsusceptible of any interference, not to be baffled by obstacles and difficulties—backed by all the ready wealth of treasure, or sound credit, that can be needed for carrying vast projects into effect—directed by genius—grand, unique, inspired;—such a despotism as this is sufficient to produce the wonders in architecture to which applies the principle in question, and such a despotism has enabled the humble apprentice of

a house carpenter to create the marvels which the great majority of Englishmen hardly know to exist in Newcastle.

Know it however they may, if they read; for within the last two months that widely-circulated periodical of popular information, the *Penny Magazine*, has in several successive articles published to the English world a full and able description of modern Newcastle, and of its numerous edifices and magnificent streets and monuments, generally superior to those of other cities in the kingdom—the work of Robert Grainger, the master-mind to which all my preceding allusions are directed.

Those articles are supposed to have been written by a fair author whose intellect is as acute as her faculty of hearing is unfortunately slow. During the stay of the British Association at Newcastle, that lady had sufficient leisure to contemplate all the wonders by which she was surrounded, or those which were rising before her, and the good fortune of becoming acquainted with the author of them; none therefore, either in literary qualification or opportunity, could be better qualified for the task she has undertaken and ably fulfilled in the periodical I have named.

But the fair writer has since had, it is supposed, far better means of performing that task with ability and precision, as well as of lightening her own labours; for she held in her possession, during several days, a written account of all Mr. Grainger's projects, drawn up by a gentleman intimately connected with the progress and execution of those projects, and evidently qualified, as I happen to know from experience, for that duty. This the open-hearted, candid, straightforward, and successful proprietor had shown her, previously to its being forwarded, accompanied with a plan, to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who, on a recent visit to Newcastle, had requested to have such an account.

In all that Miss Martineau has there advanced, therefore, of the former and present state of that city, precision and ful-

ness of information may be expected; and the knowledge of such a fact excuses me from entering, as I was otherwise prepared to do from notes in my portfolio, into a detailed account of Robert Grainger's almost magical achievements. The history of that individual, in every way extraordinary, given by the fair writer in the recent numbers of the *Penny Magazine*, is in substance correct, with the exception of his having designed the works he has so creditably executed. No—that is not the glory of this great man. The writer asks, Whence has he derived his power as an artist? That point she imagines to be still a mystery. But it is no mystery in Newcastle, nor does it detract from Mr. Grainger's great and transcendent merits that he is neither an artist, nor that he has not designed one of the splendid buildings which he has *projected* and *carried into execution.* Whom or how many he may have employed in that department it is hardly necessary to name; since the projects have been wholly from his own creative mind, and were executed entirely under his own inspection and control. Hence his taste, his judgment, and his invention are visible in all the great works which began and were ended at his will. It is he, therefore, who is entitled to the praise of having done all that the wondering inhabitants of Newcastle have seen performing around them for the last six years—of having, in fine, achieved more than any single individual perhaps ever accomplished before.

Mr. Grainger had, after the fashion of other great builders, succeeded in erecting, in the ordinary style, property to the amount of two hundred thousand pounds, in various parts of the town: a square, a royal arcade, and two magnificent terraces; for some of which he had used, contrary to precedents, the excellent material so abundantly found in the neighbourhood, instead of dingy bricks hitherto employed—when the vast conceptions he has since carried into effect for the improvement and embellishment of Newcastle first fixed his attention. Those conceptions embraced almost an entire

*bouleversement* of the town, and presented difficulties which none but a daring mind would have ventured to encounter. The natural inequalities of the surface on the line of which our forefathers would have built, no matter how steep the incline, were such as Mr. Grainger could not adopt with his ideas of grandeur, as well as comfort. In effecting the regular levels or gentle inclination which he wished to give to, and which the present streets exhibit, immense valleys required to be filled up, and entire hills to be removed. Some of the former were as much as 35 feet below what was intended to be the finished street as now seen; and as the foundations which Mr. Grainger was determined to give them were to be placed (as indeed they have been) upon the solid strata considerably below the surface of the valley, there must be several houses with a greater height of masonry below, than appears above the line of the street, many of them being as much as 54 feet in that respect. And such is actually the case with some of the principal houses in Grey-street.

Difficulties of this description, which the perseverance of Mr. Grainger surmounted, may be judged from the fact, that after filling up certain immense valleys with the soil removed from places that rose considerably above the intended level, two hundred and fifty thousand loads were carted off the premises—equal to four and a half millions of cubic feet of soil,—sufficient to cover one hundred and three acres of land one foot thick. The digging and carting alone, exclusive of the sums paid for depositing the soil, cost the sum of 21,500*l.*

But this is not all; difficulties of another nature, and to a single-handed individual even more formidable, had presented themselves to Mr. Grainger's mind in calculating the execution of his vast projects. Where were the enormous sums requisite to carry them into effect to be found? Before such an expenditure for buildings and public improvements, even a government has been known to quake and to hesitate.

The old property to be purchased, and to be pulled down, was estimated at 145,937*l.*—to be provided for by the carpenter's apprentice! Two theatres did this humble individual contemplate to raze to the ground, and a butchers' as well as a vegetable market; and a large mansion, with offices; and one large inn, and eight public-houses; and about eighty private houses and shops, with a considerable number of workshops, and public and inferior buildings. All these were to disappear at the bidding of the carpenters' apprentice, to make room for more convenient, useful, and splendid structures!

And they *have* disappeared; while the splendid structures are up and glorious; and the unknown youngster who called them into existence has provided the means, and expended half a million of pounds sterling in workmen's wages and materials, during the five years that the new streets have been in progress, up to August last.

Behold the result! in place of the property annihilated, there have been planned and built nine new streets, extending collectively to one mile and the sixth part of another; and these contain three extensive markets, under one general roof, which, with the fourteen entrances from the surrounding streets, comprise an area of upwards of two acres; they contain also a Central Exchange, since converted into one of the most splendid news-rooms and coffee-rooms in Europe; a new theatre and new dispensary; a music-hall, a lecture-room, one incorporate company's hall, two chapels, two auction-marts; ten inns and twelve public-houses; four banks, forty private dwelling-houses of the first class, and three hundred and twenty-five houses with shops: the whole of which already realizes a rental of 18,000*l.* a year, and when completed, will realize, according to valuation, forty thousand, exclusive of many valuable properties sold, such as the markets, the theatre, two banks, and two chapels.

In one word, the new property already created by Mr. Grain-

ger's vast conceptions, first formed in 1833, and still in progress of extension, has been valued at 995,000*l.*, or nearly one million sterling. With an immense stock of honesty, punctuality, and plain open dealing, guided in all his transactions by a fervid imagination and a calm genius, has Mr. Grainger been able to accumulate such a fortune. Towards achieving it, he at first contributed nothing, or very little of pecuniary means, save perhaps a slender sum of five thousand pounds, the marriage portion of an affectionate, intelligent and clever wife, who has been indefatigable in aiding and cheering the partner of her life.

The general appearance of the streets, with their rich and diversified architecture, is particularly striking to the eye of a stranger, and people find it difficult to express the sensation that pervades the mind on a first inspection. Their great extent, their uniformity and expensive decorations, even to the carved work of both houses and shops, all executed in solid stone, of an agreeable and uniform tint, give an idea of magnificence so peculiar and unexpected to those who arrive at Newcastle unprepared for such a scene by any thing they have beholden elsewhere in their journey thither, that the mind cannot help being seized with wonder and admiration.

These feelings are first awakened at the sight of Grey-street, certainly one of the finest double lines of domestic architecture of rich designs and lofty proportions to be found in Europe. Ascending upon a gentle acclivity from south to north, and with a slight curve which detracts nothing from its beauties, this superb street extends to nearly four hundred yards in length, with an average width of eighty feet. In its architectural decorations it is most elaborate, and its different sections formed by the intersecting of the cross streets, comprise separate designs, among which one recognises at once the Corinthian order, after the example of the interior of the Pantheon at Rome, with columns twenty-five feet high; and by

its side, the more chaste imitation of the noblest example of the Ionic order, that of the temple of Illysus at Athens; the columns measuring twenty-two feet in height.

Another of the striking features in this street is the new theatre, a building the interior of which is deserving of particular attention, as being in many respects different from similar buildings, and as having a gallery capable of holding fifteen hundred persons. As it is principally on the attendance of such people as usually frequent that part of a theatre, that the manager depends for remuneration, it was important to have the gallery both spacious and safe. The bold hexastile portico of this building, which projects across the pavement, with its columns of the Corinthian order placed on pedestals and shafts twenty-nine feet in height, supporting a suitable entablature and pediment, is perhaps the most striking object in Grey-street.

Higher up, and on the same side, however, a portion of an intended splendid square building attracts the attention of the visiter, which is considered the finest piece of architecture among all Mr. Grainger's works. It is occupied by the new district bank. Had the whole of the design originally submitted to the corporation by Mr. Grainger on the most advantageous terms been executed, the Newcastle town-court and offices, and the Northumberland assize-courts, now very inconveniently situated in different and remote parts of the town, would have been placed in one grand central building, in the Roman style of architecture, with a portico in front and another at the back, to distinguish the entrance into each of the courts, and projecting over the footpath in each street. But corporations, whether reformed or unreformed, are not of a temperament to keep pace with such a mind as Robert Grainger's, nor capable of appreciating such vast architectural conceptions as he submitted to them; and so after enduring for some time the indifference of those "liberals," that spirited, though meek individual withdrew his truly liberal

offer; and the people of Newcastle have lost the opportunity of possessing perhaps the most splendid buildings that could have adorned their town.

Mr. John Wardle, who, under the direction of Mr. Grainger, carefully prepared the plans of the proposed pile, is a gentleman who, with Messrs. Green, father and son, both eminent architects and engineers, Mr. Dobson, and one or two other able professional men, has assisted the originator of all these wonders throughout his manifold projects and operations.

I would wish to dwell on some others of those operations; on the great Central Exchange and News-room for example,* which, within a semicircle of seventy-five feet radius, extended twenty feet beyond the centre point, presents an area of one hundred and fifty feet by ninety-five, the centre of which is a raised platform, encircled by twelve Roman Ionic columns, carpeted, and used as a news-room; while the broad semicircular space around it, lighted from the roof, curiously wrought, and standing at the height of forty feet, serves as a promenade over a tessellated pavement, that harmonizes with the surrounding wall, its bold entablature, and its columns of imitative Sienna marble.†

* This magnificent building, originally designed as a Corn Exchange, was actually offered as a gift to the *Reformed* Corporation by Mr. Grainger, simply on condition of its being so appropriated. The council declined the offer, and preferred dipping their hands into the people's pocket to the tune of 9600*l.* for a Corn Exchange just built in Nicholas-square.

† A singular oversight occurs in regard to the relative position of the principal or central door, leading by an inner double flight of steps down into the great room. Instead of being exactly placed in the line of the central radius corresponding with the centre point of the encircled platform, this door is considerably on one side of it.

I should also have liked to have pointed out not only the magnitude, but the very happy arrangement of the new markets, which are unquestionably the finest, as well as the most convenient of the kind, in England; and lastly, I might have felt inclined to say a word on that commemorative column, which the reformers directed Messrs. Green to erect and Mr. Baily to surmount with the statue of their patron saint, in Portland stone well oiled, but which column has been left shorn of some of its fair proportions, through the slackening of the primitive fervour of the worshippers, who at last could not muster more than 2350*l.* for the architect, the sculptor, and the builder of the monument altogether!*

* It may be deemed not uninteresting, now that another column is about to rise in the metropolis, to know the exact proportions of the Grey column, especially as they are either not given, or inaccurately given, in other publications. It is of Roman Doric, and measures in height one hundred and thirty-four feet from the ground to the top of the figure, which is thirteen feet high; the shaft is 9 feet eleven inches in diameter and consists of twenty-one courses three feet high. The pedestal is thirty-one feet to the base. The material of which the column is built is a species of millstone grit, hardening on exposure. The statue is of Portland stone, and in three pieces.

All these objects it would have been gratifying to one fond of architectural pursuits, and a great admirer of Mr. Grainger's talents, to have described more extensively and minutely; but I am warned that neither my space nor the immediate intention of the present work comports with such learned digressions; and I desist, therefore, from making any further observations.

I may conclude this imperfect account of the wonders that have been enacted and are now enacting in architecture at Newcastle, through the energy of one man, by stating that the same individual has lately purchased a large estate, consisting of five hundred and seventy acres of land, for fifty-five thousand pounds, on the banks of the Tyne above bridge; which he means to convert into a new and extensive faubourg, partly for business—to effect which he is now executing one of the handsomest and longest quays in England—and partly for the residence of the wealthier citizens, for whom handsome detached villas, as well as streets and terraces, have been already designed. The scene of bustle I witnessed on this large tract of ground, occupying a beautiful acclivity on the left bank of the Tyne, with a corresponding prospect over the vale, is beyond the power of description.

To facilitate access to this new town (for such it will be), Mr. Grainger meditates pulling down the present bridge over the river, and erecting one sufficiently elevated to allow the largest vessels to mount the stream up to his new and gigantic wharfs. When completed, this new creation will perfectly astonish the people of this country, and with Mr. Grainger such a creation is the work of a few years only.

This extraordinary person may be compared with the individual who, according to Captain Marryat, was the principal moving cause of the springing up of a new and perfect city in America, near the Erie Lake, named Buffalo, in the short space of twenty years. Rathbun (for such was his name), like Grainger, planned all the streets and squares,

built all the churches, hotels, and public edifices; and, in fact, every great building worthy of observation in Buffalo was projected and executed by Rathbun. Like Grainger, the American constructor was quiet and unassuming in his manners; and and like him too, under an apparent simplicity, he possessed a mind capable of the vastest conceptions united with the greatest power of execution. Rathbun entered into contracts and embarked in building speculations to an amount almost incredible. In fact, he undertook every thing, and every thing undertaken by Rathbun was "well done." But here the parallel must end; for the American Rathbun, as appears from the sequel of Captain Marryat's statement, turned out to have used dishonest means to his ends; whereas the Northumbrian Rathbun has attained his own equally gigantic ends, justly boasting all along of the honesty of his means.

Newcastle has always been rich in men of this stamp, who leaping, as it were, by their own efforts, from an obscure cradle into a glorious maturity of reputation, end by taking up a prominent station in society. The examples need not be quoted,—many of them are of too recent a date not to suggest themselves at once to the minds of my readers. But one of them occupies too conspicuous a place in the modern history of human ingenuity not to be especially singled out in this place; the more so, as in many respects he resembles his equally-celebrated fellow-townsman Robert Grainger. My readers will naturally anticipate the name of George Stephenson, the projector of, beyond comparison, the most perfect and the most usefully extensive railroad ever constructed—that which connects Manchester with Liverpool; and of many other equally striking and important public works besides, since executed. I had the satisfaction of meeting him in company with the fair members of a most amiable family residing a short distance out of Newcastle, from whom I received every mark of kindness.

This great and good man was originally a common pitman, who first showed his skill and ingenuity by cleaning and making clocks for his fellow-pitmen, without having received any instruction; and by inventing a safety-lamp, which gave rise to rivalry and contention of talent between him and Sir Humphry Davy. Mr. Stephenson preserves all the innate simplicity of his manners, and often refers to his early history and humble origin with complacency.

It is possible that some impatient reader may feel disposed to inquire wherefore, into a work on the Spas of England, a long digression on modern Newcastle has been introduced. Though I had twenty reasons for so doing, I will only allege one. Of the many digressions in which I indulged in my work on the Spas of Germany, the public, as well as the critics of the day, accepted with especial favour that which I introduced descriptive of the architectural magnificence of Munich—the work there also of one great directing mind. Should I not then have made myself amenable to the reproach of gross partiality, and of thorough disregard of what I found good in that way in England, if I had passed over in silence that which I knew to be the constant theme of admiration among those who are apt judges in such matters,—foreigners as well as English,—the equally magnificent architectural splendour of the Northumbrian capital?

## CHAPTER XX.

### SHOTLEY BRIDGE SPA.

THE DERWENT—Road to Shotley Bridge—Scotswood Bridge—CARLISLE RAILROAD—Advantages—Irish hogsflesh—Liberty-boys and the Column to Liberty—Pitmen—Beautiful Scenery—AXWELL SPA—Paper Manufacturing and Tricks of Trade—Classical Road—FIRST VIEW of Shotley Village—Vast Improvements—THE HOTEL—New Buildings—Increasing Population—Church wanting—THE WELL—New Analysis of its Water—Its Physical Character—MEDICAL VIRTUES—Cases of Cure—Effect of the Water on the Author—Compared to Bruckenau—THE BATHS—Meeting-room—Number of Visiters—CHARLES DICKENS—Suggested Improvements—GEOLOGY of the Well—AIR AND WATER excellent at Shotley Bridge—Lines of Communication with the Spa—Magnificent and interesting Scenery around it.

IN the general map of England, nay, even in some of the local maps, my reader may find it difficult to trace to its proper situation the Spa referred to by the above title; and yet within ten years from this time I predict that no map whatever will be without its name, ay, and in capital letters, too.

An antiquarian, or a geologist, perchance an angler, who recollects the exclamation of the homely poet, Carr—

> "Thy minnows, that play when they please,
> O Derwent, how happy they look!"

may not be ignorant of such a place as Shotley Bridge,

situated on the river named in the couplet. Sequestered and insignificant as it may hitherto have been considered by others, to them, at all events, Shotley Bridge offered too many objects of attraction ever to be forgotten. But to the lover of mineral hydrology, the place, as connected with any mineral spring, has probably never come under notice, at least out of the county of Durham. And yet in that very county will, ere long, the mineral water of Shotley hold the first rank among its other mineral sources; and Shotley Bridge will emulate the celebrity of Harrogate, Cheltenham, and Leamington.

The report that such a mineral water had been recently discovered was my principal inducement for proceeding to Newcastle, where I expected to collect that information concerning it which I had in vain tried to obtain at various places during my journey from the south. At Newcastle, however, not only did I learn as much as I could expect respecting it, but chance, and the courtesy, as well as the marked urbanity, of the proprietor of the land in which the spring was discovered, facilitated my object further; for it put me in direct communication with that gentleman, and enabled me to gain a complete knowledge, from personal inspection, of every particular relating to this new Spa.

For that purpose, I proceeded from Newcastle in a light open carriage, sent by "friend" Richardson, a banker in that city, and the proprietor before alluded to, driven by one of his resident bank-assistants, whose intimate knowledge of the county proved to me a source of much useful information.

And beautiful, truly, are many parts of the county through which we passed. Following the road which runs parallel with the Tyne, on the high ground that forms its northern bank, we soon came in sight of Scotswood Suspension-bridge, thrown across the river near the confluence of the Derwent with the Tyne. This group is, perhaps, one of the

prettiest features of the surrounding landscape—itself one of great beauty.*

It is surprising that the citizens of Newcastle have not yet thought of erecting villas on the right of this road—a sort of gentle declivity, having before it a magnificent and most extensive prospect of an undulating, yet highly-cultivated country, far removed from the influence of the dense smoke of Newcastle, and the numerous factories now establishing on Mr. Grainger's gigantic quay. Spreading to the south and south-west, the country displays many lordly mansions, among which that of Ravensworth Castle appears most conspicuous. The sight of that attractive structure, where recent embellishments, yet in progress, are due to the artistic talent of a member of the family, brought to my recollection the affable, courteous, and splendid reception given within its walls, by its lord and his gifted relatives, to the ducal president and many of the members of the British Association in the year preceding.

The suspension-bridge,† just mentioned, is not quite so large as the one at Hammersmith; and near to it is erected another bridge, constructed of wood, and resting upon six short and stout piers, over which the prolongation of the Carlisle and Newcastle railway is to pass in its course to the very verge of the lastmentioned city. The bridge is thrown obliquely across the water.‡

* The design of the bridge, which is a magnificent structure, is another of those happy conceptions of Mr. Green, of Newcastle, which have raised so high his character as an architect, particularly in this class of buildings. The distance between the two points of suspension is 370 feet, with two half aces of 130 feet each, making the total length of the bridge 670 feet. The road is 22 feet wide, and constructed of timber. The two piers on which the four suspending chains rest are in the Norman style.

† The construction of this bridge occupied only two years, and cost 15,000*l.*

‡ While penning this part of the description, I learn, by a letter from

One of the members for Newcastle possesses in this part of the river one of those salmon-fisheries for which the river is so celebrated.

The scenery of the Tyne is expansive and softly undulating, a character which it maintains throughout the course of the river. But when we enter the vale of the Derwent, between Swelwell and Axwell Park, and proceed towards Gibside, the scene changes, and the valley of that narrow and tortuous stream, differing from that of Tyne, becomes contracted, and more romantic in proportion as it gets more contracted.

Crossing at one point of our road the Carlisle and Newcastle railway, my travelling companion alluded to the immense advantages it had produced to both terminal cities in respect to Irish traffic. Connected as he was with the district bank, which has opened an account with most of the Irish banks, he was able to mention one curious illustration of those advantages, in the manner and amount of importation of Irish bacon into England. Formerly, all such commodity, the consumption of which in the north-east counties is very considerable, used to find its way from Ireland to London. But now the facility of a direct and cheaper transport from Ireland to the eastern counties has changed the course of that line of traffic, and the bacon which was formerly offered to the metropolitan market goes now to satisfy the wants of the people of Durham and Northumberland.

Within the last twelve months, bills to the amount of 200,000*l.* had passed through the bank of my informant's employer, to pay for Irish bacon sent to Newcastle. The Irish exporter finding there a price equal to that which he was wont to get in London, and at a much less expense for transport to boot, naturally prefers now the former to the latter

Newcastle, that the archway from the other side, and across the river, and from thence to the turnpike, is now in full operation. By this arrangement, the principal station or terminus of this important railroad is brought within the suburbs of the town.

market. On the other hand, the consumers at Newcastle and Durham are satisfied that the flavour and substance of Irish hogflesh are as good as those of the Cumberland bacon, which they used to purchase before at a somewhat higher price; consequently the latter article has been entirely supplanted in these parts by the Irish bacon, and is now sent to London instead, where the consumers have to pay dearer for their bacon, owing to this change in the line of Irish traffic consequent on the establishment of the Newcastle and Carlisle railroad.

The farther we advanced towards our destination the more varied and picturesque became the surrounding landscape. On our left an Ionic column, surmounted by the figure of *Liberty*, rose out of a majestic wood to the height of 140 feet, and seemed, by a strange coincidence, to mark the present centre of a sad district, where *liberty*-boys, or Chartists, steeped in gross ignorance—without schools—and with insufficient religious instruction—were at the time rife with intended mischief. Manufacturers of edge-tools and glass at the several mills in the neighbourhood, masons, and excavators, formed the bulk of the troublous and discontented. The pitmen, once their fellow-conspirators, had just declared themselves aloof. Those are most vociferous for liberty who have light pockets and still lighter stomachs; and the pitmen, who can earn, with their own and their boys' daily work, as much as thirty-five and even forty shillings a week, found themselves too snug and well *ballasted* to fly much longer about the country in search of an uncertain phantom and broken heads, to the utter neglect of their own certain sources of livelihood.

By the side of Axwell Park, which I had been skirting ere I reached Gibside Hall, the residence of one of the members for Hull, and of a noble Countess—in whose park stands the column just alluded to,—I was astonished by the appearance

of a well, at which sundry holiday people were quaffing the limpid stream.

I found it slightly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas, and somewhat ferruginous; pleasant to the taste, and giving out a few bubbles of free gas. The temperature was 52° F., and the water, perfectly colourless and transparent, is incessantly overrunning its rude stone basin, which, covered on three sides, is accessible on the fourth to all who choose to drink at the fountain-head. Dr. Askew, a celebrated physician, who lived on the other side of the Derwent, published an account of this mineral spring, which, in former times, enjoyed great repute.

Beyond Rowland's-Gill tollgate, the road, which was made by subscription in the course of the last five years, traverses a widely-cultivated country, thickly wooded in parts, following (but at some considerable elevation above it) the narrow Derwent, which is seen to wind its course between two sloping and wooded banks, all the way to Shotley Bridge. It is to commerce again that travellers are indebted for the present excellent road to that important station.

The Shotley Bridge paper-mills, which are perhaps the most extensive in the country, were worked by Messrs. Annandale, who found the old road on the opposite bank very difficult and bad for the conveyance of their materials and manufactured articles. They therefore urged the making of the present new road, began it themselves, and were soon aided by others who have residences in the immediate vicinity

A contributor to the sports of the neighbouring gentry, by his purse and pack of hounds, as well as by his written lucubrations to the Magazine which sportsmen love to patronize, occupies the next important hall we beheld in this species of paradise. Descending by his recently deceased father's side from the historian of Durham, and connected by the parentage of his mother, a high-minded lady, with one of the present members for South Northumberland, the young proprietor of Hamsterley Hall has studied to maintain the high character of his connexions, and has become justly popular.

The celebrated *Chopwell* Woods, once the private property of George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, and now forming part of the crown lands, range to a great extent in front of Hamsterley Hall, on a steep and picturesque part of the bank of the Derwent through the vale of which, rich and beautiful, the road continues its course, traversing by the way the Roman station at Ebchester, the vestiges of whose *vallum* are still remaining on the Watling-street, or old Roman road, between Edinburgh and London. From this spot, the Watling-street, which descends from the Northumberland moors hither, takes a south-eastern direction to Lanchester, offering here and there many points of interest to the antiquary. In many parts it is still open and intact, but in others covered over. Yet the Scotch drovers, tenacious of their traditional rights, still insist on tracking it, throughout its whole extent, with their cattle, as they find means whereby to feed their beasts, and have lighter tolls to pay.

GENERAL VIEW OF SHOTLEY BRIDGE SPA.

We had now reached an eminence, called Westwood, from whence the general view of Shotley Bridge Spa and surrounding scenery, which I have here inserted was taken. A vast dale on the right appears as if hollowed out by some mighty stream of old, whose waters having retired, left two smiling and fertile sloping banks, inclining down to the Derwent. The undulating surface is mapped in all directions by dense woods of various extent. Here and there a white house, or some superior dwelling, dots the smaller hills, or the champaign country; which affords an occasional view of the river wending its way in curiously fantastic turns, and seeming, by its stream, to cut the vale in twain. Extensive fields highly cultivated and rich in their summer crops complete the locality of the Spa; the rustic dome of which, with its modest pump-room and baths, occupy nearly the centre. In the distance a line of elevated ground bounds the view: it is the Stanhope railway on the left, and the border of the moors, distant about four miles, on the right.

Descending now very gradually, the road traverses a small wood of oak-trees, through which footpaths and sheltered walks have been made, leading to the well; and at length it brings us a little farther into the village of Shotley Bridge.

Having alighted, I proceeded at once to the WELL, passing through the village, which, in its modern parts, the creation of "friend" Richardson, offers the appearance of extreme neatness and comfort. That gentleman has already built a number of dwelling-houses with shops, all of stone, and roofed over with Cumberland slate. These buildings group well together, and their creamy and rosy tints harmonize charmingly with the rich green foliage of the banks and slopes. He proposes to erect other shops and cottages in the same manner, and so to extend the village. A crescent of handsome houses is to be built on the upland; and planting has been

going on in every direction where necessary; the lowlands, by the river-side, being about to be converted into parterres, as flower or kitchen gardens.

There was a new and a handsome hotel in the course of being built at the time of my visit, planned on a large scale, with a suitable set of stables. Since then I learn that it has been completed, and furnished in a manner superior to hotels in general, particularly with good beds. The occupant of the house is well qualified to please his customers, and such was his popularity at the commencement of his career, that the house filled remarkably well during the six weeks it was open before the end of last season.

"Friend" Richardson, equally liberal and endowed with sense, is unsparing in his means and ways to embellish and give importance to this new colony, which promises to be far more fortunate than the colony of Germans, their predecessors of olden times, who settled in this place as eminent sword cutlers, and founded the village. Drinking and evil ways, doubtless the results of gross ignorance and little religion, reduced that once flourishing community to four wretched families only, whose descendants are still to be traced among the larger and happier population of the present village, by the corrupt German structure of their names inscribed over the door of their shops.

Excellent and new lodging-houses, built near the village, afford ample accommodation to the visiters who have hitherto frequented the Spa; but as their numbers are increasing, and will continue to increase, the proprietor of the land offers to sell sites for buildings, above an ornamental belt, lately planted behind the present lodging-houses. The situation of those sites is one of the most favourable, being upon an agreeable slope, commanding a fine view of the opposite hill. I hardly know a more inviting locality for the erection of a private house, particularly with such a landlord, and

upon such advantageous terms. In a few years, all these hills will teem with busy dwellings.*

But "friend" Richardson, who is himself a most conscientious, strict, and zealous religionist in his own sect—so much so, indeed, that he has even devoted a part of his own neat and commodious villa for the congregation of his brethren, who flock thither from far and near, to keep the sabbath-day in the strictest and most exemplary observance of their own peculiar religious rites—even he, I am certain, must have felt, ere now, the necessity of providing a suitable place of worship for the larger number of those belonging to the national church, who are either setting themselves down as permanent dwellers in this new and flourishing village, or attend as invalids and visiters during the Spa season. At present an old and small church only can be resorted to by them for the purpose; but besides being small and inadequate, that place of worship is too far distant from the modern village. A church, therefore, is absolutely called for in Shotley Bridge; and I know of no impediment in the peculiar position of the excellent individual, who shares with another equally wealthy gentleman, resident in the place, the lordship and property of the village, against his causing to be erected a temple to God for public worship, according to the rites of the church dominant.

Accompanied by my friendly travelling companion, I took the direction to the Spa, along one of the footpaths formed between the village and the entrance to the Spa grounds, the latter of which much resemble a private gentleman's pleasure-grounds. Access to the Spa has been made both easy and pleasant by many subsequent improvements, especially in the opening of new walks to it from the hotel, and

* By recent accounts I find that my prediction is in progress of fulfilment, for in the present season (1840) such was the influx of visiters that house-room became scarce—and new buildings have consequently been planned, and are starting into existence.

upper village, along the slope which rises behind it, and which enjoys a fine view of the country.

The WELL, situated nearly in the centre of an ornamental garden, about a mile below the village, I found, on my arrival, surrounded by country people from all the neighbouring villages, in their gay holiday-garments, it being Sunday; while the saloon adjoining, as well as the shaded seats near and about it, were occupied by the permanent visiters to the Spa. All of them seemed to be plying the glass freely, drinking three or four of them full of the water, at short intervals between, without any apparent method or guidance, but simply from traditional or hearsay directions.

The water, which is limpid and perfectly colourless, issues in an horizontal stream, through a spout in an upright stone which covers the well. It falls into a round, low basin, the inner surface of which betrays, by its colour, the presence of iron in the water. This deposition, which is equally observable on the tile tanks of the bath-rooms, is cleared off by the attendants from time to time, although they find it extremely difficult, occasionally, to remove it from the surface, so tena-

ciously does the oxyde adhere. The spring is protected by a simple round thatched roof, supported by slender rustic trunks of trees. Three circular steps lead down to the well.

The temperature of the water I found to be 48° F., after repeated trials; that of the atmosphere in the shade at the time being 76°. The stream yielded a half-pint glassful in twenty seconds exactly, or a pint and a half in one minute. But this supply has since been increased threefold, by the simple operation of lowering the surface around the well one step deeper. Six hundred gallons of the water are now obtained per day, a quantity which, according to a very recent analysis, holds in solution about twenty-one pounds weight of solid contents—making, in all, seven thousand six hundred and sixty-five pounds of solid ingredient in the annual quantity of water yielded by the well.

The analysis I alluded to was undertaken at my suggestion, with Mr. Richardson's immediate consent, by Mr. West, of Leeds, whose analytical chemical skill I have already had occasion to commend. Reasons, not necessary to be specified in this place, had led me to doubt of the accuracy of a printed analysis which appeared on the cards distributed at the Spa, and the result showed the propriety of having a fresh one made. It was impossible to understand the rationale of many of the well-authenticated cases of cure achieved by means of this water, when its former alleged chemical composition was admitted. Thus it will always be found, in mineral hydrology, that the composition of a mineral water may be inferred from the cures it performs; and *vice versâ*, that the nature of diseases benefited by mineral waters being known, the kind of ingredients contained in that water may be readily suspected. With this simple rule to guide me, I have, on many occasions during my recent visits to the mineral springs in this county, found it necessary to insist upon totally new analyses of the several waters being performed by leading chemists; and I

have reason to know that the proprietors of those springs, who, in almost every instance, attended to my suggestion, have had occasion to rejoice at the step they had adopted.

As it now appears, the Spa water at Shotley Bridge holds a middle place between the absolute chalybeates and the purgative chalybeate springs of this country. It is an "alterative chalybeate," eminently calculated to relieve and cure diseases of weakness and obstruction in the circulation, glandular affections of the mesentery, dyspepsia, deficiency of tone in the intestines, impurity of blood, or tendency to decomposition, each calculated to produce cutaneous diseases and land scurvy; and, when used as a warm bath, rheumatic complaints have been singularly benefited by it. The water, in fact, is a most valuable one, containing a large yet manageable proportion of proto-carbonate of iron, with neutral salts sufficient to prevent the inconvenience which mere chalybeates sometimes occasion. Three distinct muriates, all of them valuable, are present in the water, besides the iron; and in addition to them we find an excess of carbonic acid beyond that which goes to form the proto-carbonate of iron, combined with soda. The presence of bromine, also, though in minute quantity, and of traces of carburetted hydrogen gas, add to the medicinal efficacy of the water. In fact, properly studied and properly attended to, the Shotley Bridge Spa water may be made instrumental in the recovery of many disorders which no other water in the country can cure. The water differs in its composition from all the others I have examined in my recent tour.

Of the many striking examples of recovery from disease, under the mere influence of the Shotley Bridge Spa, I had the means of verifying several by personal inquiry. An old man, reduced to a state of weakness and emaciation from "constant vomiting, water-brash and heartburn," — such were his words,—and discharged unrelieved from the Newcastle Infirmary, came hither in July, 1838, hardly able to

move, and after three weeks of using the water recovered his strength, and returned home "in better health than he had enjoyed for three years."

A woman was confined of twins in 1837, and in consequence of hemorrhage, was much reduced, and had been long under medical treatment. When she reached Shotley Bridge she was under the necessity of remaining in bed for several days. After, however, drinking the water for a few days, she was able to walk, with assistance, to the well, and subsequently regained her colour, flesh, and strength by the continuance of the water, so as to return home quite well.

A very extraordinary case of cutaneous eruption from infancy, which neither medical advice during a course of many years, nor a residence at the sea-side had removed, and in which one of the patient's hands was so sorely afflicted, that it neither could be moved without pain, nor opened or shut without causing it to bleed, was perfectly cured by drinking the Shotley Bridge water for the space of one month.

From the father of the little patient I obtained the following well-authenticated case, which I quote in the narrator's own simple words: "When I brought my child to Shotley Bridge he was so afflicted with the scurvy, that it caused it both to run matter at the eyes and ears, and its face was one whole incrustation, and it also broke out in other parts of the body. We tried medical aid without effect. But we gave it of the Spa water to the amount of one gallon a day before we had done with it, which cured the child in a fortnight; and so perfect was the cure that in a month's time you would have said the child had not been poorly at all—the skin being quite clear. The child was afflicted from the age of one year and a quarter, and it was three and a half years old when it took the water."

An instance of that disgusting disease, called the chin tetter (*mentagra*), in which both lips were largely involved,

and another of a man who was so reduced in strength that he could only speak in whispers, and yet had spent nearly all his fortune in consulting medical men to no purpose, both completely cured at this well, were related to me by Mr. Nicholson, who had ample opportunities of watching the cases.

In fact, the cases illustrative of the good effects of this Spa that came to my knowledge are numerous and important, and I have purposely selected them from among the humbler classes, first, because a medical man can sift these better in all their bearings, and, secondly, because they show the disinterestedness of the proprietor of the spring, who permits all the poorer people to avail themselves of its salutary stream without any charge whatever.

I drank a large quantity of the water at the well. At first it had no prominent taste, but after a short interval the impression of common salt is awakened; and on savouring the water, that impression becomes more marked, as well as the *âpreté* of the oxyde of iron. But, besides this, there must be some other ingredient (so I find it noted among my memoranda set down on the spot) present in the water, to impart to it a peculiar softness, which approaches almost to oiliness when being swallowed. The subsequent analysis by West explained the reason of the latter phenomenon. When I drank a large tumbler of the water, previously warmed, I could not help being reminded of the appearance and taste of one of the sources at Ems.

Notwithstanding the presence of carburetted hydrogen, the water has no sensible smell. On standing it becomes turbid, and forms an ochreous deposit; and when boiled minute crystals form on the surface, and the dry residuum (236 grains in the imperial gallon) effervesces briskly with acids.

Drunk in doses of from three to four half-pint glasses, the water is said to be purgative, and with some to act violently and quickly. Others, however, are obliged to add some Epsom or Glauber salts to render it purgative. Twenty

grains of the latter salt to the first glass of the water, which in that case should be drunk quite warm, will suffice to secure a proper effect. *Expertè crede, &c.* Or the same quantity of the dry evaporated salt from the water itself, which I have recommended should be collected from that portion that is now wasted out of the spring, will answer the purpose. This evaporated mass tastes strongly of sea-salt, and when separated from the oxyde of iron, becomes deliquescent. When heated, the water assumes an ochreous appearance. It remains so, and nothing beyond it as long as it is kept in a state of motion; but if suffered to rest it precipitates abundantly the ochreous sediment.

The phenomena presented by the water at its natural temperature contained in a glass tumbler, are even more striking. At first, it is perfectly clear and transparent, as I have said elsewhere, but in an hour or two it turns slightly opalescent. This appearance becomes gradually more intense, and assumes at the same time a brownish or slight claret tinge which, with the opalescence, keeps increasing, while the inner side of the glass and bottom is covered by myriads of air-bubbles, exceedingly minute, and adhering tenaciously to the surface.

To Mr. Richardson belongs the merit of having brought to light this important mineral water. On purchasing his present extensive estate at Shotley, that gentleman was aware of a prevailing tradition in the neighbourhood, that a holy well once had existed on the grounds. By diligent and repeated search, in which he was aided by his clever man of business, Mr. Nicholson, who is an excellent practical geologist, farmer, and miner, the source was at length discovered about three years ago, and forthwith placed in its present flourishing condition, through Mr. Richardson's patriotic spirit and exertions.

In the adjoining saloon or meeting-room a book is kept, wherein all visiters are requested to enter their names. From

this register I gathered that about five hundred strangers had come to drink of the water between May and August. That number was increased threefold, nearly, in the last season. Among the names of note contained in the list was that of the author of the "Pickwick Papers."

Not far from this last building is another containing two bath-rooms, with a shower-bath and a dressing-room in the centre. These rooms, as well as the baths themselves, which are lined with white tiles, and have mahogany borders, are as well got up as at the most renowned watering-places. There is nothing superfluous, but every thing useful in the place, and of the best materials. This establishment is but a beginning; and if the liberal-handed proprietor continues, as I doubt not he will, to bestow his care and attention to the further amelioration of the place, in which he has lately taken up his constant abode with his family, going and returning from Newcastle every day; if he will direct the improvements to be carried into effect, many of which I took the liberty of suggesting, both with regard to the grounds around the Spa, and the Spa itself, which ought to be converted into an open well, in order to aerate the water and be surrounded with a handsome iron palisade, to be kept locked, except during the hours of drinking the water; and also, in respect to the bath-rooms, and the position and number of the houses to be erected for visiters,—if, I say, these laudable and politic efforts to deserve popularity are continued, Shotley Bridge will, ere long, be considered as the prettiest village Spa in England—a species of Bruckenau, barring the larger proportion of free carbonic acid present in the latter.

The effect of such a water as that of Shotley Bridge on the system, when used as a hot-bath, is a subject deserving of much consideration; as the continuous application to the skin of a soluble salt of iron, rendered more active by ninety-eight degrees of heat, is never made with impunity. I therefore tested the Shotley Bridge water as a bath on myself. Its appear-

ance in the tank at ninety-eight degrees is exactly like that of the Kochbrunner at Wisbaden. After twenty minutes of immersion, my pulse had risen from seventy to seventy-six, but no other disturbance or excitement in the system took place; neither was I sensible of the slightest sensation in the head. If any thing, I should say that I felt clearer in that organ, and generally better equipoised in all other parts, giving me a feeling of great comfort. But as I had experienced much the same sensation in the morning—a circumstance which I attributed to the situation and the exceeding purity of the air of the place—I cannot say how much the hot-bath may have assisted in producing my feelings of the moment.

Now this absence of all species of trouble in the head, while immersed for half an hour in a steel-water bath at ninety-eight degrees of Fahrenheit I hold to be with me (as I observed in another publication) another great proof of the striking difference between volcanic and *tea-kettle* heat, when applied to the human body. Had I been in a *thermal* water, with five times as much steel in it as there is in the water at Baden (which is the case in this Spa of Shotley), I should have experienced all the throbbing, fulness, and aching in the head which that celebrated bath produced on me on more than one occasion.

Neither was the action of the heart in the least disturbed; and I remarked that I did not experience the difficulty of breathing which an ordinary hot-bath, with a large quantity of water coming over the chest, usually produces on the first immersion. The immediate effect of the water on the skin is to render it rough to the touch in two or three minutes. When the hand is passed slightly over the surface of the body, one would think that the finest sand was laid between the two. The skin of the fingers is actually puckered in the water. This effect is to be attributed to the steel; but it vanishes as quickly after wiping the skin dry, and its surface acquires a

soft, satiny feel instead, accompanied by a rosy tint throughout.

The liberality of the proprietor has extended to the charges usually made at all the Spas; whether for drinking the water, with the use of the rooms and promenades, or for the use of the baths. I can only say, in one sentence, that all these charges are one-third less than in any other place of the same description. A warm-bath, for instance, is to be had for two shillings only, and a subscription of *one* shilling a week entitles the visiter to drink the water, to use the sitting-room, and read periodical publications in it, and, lastly, to frequent the carriage-drives and public walks in the vicinity of the Spa.

The geology of the spring itself, and that of the immediate neighbourhood, I had an opportunity of studying, accompanied by Mr. Richardson himself, who seems quite an enthusiast in the cause of mineral hydrology for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. In the short excursion I made with him, through and along a most romantic and deep ravine that crosses the woods immediately above the Spa, and which is watered by a bourne or *beck*, I could easily notice the stratification of this district, denuded by the wearing action of the stream. In hot weather, this wild and sequestered walk must be a luxury to the visiters, such as one does not often meet so near at hand in other Spas of England.

The strata around the well are covered by moss, with peat earth underneath, caused, I have reason to believe, by the water of the spring itself, which, for a century, has been allowed to overspread the ground around it, without any direct channel into the Derwent, which runs at a very short distance from it. Gravel comes next, and beneath it blue clay of the finest soapy texture. Freestone follows to a considerable depth, with plates of siliceous stone, and ironstone six inches in thickness. Below these, Mr. Nicholson informed me, after passing through two or three other minor

strata, limestone is found to the depth of from twenty to thirty fathoms.

Standing upon such rocks as these, it is obvious that Shotley Bridge must enjoy a dry and pure air as compared with the lower parts of the country; nor is this its only peculiarity; for the situation has the further advantage of being sheltered on every side by ranges of hills, supposed to be about 700 feet above the level of the sea, among which Pontop Pike, distant four miles, rises to upwards of one thousand feet in height.

The water is equally as good as the air at Shotley Bridge. Near the village it is found perfectly soft and remarkably pure.

Being situated at equal distances from Durham and Newcastle (fourteen miles), and twelve miles from Hexham, this Spa is within reach of three populous cities and districts, and requires only to be properly known to be appreciated and resorted to. The immediate vicinity of the Carlisle railroad, too, renders its access easy to the people of the west; and the approaching completion of the great Midland railway will afford an equally direct and facile line of communication between the southern and central provinces and this highly interesting Spa.

I would fain have entered into many more interesting details of the neighbouring country; of the mines of lead in the immediate vicinity, particularly that called *Silvertongues*, appropriately belonging to G. Silvertop, Esq., and an object of curiosity to visiters; of the ford in the Derwent, called ALLANFORD, a name familiar to the readers of the immortal Scott; or of the singular round knoll, called "Arthur's Round Table," thickly wooded, and projecting into the Derwent, which seems actually to writhe around it in many coils, as if angry at the intrusion; and, finally, of the magnificent view which offers itself to the astonished spectator from many of the elevated points on the vertical banks of the

Derwent, whose stream, seen far beneath our feet, takes such strange and so many turns in one confined and particular spot, that its course there measures four miles, though, if taken across between the margins of its outermost turn, the distance would scarcely be half a mile.

All these several attractive features, peculiar to Shotley Bridge Spa, I would fain and ought, in justice to the place, to have dwelt upon. But when I reflect that I have now reached nearly to the conclusion of a thick volume, and have yet before me two-thirds of my long task to accomplish; my heart fails me, and I am compelled to relinquish the gratification of any further lingering in a place from which I derived so much pleasure and information. I therefore close my note-book, lest I should be betrayed into greater prolixity.

GILSLAND SPA.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### GILSLAND SPA.

Attraction of GILSLAND—Coincidences and Recollections—Sir GEORGE BECKWITH and the Under-Secretary of War and Colonies—Further suggestions for Shotley Bridge Spa—The Ravine—GEORGE STEVENSON again—The Stanhope Railway—LIME *versus* COALS—The prettiest Railroad in England—MUMPS HALL and Meg Merrilies—ORCHARD House—A Hit at the Incredulous—The Irthing—GILSLAND SULPHUR SPRING—Indolence—Stratification of Rocks—Physical Character of the Water—Chemical Composition—Medicinal Virtues—Alentours of Gilsland—The SPA HOTEL—Subdivision of Company—Men and Masters but one—The BATHS—Lack instead of excess of Physic—An Odd Fish—Company at the Spa—Climate—Prevailing state of health of the Inhabitants.

"RIDING one day with Fergusson they met some miles from Gilsland a young lady taking the air on horseback, whom neither of them had previously remarked, and whose appearance instantly struck both so much that they kept her in view until they had satisfied themselves that she also was of the party at Gilsland."

Those of my readers who have perused (and who has not?) the interesting biography of the great recluse of Abbotsford, will recognise at once, in the preceding passage, that portion of it which is meant to prepare them for the short courtship and speedy marriage of Walter Scott. That courtship began

and ended, in the most gratifying manner for the poet, at Gilsland. There, Scott found a wife, and from that moment a place holding but a local rank among the principal Spas of the north, became suddenly invested with a degree of importance and attraction which secured to it for ever after a renown beyond the pale of its narrow confines.

As warm and enthusiastic an admirer of the "great necromancer of the north" as any of my readers, it was but natural that I should feel anxious to behold a spot so consecrated. I viewed my journey thither as a devout pilgrimage —independently of the less interesting sentiments that induced me to undertake it; and I felt impatient of treading the same ground on which that venturous cavalcade, with Fergusson, described by the biographer, decided the fate of his highly-gifted companion. I therefore prepared to take my departure thither.

The house in which good Mr. Nicholson gave me a most hearty welcome for the night at Shotley Bridge, stands on the summit of a hill at Snowsgreen. From one of its casements I surveyed at early morning an extensive landscape all around me, of the most enchanting description, including those highly interesting spots to which I had driven in the afternoon of the preceding day,—ascending the course of the Derwent, penetrating its upper valley, and looking upon Mugglewitch Wood near us, and towards Sir Charles Monks's Mosswood, farther on in Northumberland. For a Spa, one can hardly desire or even fancy a more romantic neighbourhood.

To what trifling coincidences we are at times apt to attach importance in our estimation? The house I dwelt in for the moment seemed ancient amidst all the scattered new buildings of the Spa, and stood insulated and overlooked the village, like a lordly palace. Its inner apartments, and stiff parterre garden, after the design and fashion, though on a very small scale, of those at Hampton Court, bespoke a foreign taste. I inquired of mine host to whom the house belonged, and in

whose state-bedroom I had been lodged for that night. "You have slept," replied Mr. Nicholson, "in the bedchamber of old General Beckwith, whose father, claiming to be descended of the German colonists at Shotley Bridge, erected this house after the taste of his continental ancestors, and reared his son in it till he entered the army, in which, like himself, he rose to the highest rank."

Full twenty-nine years before, that very officer, while commanding-in-chief the king's forces, in the West India Islands, had intrusted to my care, to bring home to England from Barbadoes, the official account of the first outbreak at Caraccas of that great political commotion which was to change entirely the destiny of South America. That account, brought to Barbadoes from Venezuela by the revolted chiefs, who claimed the aid of England (among whom was Bolivar, the very man who was destined to give his name to that emancipated portion of Spanish America) the commander-in-chief had requested me to translate, as the only officer in the English fleet then acquainted with the Spanish language. On committing the despatches into my hands, Sir George Beckwith, the then recent conqueror of Martinique and Guadaloupe, had said, "If ever you come so far northwards, and visit the neighbourhood of Newcastle, you will be welcome under my roof:" and under that very roof was I at the time of inditing this memorandum. That roof still appertains to the Beckwith family, but the gallant host to give the promised welcome is gone!

To render the recollection of this anecdote still dearer and more interesting to me, the despatches and translations to which I have alluded, were delivered by me upon arrival in London, into the hands of one of the then under-secretaries for the colonies; an individual at that time scarcely emerged from his collegiate life, but who, in the course of a few years, since lapsed, unaided by illustrious lineage, has mounted

to the highest pinnacle of ministerial power, and acquired an imperishable renown as a statesman, and the head of his party, whether in or out of office.

While I was musing over all these cherished rememberings, my good-hearted landlady had prepared me the morning repast, and good Mr. Nicholson had yoked his trusty nag to a gig which was to convey me to the station of the Carlisle railroad, on my way to Gilsland Spa. I cast a last look from my window over the rich and cultivated lands by which I was surrounded, and which form the joint properties of "friend" Richardson and of Thomas Wilson, Esq., of Shotley Hall, a great lead-mine proprietor, whose father, originally in an humble station, realized a large fortune by discovering, when almost reduced to beggary by mining operations, a solid vein of galena on a property at Alston Moor (Hudgillborn), rented from the Greenwich Hospital.

Respecting this vein, it is asserted that a block of wood was discovered in the centre of it, which is now in the possession of Mr. Wilson, at the Hall. This gentleman, whose elegant mansion, with a park-like ground behind, is on the west bank of the river, close to the bridge, I had not the good fortune of finding at home, he being on a visit to another of his properties. He generally resides here with his aged mother, to whom he is much attached, and enjoys great popularity in the county, as a gentlemanly, intelligent person, conversant with science and many branches of knowledge.

A section of his almost inexhaustible mine, first opened about twenty years ago, and of the strata of the county, was published by the late Mr. Westgatt Foster, agent to Colonel Beaumont. This work is represented as one of great merit, and embraces the whole tract of the mining district in the county from east to west.

After all I am inclined, before parting, to give a hint to these two lords of the manor, or, at all events of the lands

around there, respecting the future embellishment and aggrandizement of their favourite village.

From one of the hills at Snowsgreen, called the *Cheiters* or *Chesters*, to the east of the village, Shotley Bridge presents itself at the bottom of a shallow vale, which, from the manner of the expanding declivities around every side of it, that slope down to a gently-undulating and well-cultivated level, mapped with occasional patches of wood, may not unaptly be likened to a gigantic flat and figured basin. The village itself, with its new houses of freestone and shining slates, alternating with groups of trees, pleasingly contrast in their subdued tints with the vivid and variegated colours of the different sorts of culture in the fields adjoining, and afford a far more charming view than can be obtained elsewhere. Houses built on this part of the eminence, or even a little more westwardly, would enjoy one of the most extensive as well as cheerful views in the county, and be sheltered from the cold north and east winds withal. Here it is that I should plant my flag, had I leisure enough to pay a yearly visit to Shotley Bridge Spa.

We arrived, after traversing a vast extent of recently recovered moorland, at the station on the Stanhope and Tyne railway, called *Handgill*, purposely to examine one of the many wonderful engineering features which have stamped George Stevenson as a man of endless resources, and which, in the present case, is worth the long, difficult, and circuitous route we took to see it.

Two sides, N.E. and S.W., nearly, of an immense chasm or ravine have been made available in the direct line of the railway to and from Stanhope, without bridge or embankment or viaduct, by means of a very ingenious arrangement in virtue of which the travelling trains are made to slide down one side, and mount the opposite one, through the operation of a stationary engine, of twenty-five horse power, placed on a platform quite at the bottom of the chasm. The

latter is one hundred and eighty-eight perpendicular feet in depth, and its two sides stand at right angles with each other, having each an inclination of thirteen inches for every three feet, to an extent of one hundred and fifty yards.

The train of waggons, loaded with lead or lime, proceeding from Stanhope in the western district, or another train coming from Newcastle in the opposite direction with coals, having reached the termination of the level ground on either side of the ravine, is suddenly stopped, and the foremost waggon (for only one at a time can be operated upon) being unyoked, is turned upon a circle with its side towards the precipice, and slided forward and fixed into a moveable platform. The latter is in waiting on the very brink of the precipice, resting upon the rails with its four wheels, the two foremost of which being of larger diameter than the hind ones, cause the said platform to continue in an horizontal position while sliding down one incline, or ascending the other opposite, with its loaded waggon.

To such as dread the sight of a deep abyss, this rapid manœuvre, performed by a single man, aided by a little boy, who launch down its precipitous side a ponderous load, restrained only by an endless strap in its downward descent, is a spectacle highly exciting to the nerves. Though invited, I had not the courage to commit myself to one of these headlong messengers. One time I had placed my foot on the platform ready to descend with one of them, merely in hopes of seeing afterwards the effect or sensation produced by the ascending train. That sensation is said to be exactly like that experienced in a balloon while mounting into the air. But I contented myself with seeing and admiring the beautiful twofold movements of the ponderous cars.

> "Steady and swift the self-moved chariot went
> Winning the long ascent,
> Or downwards rolling 'gainst the furthest shore."

These trains of lime-waggons from Stanhope, coming to exchange that commodity for Newcastle coals, load in the great quarries at the former place. The limestone is a species of brownish or dark bluish-gray marble, with bivalve shells, taken from the great Stanhope limestone bed, consisting of three strata, divided by indurated clay. The quantity quarried there, either for building-cement or ornamental purposes, or for agricultural uses, is exceedingly large.

Retracing, at length, my steps from the lofty embankment of this curious railroad, down the side of which we scrambled to regain our vehicle, we directed our steps towards the station on the Carlisle railway, opposite Corbridge, where, taking leave of my good conductor, I entered one of the second-class carriages upon the line,—a most comfortable sort of vehicle,—from which I could survey every thing around me.

Unquestionably by far the prettiest railroad in England is this one between Carlisle and Newcastle. It not only traverses a pretty country in every direction, but it is also exceedingly neat and well kept, and its station-houses, built of freestone, are perfect specimens of taste and style in architecture.

It has but a single line of rails throughout the greatest part of its way, except at one or two stations, where there is a double line, and in some other places also for the purpose of enabling the returning trains to pass. It runs nearly all the way from Newcastle to Carlisle upon an inclined plane, ascending gradually from the level of the Tyne at the former place to an elevation of 437 feet at the station at Milton, and again rapidly descending nearly the whole of that height towards Carlisle. In its course it follows the undulating line of the Tyne for a considerable part; but, in some places viaducts or embankments have been thrown up to maintain a level across ravines or extensive valleys; while in other parts cuttings of considerable depth have been found neces-

sary for the same purpose. Among the latter, travellers cannot fail to be struck with what is called the Cowran Cut, which has been made through a hill half a mile in length, in the course of more than the half of which distance the depth of the cutting is from 90 to 102 feet.

Of the many bridges and viaducts which an outside traveller can notice on this railroad, one of the latter, calculated to excite admiration for its architectural beauty, is that across the Corby valley, formed of seven arches, each of forty feet span. Its height from the ground measures seventy and the whole length of the viaduct four hundred and eighty feet. There is also a bridge on this railroad which merits attention;—I allude to the askew bridge, of great architectural beauty, formed of three arches, of thirty feet span each, which is thrown across the river Gelt at an angle of 26½ degrees.

Besides these striking features, this same railroad possesses the further advantage of passing through a highly-cultivated country, and between undulating and well-wooded hills; occasionally traversing parks and orchards, and being itself ornamented in many places with well-trimmed hedges and flower parterres on each side. The slopes of the cuttings have been planted with grass, which is kept neatly trimmed, and in the best order imaginable. In fact, as I set out by observing, the Newcastle and Carlisle railroad is by far the prettiest in England, and presents, moreover, various objects of great interest in its immediate vicinity.

As to the traffic of passengers upon it, that may be judged from a single fact, that between Newcastle and Hexham only, upwards of seven thousand persons are said to travel daily.

I halted at the Rose-hill station, eighteen miles short of Carlisle, where I found a charabanc in waiting to convey visiters to Gilsland Spa.

The distance to that sequestered spot, though short, presents two points of attraction which will arrest the visiter in

his progress for a while. What stranger, indeed, can have the still-standing hall of the Amazonian Meg Merrilies pointed out to him, as he descends the winding road on his way to a small bridge over the Irthing, and not recollect that under the semblance of a house of entertainment for Scottish travellers straying on the edge of the wild and trackless waste of the "borders,"—the wretched insulated building he beholds often witnessed dark and bloody deeds, and has preserved a traditional celebrity to this day, under the appellation of "Mumps Hall." There it was before me, the miserable thatched hut—its wall now plastered up and tinged with coarse yellow ochre—which Scott has rendered so famous. It still bears the outward token of a house of entertainment; and, upon an eminence a little way from it, within a few spans of the very earth she so often trod over in terror to the dwellers of Upper and Nether Denton, lies interred its former mysterious tenant.

The other point of curiosity is that singular wall erected by the Roman Emperor Septimus Severus, which, beginning at Newcastle and terminating a little to the west of Carlisle, passes here at a short distance to the south of Gilsland Spa, and to an antiquarian is a source of interesting investigation.

Beyond it a new wide gravelled carriage-road leads to a range of two or three showy buildings, standing upon an eminence, called *Orchard* House, once used as a house of entertainment, fronted with flowered parterres, and facing the broad south. To Mr. Shadforth, the principal proprietor of this estate, I was the bearer of a letter from my friend, the eminent surgeon, and one of the leading practitioners of Newcastle, Mr. Baird, to whom I am indebted for procuring me an agreeable acquaintance, and much of the useful information I obtained at Gilsland.

It is some consolation to one who has been taxed by the incredulous among his brethren, with having too much vaunted

the curative powers of mineral waters, whether abroad or at home, to find, that even in places where little or nothing has been done by art or nature to make them desirable, pleasant, or agreeable residences, people of almost every class in this country will, if they are able, flock during the summer months, if there be but some Spa or other in them. Indeed, rather than not follow such a practice, because of the absence of well-established mineral-water rendezvous, hundreds have been known to congregate together wherever a puddle of undrinkable water has been detected, or a "holy well" of undefined virtues has been pointed out by tradition.

The lower and the middle classes of society have their "Spas," as the great of the land have theirs, at home as well as abroad. Now Gilsland is just such a place. It is a nook, or a dell by the side of the river Irthing, which is here shallow, and its stream is like that which one sees issuing from some extensive tanyard—brown as the best London stout, and as frothy. Descending from the moorland waste on the north a short distance from hence, the Irthing has here scooped out a narrow channel in the form of a crescent, along which it is seen to struggle on its onward way through the broken fragments of millstone grit and plate which strew its bed. A lofty, precipitous, and imposing mass of rocks, a cliff, in fact, nearly one hundred feet in height, forms its north-western embankment. The opposite shore, on the contrary, flat and alluvial, presents some green fields, and is dotted with one or two cottages and other buildings, one of which, called Wardrew House, is fitted up during the season for the reception of visiters. This bank is planted with rows of trees. But this level aspect does not extend far—for assuming soon a gradual ascent, the bank reaches at last a summit nearly level with that of the north-western shore. Both banks are thickly wooded, and their elevation and semicircular form give to the place the aspect of a deep dell, or cup, at the bottom of

which the Irthing is heard to rustle by on its stony bed, in form and character like a *Gill*;*—whence the name of the Spa.

It is at the bottom of the denuded series of rocks or lofty cliff first described, that the sulphur spring which gives importance to Gilsland, issues in a free and plentiful stream, and is resorted to every morning, soon after sunrise, by a large number of common people from the neighbourhood, as well as by those of the better class of summer visiters temporarily resident here, who are not too idle to leave their bed at so early an hour: for here, as at Harrogate, and at one other English Spa, I found that the ladies, in course of drinking the water, preferred the indolent practice of having it brought to their bedside in bottles or cans, to the more natural and beneficial custom of rising early and repairing to the source itself. The latter is but a quarter of a mile from the principal hotel, at the end of a wide and well-kept zigzag road, shaded with lofty trees running along the side of the cliff down to the border of the river, level with which the spring is found.†

Except in cases of absolute inability from malady, this practice of drinking the mineral waters at home, instead of repairing to the spring for it, obtains nowhere but in England, among the visiters of a Spa, and also in Germany among some few of the English. In this country this objectionable practice was probably first introduced, in consequence of the uncertain and generally wretched weather which prevails during the bathing-season, especially very early in the morning. At Harrogate, for example, during the rainy month of July, I could sympathize with those who felt reluctant to quit their chambers at six o'clock in the morning, to encounter the pitiless storm of wind and rain that drove about the open village or common. But here in Gilsland, such a plea for indolence is hardly admissible. At all events, the practice is

* *Gill*, or *Ghyll*, a mountain stream, confined between steep banks and descending rapidly.

† See the view facing the beginning of this chapter.

a bad one, and in a great measure defeats the object one has in view in repairing to a Spa.

The broad face of the superimposed rocks that hang over the clear and limpid stream of mineral water—rising, as I before stated, to the height of nearly a hundred feet—exhibits, as I observed throughout the tract of country I lately visited from east to south-west, the series of formations which lie over the coal measure. The several beds are here perfectly and strongly marked, and of great depth. Indeed, in reference to what is called, in this district, "plate," I hardly remember having seen beds of that rock under and above strata of freestone, thicker than in this locality. These beds abound in ironstone, and iron nodules, to supply the materials for the chalybeate spring that lies at no great distance from the sulphur spring.

Whence the sulphuretted gas comes with which the latter is impregnated to a degree greater than in any of the like class of mineral waters in the north, is a problem which naturalists affect to consider as a puzzling one. It is evident to the commonest observer that the interior of the whole of this stupendous cliff is bursting with that gas, as, from every horizontal fissure in the lowest strata of the plate level nearly with the river, small streamlets of sulphur-water, with free sulphuretted and carburetted hydrogen gas, are seen to trickle down, leaving its indelible mark of a yellow white upon the subincumbent stones.

The water, I have already mentioned, is clear and limpid; indeed the finest crystal spring could not be more so. It smells strongly of the gas, and the palate quickly perceives it also. There is no other subsequent taste in it, neither would we expect any, considering the chemical constitution of this water, as published by Dr. Reid Clanny, of Sunderland.* In about half an hour, an eructation of gas,—such a one as we

* See the General Chemico-Pneumatic Table, at the end of the volume.

may perceive after eating hard-boiled eggs, occurs, and the peculiar taste of that very article of diet, so prepared, continues some time in the mouth; a slight headach also is occasionally experienced after drinking the water. Its temperature is cold compared to that of the surrounding atmosphere. Many think it pleasant to drink, and it does not lie heavy on the stomach. I have seen a few people make wry faces on approaching the glass; but, unquestionably, owing to the absence of any large proportion of the muriates, the water is not so disagreeable to drink as the Harrogate water.

It is the practice at Gilsland to drink out of a very small glass, holding about four ounces, to walk awhile, and to repeat the dose,—which repetition people here have carried to as great an excess as some of the Germans have been sneered at for doing. The effect of the water *per se* is not aperient, but it acts rather as a diuretic. It is said to settle the digestion of weak stomachs, and to allay irritation in that organ.

Few persons, however, follow a regular course. Most people come only for a few days, rather on account of the scenery than the water. Many drink the water for a few weeks or so, and no longer, and the majority, perhaps, remain a few days only. But even the scenery can hardly be a source of attraction, as, away from the *Ghyll* and its wooded banks, and the shaded walks made along them, the scenes presented, by the locality, are rather those of desolation, to him who is looking for the beautiful and the picturesque.

The geologist, the botanist, and even the antiquarian, may find interesting occupations in districts near at hand; but for distant and perspective views, such as greet the eye in the vale of the Derwent and near Shotley Bridge—the rich—the luxuriant—the well-cultivated, and, in many parts, the romantic aspect of the region we described in a preceding chapter—those are not to be found here. Turn either towards the moors northwards, or towards the country which extends

southwards beyond the line of the railroad (here, as every where along its course, a pretty feature in the landscape) the eye dwells upon nothing but a vast expanse of hilly country, gray, sombre, and leaden-coloured ; and seeming, by its outward physiognomy, to reveal the nature of the mineral treasures it conceals within its bosom.

It is near to the brink of the high rocky side of the Irthing that the only hotel (formerly called Shaw's, but now the Spa Hotel) open for the accommodation of the visiters, stands with its long side towards the dell, while its south-western front is towards the scenery I have just described. It is but a sorry "house of accommodation," although all the forms and fashions of the better and superior class of hotels at well-known Spas in England are followed—such as fixed charges for board and lodging to master and man—regular meal-times, divided into four—drawing-room meetings—and dining-room etiquette. But there the comparison ends. And yet the liberal proprietor, and, indeed the present tenants under him, lack neither the will nor the inclination to make the house comfortable. The fault lies in the smallness of the apartments—the somewhat inseparable gloom of the locality —and, above all, the shortness and unproductive nature of the Spa season. Here, at all events, the hotel-keeper is neither the lord of the place, nor likely to be a very rich one, as at Harrogate and elsewhere.

There is a practice of dividing the company in the house into what is called the *Drawing-room*, the *Stone-parlour*, and the *Hall* company. The charge accords with those subdivisions. In the first class, the expense per week is as high as at the best hotels of Harrogate, though the equivalent given in return is not so good. There is a difference of one shilling and sixpence per diem in the next, or second class; and the third pays something about three shillings and sixpence per day, or a guinea per week.

This consideration for the inferior ranks of visiters to the Spa

extends at Gilsland, with praiseworthy philanthropy, even in the use of the baths for servants, who are charged much less than their masters, although they bathe in the very same rooms, nay in the very identical tanks. Thus, the bathing goes on alternately, from master to man, and from man to master, with most happy sociality, against which no one seems disposed to grumble. A servant may have the itch (and hereabouts in the north and on "the borders" such a supposition is not preposterous);—no matter—in he goes into the sulphur-bath the moment his master has vacated it, and the water can be changed; and his master, next morning, follows him into the same recipient! This is primitive.

And so are the baths themselves, as well as the bathing-rooms, erected in the guise of low ordinary cottages, on the very margin of the river, immediately opposite the spring. Nothing can be of ruder aspect, both in and out, than this establishment, and the visiter must be little squeamish, indeed, who can long continue to use such rooms and such bathing-tanks.

In general, and throughout my long and laborious tour to the English Spas, I have had occasion to lament the too busy interference of medicine with the fair use of mineral waters. But here, at Gilsland, absence of medical attendance of every description marks the Spa. Not even a dose of salts can be obtained. It was the practice of a former housekeeper at the hotel, as the present landlady informed me, to keep a supply of medicines, though she professed not to dispense any, but kept them for the occasional service of visiters—some neighbouring surgeon being sent for in case of need, or arriving by chance. At present, however, no such accommodation exists; and one may awake in the night, in this lonely and retired spot, ill—dying—for want of immediate medical aid—without the smallest prospect of being saved through it. The nearest medical men of character, I am informed, are fetched either from Carlisle, or from Newcastle. Those of the

latter city, they tell me, are preferred, though farther away. But the railway has annihilated distinctions of distances, and, therefore, from that city, when required, medical men are sent for express. But the way to get at them upon any serious emergency in the night-time—the rail-train *asleep*, and no carriage, and probably no horse, at hand!

For a watering-place at which a hundred strangers assemble perhaps at one time (and I find from the visiters' book that they seldom amount to so many), this state of things cannot be said to be unaccompanied with danger.

There is, I understood the people to say, an opportunity of sometimes procuring a sort of medical man nearer at hand. Such a one in fact had made his appearance from the neighbourhood, a few hours previously to my arrival. One of the gentlemen whom I met at the supper-table in the hotel, and who seemed to be "all in all" in this little community, mentioned the occasion of that person being sent for. But the village doctor had loitered so long by the way, had tasted so frequently of the border-whiskey, and had heated himself so much, immediately after his arrival, with throwing quoits both over and under his cocked-up leg, stripped of his coat and displaying both "fore and aft" his short corduroys and top-boots and long silver spurs strapped to the ankles, that he was found to be of little professional use after all. Accordingly, having waited some hours without being applied to for his services, the man of medicine prepared to quit Gilsland once more. I saw him mount, or try to mount, his charger, on which he was seated at last by means of a helping hand; and as he was about to depart, tottering and vibrating to the right and to the left, I heard him bluster out a broken farewell and a hiccup to the company,—the hostlers and the grooms,—one of whom tendered him another "drop" to keep the wind off the stomach during his journey homewards.

My experience of the "doings" at the Spa Hotel, was confined to the having the honour of handing a tall high-

cheek-boned, elderly Scotch lady from the drawing-room to the supper-room on the day of my arrival, and of occupying the post of vice-president at the bottom of the supper-table, in virtue of my right as "the last arrived." Here I learnt nothing. But on the following morning, breakfasting at Orchard House, surrounded by a family group which gave me a very favourable notion of a Cumberland fireside, and conversing with Colonel ———, a neighbour, who occupied one of the houses in the same row, called Orchard House,—I obtained some information touching the Spa. It had been but ill-frequented during the last year or two; but it was expected that the railway would cause an increase of visiters, particularly since the expensive repairs of the hotel, the internal arrangements of which, however, were admitted still to require alteration and improvement.

It was stated also, that the resident inhabitants near and about the Spa, who are born and bred there, are sickly and pale-faced, and that the families of the farmers are not of good constitutions, being liable to consumption. The climate is very trying—few days in the year being free from rain. The snow lies on the ground till mid-spring, and Colonel ———, when he quitted in May, 1839, to proceed to town for the season, left the snow on the bank opposite to his house. Being located on a high ground, and midway between the Irish and German Seas, my host imagined that Gilsland must be exposed to the long sweeping gales that prevail from the south-east and the west; and, if so, no position can be more unfavourable. Indeed, the waste and high moorlands, close at hand on the north, and the general aspect of the country, to the south of the road, confirm that notion.

If there be any redeeming feature in the position of this "Sulphur Spring," it is the beautiful and romantic character of the deep dell near the bottom of the Gill; but even this is too confined in extent to make amends, by its various pretty pictures, for the many drawbacks and other unfavour-

able circumstances, attending this establishment for the recovery of health.

Hence I am not surprised that Gilsland is indifferently frequented, and at best only by very so-so classes of people; except now and then, when a stray visiter or traveller (like myself for example) comes to Gilsland for local information, and takes shelter there for a day or a night—a period amply sufficient for seeing and enjoying all that there is enjoyable in the place.

## CHAPTER XXII.

SHAP WELLS—BLACKPOOL—SOUTHPORT.

GAIETIES of Gilsland — Love, Courtship, and Marriage of Walter Scott—Quick Work—Hint to Mammas—MINOR Mineral Springs of Cumberland—CARLISLE—BROUGHAM HALL—Voltaire and Mirabeau —LOWTHER CASTLE—Scott's Opinion of English Architects—SHAP WELL—The Spa Hotel—Its Accommodations and Comforts within— Desolate Prospect without—THE WELL—Its Primitive State—New Bath-house—SHAP WELL WATER—Its Physical Characters—Chemical Analysis—Defects—Medicinal Virtues of the Water—Exaggeration —Reality—CASES in which it is of Use — Medical Attendance— The Penrith Physician—Dennison, the Bone-setter — CLIMATE of Shap Wells — Improvements desirable—Attractions in the Vicinity —SHAP ABBEY—The Lakes—Waste Land in Westmorland—Earl Lonsdale's Estates — Contrast between Planting and Tilling—The Netherby Estate—Civilization promoted by Tilling—PRESTON—Its Past, Present, and Future State—SOUTHPORT—Litham Hall—BLACK-POOL—Sands—Sea-bathers—Hotel and Table d'Hôte.

THE gaieties of Gilsland during the summer season must have been far more attractive in 1797, than they are now, or have ever been since ; when we find it recorded, of the former date, that fair damsels, sent thither to improve their complexion, rode on their palfreys, and quickly set the hearts of young cavaliers on fire, who ought to have been proof to "first impressions." A ball at that time, unlike a ball at the same Spa nowadays, was a mighty fine field for improving

those early impressions; and if, to boot, something in the shape of a red coat and epaulettes could be sported on those occasions by the swain, why then the result was inevitable.

In the month of July, of the year just mentioned, Walter Scott, who after an excursion to the English Lakes, had settled himself quietly in the sequestered Spa at Gilsland for a few days, exhibited in his own case the truth of the preceding remarks. Of all the domestic romances which he subsequently portrayed in his enchanting volumes, none is more romantic than the one he himself enacted at Gilsland, and of which he was the hero. The oldest inhabitants in the place well recollect the Scot lawyer producing himself in regimentals at their balls, and winning the *belle* of the day.

Scarcely had he secured his footing in one of the lodging-houses of the Spa, than the presence of a fair dweller under the same roof fired his poetic soul into admiration, and the composition of those well-known lines—

> "Take these flowers which purple flowing
> On the ruined rampart grew," &c.

A flame so easily lighted, however, blew out as readily, to admit of a still greater conflagration, originating in another quarter. The poet's heart must have been of the most combustible materials, yet not more so than that of the object of his second adoration, "Than whom," observes his biographer, "a lovelier vision could hardly have been imagined." For soon after a first casual introduction at one of those Spa balls to which allusion has just been made, followed by a supper, with its attendant opportunity of whispering pretty nothings, and of offering unnumbered civilities, during which it is to be presumed Scott "popped the question" to his lady-love; we find the Leviathan novelist that was to be, writing to his mother in strains implying that, if his father had no objection to the match, he was pretty certain there were none on the part of that fair lady to a matrimonial alliance "at the earliest convenience!"

Sharp work this for a poet who was quaffing, not of the fountain of Hippocrene, but of the fetid stream of Gilsland—by no means an inspiring beverage! It is true, there is no date to Scott's epistle to his mother, and his biographer, who found it without any, gives no clue either as to the day of Scott's first meeting with "the lovely vision," or as to that of the fated ball and supper. But, as he has stated that the poet remained in Cumberland until the Jedburg assizes recalled him to his legal duties at the close of September, it is fair to conclude that the beginning, middle, and ending of his amorous negotiation—in other words, that Scott's falling desperately in love, his subsequent courtship, and his settling the question with his intended bride—could only have been the affair of days, or, at most, of a week or so. In that expeditious proceeding the lady-love evidently participated most eagerly, since we find her writing early in October a most confidential, affectionate, and earnest letter to her intended, with the view of putting him in the right course for obtaining from her noble guardian his consent to their matrimonial union.

Now this is as it should be; else my remarks on the peculiar fitness of Spas, to promote and forward matrimonial schemes, in a far better and quicker mode than is said to be done at a certain great ball in London (now getting out of fashion), would have been without point, and unfounded. But when I say *Spas*, I do not mean your Cheltenhams and Leamingtons and Baths; but such only as resemble this one of Gilsland, primitive and village-like, where visiters are every thing, and every body else nothing, and where people, assembled from all parts of the world, tacitly agree to live, as it were, *en famille* during their stay.

In this respect, the example set to us by Scott is most triumphant. The happiness that resulted from it to both parties, so casually met, and so soon bound together, is most encouraging; and I conclude, as I began, by declaring that

prudent mammas, who are anxious to see their daughters speedily and well settled in the world, had better look to "the Spas of England."

The Spas of England are many, and there is no lack of such *rendezvous*, in my humble opinion, perfectly legitimate for the praiseworthy object aforesaid. Cumberland alone, the county we are now in, reckons not fewer than thirteen, besides the one at Gilsland; and, although most of those are but little known beyond the precincts of their own locality, they, nevertheless, attract a certain number of visiters every year.

The majority of these mineral springs of Cumberland are strong impregnations of marine salt, and would be found to contain those two powerful agents, *Bromine* and *Iodine*, if properly analyzed; for the virtue of some of them in curing scrofulous disorders, as I ascertained on inquiry, can only be well explained by presuming the existence of those two ingredients. A few are of sulphuretted water, like that at Gilsland, and the rest chalybeates.

Of the two former classes, the most remarkable are *Stanger Spa*, a very strong aperient salt-spring, two miles south by east of Cockermouth, near the old road to Keswick; and another salt-spring like Cheltenham, situated near *Seathwaite*, in the southern part of Borrowdale; also a sulphur spring at *Slainton*, another at *Shalk-Trot*, and a third at *Biglands*, all three within a very few miles of Carlisle. Of the chalybeates, the most celebrated is the one discovered in 1796 at Kirkbarapton, not far from Carlisle, which is strongly impregnated with iron; and a second spring at Rockliff, on the way and near to that goal of runaway matches, which is within a stonethrow of that very Spa, at the head of the Solway Firth and rejoices in a farrier-parson for the ceremony.

Carlisle, where I arrived at that bustling inn of mails and coaches, the Bush, in eighteen minutes (a distance of twenty miles, on an inclined plane) by the railway from the Rose-

hill or Gilsland station, detained me at this, my second visit, but a few hours. An interview with one or two of my medical brethren, for the sake of obtaining information respecting Gilsland's medicinal efficacy, and other mineral springs in the county, and a visit to a leading and very intelligent bookseller, occupied but a small portion of my time. Engaging afterwards a suitable conveyance, I at once directed my steps towards the next object of my tour, the principal Spa of Westmorland—SHAP WELLS.

I was now about to enter one of the most romantic regions in the north-west of England, with which, however, a previous and more special excursion on my return from Scotland, two years before, had made me well acquainted.

The weather was, at first, unpropitious, lowering and rainy; as, indeed, it unfortunately is during most of the season when one ought to enjoy the Lake scenery of this enchanting part of the country. After advancing, however, a few miles, the rain ceased, and on the mist ascending, the high peak of Coldbeck fells appeared almost suddenly, close on the right hand towering to the sky; with *Saddleback* further south, and between them, and rather behind, the giant of Keswick—the Alpine *Skiddaw*—rising three thousand feet above the neighbouring sea.

Penrith was next perceived, seated down in a richly cultivated plain, with Brougham Hall a little way beyond that small and neat town, and the larger mass of modern Gothic embattled structures, called Lowther Castle, standing in the midst of an extensive park, watered by the river Lowther.

My desire to pay a visit to the Hall, which bears the name of the first orator of our days, was anticipated by the usual practice of the Penrith postboys who conduct travellers southwards, and who naturally, it seems, inquire of them whether they will not make a short deviation to the left of the road, to see the venerable fabric, the work of

various ages, in which occasionally resides the "great Chancellor!"

Arthur's round table (one of those natural features, by-the-by, which, like Robin Hood's cave, one meets every where in the north) stands not far removed from the Hall, to add to the temptation.

The Hall, however, will not need such or any other adventitious allurement, in future ages, to become an object of pilgrimage. Like the Château de Vernet, BROUGHAM HALL, when the grave shall have swept away prejudices and political animosities, will be visited by thousands eager to behold the château of the English Voltaire; he who, to the encyclopedic knowledge and pungent wit of the French philosopher, joined the impassioned and flowing eloquence of Mirabeau.

On this occasion I felt satisfied with approaching the building, and enjoying the prospect from its terrace. The venerable mother of the noble statesman, whose loss he has since had to deplore, was then lying indisposed at the Hall; and to have pushed mere curiosity further at such a moment would have been an impertinence. The noble

host, besides, was not in the county at the time, or to his lordship, as no stranger, I should have paid my respects; nor did he reach the Hall until some days after, when that unfortunate accident occurred which had nigh deprived the senate of one of its most splendid ornaments.

At an arrow's-shot length from the modern hall, stands Brougham Castle. Placed near the confluence of two slender river-streams, one of which gives a title to the wealthy lord of Lowther Castle,—and occupying a prominent station on a gentle eminence above those waters,—these vestiges of the feudal possession of *John de Veteripont*, form a group of some interest.

Of Lowther Castle, through the apartments of which, many of them small in size and low roofed (particularly those of the bedroom floor), I wandered with a large party of visiters from the lakes, I would rather eschew offering any remarks, or report the notes I made on the spot. These repeated intrusions on the part of strangers, kindly permitted by the venerable earl and his family, who were, at the time, occupying the castle, must be a source of annoyance to the noble inmates, though they are evidently one of profit to the domestics. But such is the case at all the great mansions in the country.

On the interior of this immense structure, the production of an eminent architect who, when not engaged in Gothic designs, as in this instance, so chastises his imagination and inventive faculty by the severer laws of Grecian simplicity, that hardly any design remains in his works,—one observation seems called for. It refers to the gigantic, square, Gothic hall, around which the various and multiformed small rooms mentioned before have been clustered. That hall, ninety feet in elevation, and not less than sixty feet square, more resembles the central tower of a transept in a cathedral than the *atrium* to a great domestic mansion. That it is hand-

some of its class, taken in an insulated form, and that it is striking, none can deny; but, is it congruous? is it in character with the apartments around it? or is the immense and principal staircase, which divides at its upper end into two lateral insignificant flights of steps leading to low corridors, proportionate to the parts of the building to which it leads?

Exteriorly this building is not less capricious. In its principal front—extending to four hundred and twenty feet in length towards the north,—numerous towers, round or sexagonal, some high, some low, and all surmounted by embattlements, and pierced with slit-windows, would seem to be erected for the purpose of representiug a baronial castle. But in the south elevation a totally different character, a species of collegiate style, is displayed, in large fretted Gothic windows, in buttresses, and cloisters of the Gothic form.

It would be well for certain English architects of the day, were they occasionally to bear in mind the opinion of the great man whose felicitous matrimony at Gilsland is recorded in the beginning of this chapter; and who, upon the subject of modern Gothic, in reference to some ancient remains of true Gothic grandeur, wrote as follows:—"Several parts of these ruinous buildings might be selected (under suitable modification) as the model of a Gothic mansion, provided architects would be content rather to imitate what is really beautiful in that species of building, than to make a medley of the caprices of the order, confounding the military, ecclesiastical, and domestic styles of all ages at random, with additional fantasies and combinations of their own device." (*Pirate.*) "This is a hit—a very palpable hit."

Returning to the high road, I soon reached the little town of SHAP, whence a smaller vehicle conveyed me three miles further, to the WELLS, leaving on the right the main road for that purpose, and travelling along a cross and tedious carriageway, over bleak downs, to a lonely building standing in

a hollow. This is the Spa Hotel, and all that constitutes the Spa besides the Wells.

The hotel is a very convenient, commodious, and well-arranged house. It is a recent erection of the venerable earl, who is lord of every thing hereabout. I occupied a double-bedded room facing the south, which would not disgrace a first-rate hotel in London; nay, for cleanliness, abundance of furniture and contrivances, as well as for the excellency of the beds, far superior to most of them. No expense seems to have been spared to make the inmates comfortable. The drawing-room, though not very large, is excellent; and so are the dining and other sitting rooms. In fact every mode of disposing and arranging space for domestic purposes has been evidently studied and thought of with attention. There are as many as sixteen of the best bedrooms, with several more of the second class, and seventy beds altogether,—for which the usual charge is most moderate, as are indeed the charges for every thing else, including those for the warm-baths. Two guineas a week will cover every expense.

A very respectable family (Gibson) occupied at the time the premises as tenants. The landlady, or mistress of the house (for really there is so little of the hotel about it, that an invalid may imagine himself living in a private house), is a mild, pleasing, and lady-like person, with lovely children, and servants of the best description, both as to looks and appearance, and as being well-behaved and attentive.

Something indeed is required within, to make amends for the scene of desolate grandeur that surrounds the place without. Out of my large windows, three successive ranges of heathy downs are seen to swell right and left, and to slope downwards in smooth undulations, until they meet on the margin of a narrow torrent, or *beck*, which travels at a rapid rate, like a mountain stream, over a rocky bed, hissing and chafing amidst the small broken masses of stone that are strewed along its course, and leaving the white foam against each of them. Its tortuous sweeps, as it comes down nearer to the house, concealing here and there portions of the stream behind projecting rocks, serve to give to the whole the appearance of a succession of waterfalls.

In the opening, between two ranges of grassy hills nearest to the house, on which two or three stunted and blanched ash-trees grow, a glimpse is caught of another mountain stream called the Berbeck, the whiteness of whose foam is relieved by the darker swells around it. To these succeed other hills still more barren and rocky than the first; and the ground rises more steeply as the eye stretches its power of vision over it—ascending higher the further it proceeds, until the prospect is closed by a lofty Fell, running in a south-western direction, the extreme vanishing point of which is a still mightier Peak—the *Shap Fells*—from whose rugged sides have rolled those granite blocks or boulder-stones, which are seen scattered over a great part of Westmorland.

Such is the prospect in the front of the house looking

south. A flat piece of ground between the torrents and the dwelling has been planted in the form of a neat parterre of flowers, and is a cheering ornament to the place.

It is by the side of one of the three *becks* or streams just mentioned, which forms here a succession of leaps as it descends in a nearly direct line from the moors, that the mineral water for which Shap is celebrated, proceeding equally from the upland, tries to mingle itself with the torrent stream; but while in its downward course, along a sloping bank, which has in vain been planted with firs and other trees, the water has been prevented from accomplishing its junction with the Bourne, but on the contrary, has been imprisoned in a square well, fashioned in the rudest style, and covered over on every side but one, where it is protected only by a low door.

The area of this well is about three feet square, and the surface of the water appears always covered with a thin scum, through which bubbles of gas from the bottom are seen to burst from time to time. The colour is that of a very weak solution of soap and water; when held in a glass it precisely resembles that sort of mixture; or, in other words, it looks as if to a tumblerful of spring-water a few drops of solution of soap had been added. The water is transparent, but not limpid; several little floating bodies, whitish and milk-like, being suspended in it. The smell of sulphuretted hydrogen is very marked, and its immediate taste slightly saltish; it feels cold to the stomach, and instantly after drinking a glass and a half, or ten ounces of it, I experienced the same sensations which Harrowgate and other sulphur-waters never failed to produce on me, namely, headach and eructation of the sulphuretted gas. After repeated trials I found the temperature of the water in the well to be 48° F.

No attempt whatever has, as yet, been made to invite invalids to this spring of health—either by facilitating the ac-

cess to it, or by rendering it, and the immediate objects around, such as to induce people to resort to the source itself to drink the water or bathe in it. As the well formerly was, when the waters first became an object of attention, so it is now; and the vestiges left of a former rude stone bath, show how little our forefathers have cared for the many luxuries which visiters to modern Spas expect to enjoy. How people in such a bleak situation as this, encircled by boulder-stones and nought else, could deliberately proceed to the miserable hovel called the Well-house—for it is now exactly as it ever was—in which the old bath existed, and there bathe in the cold sulphur-water from the well,—it makes one shudder to think.

The dreariness of the common between Shap and the well, thoroughly barren even at the most propitious time of the year in which I visited it, is somewhat appalling—particularly when traversed during some of those terrific storms which one seldom witnesses except in highly mountainous countries.

On approaching the termination of the road, the Spa Hotel is seen to lie in a hollow of a series of moors, and looks like an island in the midst of an agitated lake of desolation. Yet the materials of which the handsome house is built, and the care with which the grounds are kept, give to the spot a cheering and welcoming aspect.

Midway between the old Well-house and the Spa Hotel, a bath-house, with convenience for warm and cold bathing, has been of late years erected. There are two rooms in it, with two bath-tanks in each—the latter, of wood painted brown, and exhibiting, by their whitish and opalescent surface, the action of the mineral water. The building is good enough for the company which generally frequents this Spa; not so for the better class to which unquestionably belonged those few whom I met the preceding evening in the dining-room, and most of whom were mere *transiters* from the south, on their way to Appleby, or to the lakes.

In order to facilitate the use of the baths, the mineral water is collected first into a large reservoir, holding about 12,000 gallons, whence a large pipe conveys some of the water to a large iron boiler, while four smaller pipes transmit it cold to the four bath-rooms. I need hardly remark that the use of an iron boiler with sulphuretted water is highly improper.

When heated, the Shap water loses the whitish blue appearance it has at the well, or continues only slightly so. It then tastes at once saltish, has a slight *après goût*, and lies more comfortably on the stomach. Some of the water, which, on its arrival from the Well into the room in which the boiler is kept, and whose temperature was at the time 65°F., had the peculiar bluish opalescent appearance just mentioned, became quite pure and limpid, like the Gilsland water, soon after, and lost nearly altogether the taste, as well as the peculiar smell, of the sulphuretted gas.

The analysis of the Shap water was undertaken by Mr. Alderson, of Westhouse, assisted by Dr. Fife, lecturer on chemistry in Edinburgh. It is somewhat remarkable that the accounts which those gentlemen have published of their analysis make no mention of the presence of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. I am inclined, therefore, to suspect that their examination of the water did not take place at the Well, as ought to have been the case; for the presence of the gas in question in the water is made manifest by its taste and smell—its deposition, its action upon lead and iron—and, lastly, on the oil-paint in the bath-rooms. In fact, it is admitted by all who have tasted or smelt the water, which they compare to the washing out of a gunbarrel.

In other respects the analysis may be correct, and, if so, the combination of the ingredients found in it is a happy one for many medical purposes. Yet I would take Mr. Alderson's pompous eulogium of this water *cum grano salis*.

I can readily believe that a water said to hold twenty-six grains of muriate of lime in a pint measure, may be diuretic, and exercise a powerful influence in the resolution of glandular tumours. But to add that "in cutaneous and impetiginous affections, of the scaly order, the water is *miraculously efficacious*," and that in acute or chronic rheumatism it is "speedily curative," is too near an approach to the region of poetical fancy.

Mr. Alderson says—"In my experience, I have met with no medicated spring more efficacious than the Shap Spa." It is to be presumed that the experience of any medical man who practises in a limited district in Cumberland or Yorkshire, as regards notable mineral springs, can only be small; how then can he institute such a superlative comparison? But Mr. Alderson, not satisfied with that, proceeds most emphatically and sublimely in his commendations, ascending, at last, to the highest pitch of eulogium.

I am more inclined to rely on the plain, unvarnished tales I heard in the great meeting-room of the Spa Hotel, where, in particular, a lady and her husband, accompanied by their son, all natives of Westmorland, and well acquainted with the Spa, informed me of the several cures that had come to their knowledge, effected by the Shap Well water. Those cases, principally in the classes of disorders for which sulphuretted waters are beneficially employed, warrant much of the praise given to the Shap Spa, and justify my having detained my readers so long respecting it.

Sequestered as the Spa is, yet, when occasion requires, medical attendance can be procured readily, either from Penrith, or from Shap and Orton, at both which latter places a young physician has lately established himself. Dr. Taylor is the gentleman most commonly sent for from the former place, and I marvelled much at the information I received, that in cases of surgical aid being required, that physician

does not scruple to employ the services of Dennison, the notorious bonesetter, of whom most extraordinary stories are related, both in Cumberland and Westmorland.

The occasional consultations with so respectable a practitioner as Dr. Taylor bespeak the presence of company at the Spa of the better class; and of those, I found registered in the book of visiters between June and August, about two hundred, among whom there were some whose names are conspicuous.

The account of a Spa situated like that of Shap, unaccompanied by a few remarks on its climate, would be incomplete. The air in this region is seldom still; storms of wind are of very frequent occurrence, and the quantity of rain that falls in the course of the year is greater than in any other county in England. According to the observations made with rain gages at Kendal, seventeen miles only to the south of Shap, fifty inches, or four feet two inches of rain appears to be the average quantity that falls in this mountainous region. It is, therefore, somewhat about twenty inches more than the mean quantity of rain that falls in Europe.

A lady sitting before a roasting fire (of which by the by I was glad to partake also) on the sixth of August at Shap, stated in my hearing, that not a single day wholly free from rain, had she passed in the place during the previous month.

The coldness of the air must be excessive during the autumn and spring, which latter season rarely commences before June.

In the winter season, the snow, which lies thick and heavy and late, adds much to the discomfort of the place; and so prodigious is the quantity that falls and remains on the ground in this immediate neighbourhood, that a considerable sum of money has been paid at times to have a horse track cut through it between Shap and Kendal.

And yet even this desolate region—even the heathy, uncultivated and rudely mountainous vicinity of Shap Wells—might

be made the resort of all classes of society, by further improvement and accommodation. One, and the most urgent of these, is the erecting of a lodge or house of shelter near the cross road that leads to the Spa Hotel from the high-road, and the establishment of a proper conveyance for visiters who arrive by the public coaches, and are set down on that spot, now a barren heath. At present such visiters, on quitting the public carriage, have to walk three miles and a half to the hotel, and carry their own luggage (perhaps in the midst of torrents of rain), or they must submit to pay pretty heavily for a chaise to convey them from Shap or Kendal. As for attractions in the neighbourhood, they are neither few nor contemptible; and during a month's residence at the Spa, the visiters need not pass a single day without enjoying some new sight, or the contemplation of some interesting object; besides having the indulgence of capital grouse-sporting on the adjoining moor, by simply applying to Lord Lonsdale for permission. Horse exercise, so much to be recommended, and too little attended to at Spas, would in this region prove also the best means of making excursions.

One of these would naturally be to the ruins of Shap Abbey —another reminiscence of the many snug settlements by monastic recluses to be met with (and invariably on the most advantageous as well as beautiful spots) throughout the north of England. Seen from the eastern bank of the Loder, and from a jutting headland thereabout, the first view of the dismantled square tower of the abbey is very striking. It stands on a green knoll on the opposite side of that river; while the rest of the ruins, by no means extensive, descend towards the noisy and darksome stream, not far from a rude stone bridge, by which it is encompassed, precisely where it sweeps in a semicircle below a rising bank, thickly wooded with old tufty and twisted thorns—the very trees planted by the monks.

Another attractive feature near at hand, is the sweetly

secluded vale of Crosby Ravensworth, particularly if viewed immediately upon our return from witnessing that striking object, Highcup Gill, a valley which, from its singular appearance, has been likened to the tumultuous heaving of a troubled sea, suddenly arrested by a petrifying power, at a moment when the waves, tossed right and left, formed a mighty chasm or hollow trough between.

The lakes, however, are, after all, the most inviting of the attractions of this neighbourhood. Many of these, Hawes and Ulleswater, for instance, may be seen, at one view, from an eminence which I reached after an hour's quiet ride, doubling for that purpose the cluster of lofty hills, called Shapfells, the foot of which I skirted, leaving them on my left.

Taking my station, with my back to Rossgill, and my face looking down into the charming vale of Bampton, I enjoyed a spectacle which I marvel much that a Dewint or a Robertson have not made the subject of their pencil. In my case,

however, the attraction of such a neighbourhood was not sufficiently strong to induce me to penetrate further into the enchanting region of the lakes; for I had visited them only the year before in company with the modest and amiable author of "Hampden in the 19th Century," and other works, and I could not now spare the time to revisit scenes to which even the pen of a Gilpin or a Radcliffe cannot do justice.

But whether we direct our steps to the right or to the left, although many parts of the country are beautiful and imposing to look upon, one cannot help being struck, and painfully so, at the enormous extent of waste and barren moorland which, in Westmorland as in Cumberland (but much more so in the former county), meets the eye of the traveller at every step. To think that in those two counties nearly half a million of acres exist still in a wild primitive state, and that the hand of man has never yet been applied to recover the smallest portion of it for beneficial purposes, is a distressing subject of consideration.

The noble earl who is justly acknowledged to be the *primus inter omnes* in this part of England, has, indeed, in some of the districts of his extensive demesnes, endeavoured to bring into use many barren tracts, by planting them with trees. So did several of his noble ancestors before him, as we may judge from the numerous woods, artificially arranged or distributed in groups, which we meet on the Lonsdale property. But in endeavouring to put waste land in cultivation, planting is but a tithe part of what ought to be done for that purpose; it is, as compared to tilling, to leave the land in a still half-barren and unproductive state.

By the latter operation, therefore, principally, ought the many hundred thousands of acres of waste land in the two counties which now occupy our attention to be redeemed. In that respect, the difference between planting and tilling is by far, very far indeed, in favour of the lastmentioned

process. It is in its favour, not only on account of what it leads to of beneficial, but also of what it avoids of disastrous results.

The reader will permit me a few short practical remarks on this subject, which is one that forces itself upon our attention every day, as the population is growing apace around us, seeming to defy all calculation, and calling out for bread.

The Lonsdale estates in Westmorland suffered in their timber, during the well-remembered terrific storm of January, 1839, to an extent hardly to be credited. Thousands of lofty trees were felled to the ground, or snapped in twain like a dry splintery deal-board, or were uprooted and laid across the standing trunks of other trees near them. I passed, in the month of August of the same year, through a part of one of the earl's forests, some miles south of Penrith, and was much struck with the appearance of desolation which the still visible effects of that terrible gale had produced. To such disastrous results no tract of land, however extensive, brought into tillage or pasturage from a primitive and wild state, can ever be liable. But the planter of forests, on the contrary, who has carefully reared his trees for twenty or thirty years, deriving no profit from them for the best part of that period, just as he expects to reap the benefit of his operations, or to transmit it to his children, not unfrequently sees the produce of his patient labours, his expectations, and his property, at once demolished by some violent tempest.

This, however, is a purely selfish, and, some may think, an overstrained view of the subject. But there is another and a more philosophical consideration of it which suggests itself; namely this,—that in bringing large tracts of waste land into tillage, we not only benefit mankind pecuniarily, as with the growth of trees, but morally also. Such an operation generally gives rise to the formation of new little communities

and villages; it puts poor labourers in the present enjoyment of the necessaries, and even some of the comforts of life; it enables the master to watch over and form the happiness of the many fellow-creatures whom he engages, in one of the most wholesome and beneficial of occupations—an occupation which is to give those creatures bread and sustenance, as the direct produce of the land they have been the means of recovering from waste.

This state of things, in its turn, leads to the formation of schools, the establishment of places of worship, and, consequently, to the extension of civilization. What results better than all these can a good man desire, whom Providence has invested with large territorial seignority? How can the planter of thousands of trees on any waste tract ever expect similar results?

Let us take two examples in illustration of each process. They occur to my mind as mere random recollections of what I have seen or heard in the course of my present tour through England.

A tract of sandy or semi-siliceous soil, extending to nearly six thousand acres, in one of the south-western counties of England (not Cornwall), which had never yielded a blade of grass, or a twig, was planted, in 1818, with Scotch firs, the young plants being about two feet in height at the time. The plantation had thriven to the whole extent of the proprietor's expectations. In thrice seven years it has produced to him by clearings, taking out long sticks, and yearly cuttings, an additional income of some hundred pounds. In the neighbourhood of this large plantation some new houses have been reared, and settlers have been induced to make their dwellings where no human being had been seen to dwell before; attracted, no doubt, by the shelter which the vast forest affords them, as well as by the facility of obtaining timber for their humble buildings, and fuel for their hearths. The population

of the district has consequently increased to a certain extent, and land is become more valuable, or, rather, it is valuable now where it was worthless before. But this is all the result; —an increased pecuniary value has been added to a man's patrimony, and at the end of twenty years a hundred human beings, perhaps, have felt the benefit of that addition.

Let us now look upon the other picture. In this very county in which I endite these reflections, and whilst visiting the neighbourhood of Carlisle in search of a sulphuretted mineral spring, called Slainton, south of Longtown, I had before me a plain and extensive proof of the great advantages of tilling waste land, in the actual condition of the Netherby estate, the patrimony of the present distinguished statesman and commoner, member for Pembroke. To him most assuredly it would not have descended in its actual highly-flourishing state, nor with its present magnificent villa, resting on a Roman station, had his ancestor, the Rev. Dr. Graham, been content with simply planting forests for the sake of their timber, on the extensive tracts of waste and bare lands which formed part of his territorial property, instead of raising the latter, by tillage, into a rich, fertile, and, in many parts, beautiful demesne. That demesne at present exhibits every where the marks of prosperity, civilization, and religion, in its extensive corn-mills and corn-fields, its free grammar-schools, and neat places of worship. By such means, and with such results, the worthy divine is known to have quintupled the value of his estates.

Leaving now all these reflections, and the counties that gave rise to them, I hastened on to Preston, with all the speed of one of the numerous mails from the north, which picked me up at Shap, disregarding both Kendal and Lancaster, places I had seen at leisure before.

On a former occasion I had adopted the Bull as my head-quarters at Preston; but having since tried the Victoria New Hotel, which has the double advantage of being out of the

smoke of the town, and near to the railway station, I cannot omit recommending it in every way to my readers, in preference to the former house, which has all the inconvenience of a huge country inn.

Of all the rising manufacturing towns in the north, Preston is probably the only one which has contrived to add to its population, its wealth, and its factories, to a very considerable extent, without at the same time having made any corresponding advances in civilization, cleanliness, and ameliorations in the material part of the city. Its streets are as narrow, and as crooked, and as dirty as ever. Very few of its shops, even in Fishergate, the Regent-street of the place, exhibit any appearance of improvement from what they must have been thirty years ago. It possesses no public building, not even a market; and on every Saturday evening the butchers' shambles and other sheds, for the display of every marketable commodity, are set up in a line on one side of the very street just named, nearly to its whole extent, causing filth, confusion, and inconvenience.

It will hardly be believed that there exists no such thing as a public or any other bath, hot or cold, in Preston. There are two ordinary news-rooms in the place—the one a little more aristocratic than the other; yet even the latter is very unworthy of the wealthy people who subscribe to it.

Preston, I repeat it, is fifty years in arrear of the progress all modern manufacturing towns in England, in the conveniences, the comforts, and the embellishments of life—nay, it is a hundred years in arrear of the steady and somewhat surprising progress of its own manufactures. It is a place slow in improving, and seems to consist wholly of people intent on amassing wealth by commerce, manufacture, and speculation. It would take half a century of steady goodwill, and a considerable expenditure of money, to make Preston what Manchester, Halifax, Bradford, Wakefield, or even Huddersfield, are and have been for a long time.

There is no public spirit in this place; but, *en revanche*, if we are to credit one of their own journals, the *Preston Observer*, there is much of licentiousness, as we are told that one-tenth of the children born during the last quarter of 1839, in the Preston Union, were illegitimate. And yet, to judge from a little episode in the daily routine of the place, to which I was a witness in the green-market, one would feel disposed to consider the Prestonians an intellectual people. A licensed hawker having advertised the importation and intended sale of three thousand volumes of cheap books, had been so successful in his operation, which was carried on in the open market-place, that he felt it necessary to apologize to "the reading public" because his large stock had been exhausted a day sooner than he had anticipated. He promised, at the same time, the literati of Preston, to return soon with a still more splendid supply for their accommodation.

My sole object, however, in halting this time for a few hours at Preston, while on my way to one or two principal watering-places on the coast, was neither to buy cheap books nor to criticise its present condition. I was anxious only to see that splendid collection of fossils, principally of the mountain limestone formation, which has been duly commended by Philipps, and which is the result of a most persevering devotion to geology on the part of Mr. Gilberton, living at the corner of Church-street, in an humble shop, in which he retails drugs. There are upwards of two thousand specimens in the collection, most of them *Geneva*, being specimens of of mollusca, not to be met with in the recent state. Among many other objects, I was particularly struck with the perfect state of a tooth of a bear from Bolland, found at a farm in which Mr. Gilberton had been nursed, and where, as he himself told me, he probably sucked with the nurse's milk the geological mania that has disturbed his mind ever since, to the occasional detriment of his own business.

Although a perfect stranger to this enthusiastic naturalist,

I received from him every mark of attention and civility. Few persons know the treasures of every kind which are to be found in this country, in the hands of private, industrious people, among the humbler classes, devoted to science, antiquities, and sometimes even the fine arts.

As the Manchester people have their favourite sea-bath at SOUTHPORT, so have those of Preston at BLACKPOOL. The former stands on the coast a little south, and the latter a little north, of the entrance into the river Ribble. Southport is buried in sand-hills, and so far protected, that its climate is mild, and suitable even for invalids in the summer. But the sands, which at Blackpool, as at Scarborough, are hard at low water, at Southport are soft and deep when the tide recedes from them, as it does to an immense distance.

Though the two bathing-stations are so near each other, there is only a precarious communication between them. In fine, settled weather, a boat leaves, in the course of the day, Litham for Southport. But if the meditated improvements suggested by Stevenson, should ever be carried into effect, and the Ribble from its entrance up to Preston be widened and deepened in its channel, its banks will be busy with population, and the intercourse between the two become more frequent and regular.

At BLACKPOOL the principal places for residence are the hotels, of which there are some suited to every class of persons, and in which the highest charge for board and excellent living is only five shillings a day, and in some cases, as low as three shillings. But all these establishments are shut up in the winter; whereas at Southport, cottages and private houses are more the fashion than hotels, and are permanently occupied by the families who resort thither, whether for health or the pleasure of bathing.

To the latter watering-place, such as it is, the Manchester factor and artisan—the rich and the "middling comfortable"—repair during two months of the year, either for a week or

two's residence, or for a mere frolic. At that period, one may see the walls of that smoky city placarded with "Cheap travelling to Southport"—"Only five hours to Southport"—"Excursion to Southport;" and vociferations from a hundred throats to the same effect, are to be heard from the top of every species of vehicle in the principal streets.

And no wonder that those who can luckily escape from the soot-inizing atmosphere of Manchester, to plunge into the "wide, wide sea," there to wash off the black deposits on their skin, should eagerly seize the opportunity of repairing even to such a sea bathing-place as Southport.

Precisely the same eagerness actuates the Prestonians, who find Blackpool much more readily accessible than Southport, by a paved road, which for the first ten miles lies through a flat and indifferently-cultivated land, the property of a gentleman occupying Litham Hall, near the neat little village of that name, at the mouth of the Ribble. But the facility of getting to Blackpool from Preston will be much greater when the Wyre and Preston railway, now in progress, shall be completed.

The first view of the sea on approaching Blackpool is striking, as the first view of that element always is to a traveller just returning from wandering through alpine districts and inland countries. The busy occupation of the masons, in the prospect before me as I approached the town, bespoke at once the thriving condition of the place. An increase of building was taking place to the south, and a new colony of visiters and bathers is establishing itself there, under the appellation of South Blackpool.

I slept at Nixon's hotel, one of the oldest establishments, through many generations, in the place. I had been recommended there by a gentleman, a fellow-traveller on the top of the two-horse coach that had conveyed us hither, from whom I obtained all the information I am able to give on my present

subject, which is not from my own observation, and who turned out, on further acquaintance, to be a leading man of law at Preston. The house, to which other dwellings have been added from time to time, has a great extent of frontage W. S. W., and a side of rather a showy appearance to the north, where the principal entrance is. Behind, a very extensive range of coach-houses and stables has been erected.

There are two great rival houses, hotels yclept, in Blackpool, Nixon's and Dickson's—the Capulets and the Montagues —the white and the red rose. The former boasts of a larger and more extended line of buildings, as I before mentioned, conspicuously white from recent painting; the latter of a more projecting cliff over the strand, and a private terrace with green sward and neat rustic seats, quite still and retired, though fronting the sea. This last hotel is frequented chiefly by the higher class of visiters. At Nixon's the company is less select— or rather it is of a lower grade altogether.

Arrived at Nixon's in the very nick of time for dinner, and the necessary permission having been obtained in my behalf and that of my travelling companion, the aforesaid shrewd limb of the law, we were admitted into a long and lofty apartment having some pretension to the rank of a banqueting-room, in which a long narrow table, groaning under a double line of tin-capped dishes, was awaiting the arrival of the company. A loud-sounding scavenger-like bell soon brought the latter, mob-fashion, into the room; when I took my place at the bottom of the table, near to my coach companion, who having always been a guest at the Dickson's, or "the upper house," sat himself down here to oblige me, not without symptoms of a curling lip and a turned-up nose.

Such a motley of honest-looking people—men, women, and children, (for there were some whose chins did not reach the edge of the table)—it has never been my fortune to meet under the like circumstance in such numbers before—fifty or

sixty in all—except at the anniversary dinner of some dispensary, or at some of your queer banquets at mine host's of the Great Queen-street Tavern, honest and corpulent Mr. Cuff.

Methinks the highest in rank here might have been an iron-founder, from near Bradford or Halifax, or a retired wine-merchant, from Liverpool, who, in the palmy days of *Port*, found the Oporto trade a thriving concern. About a dozen chambermaids acted as waiters, and there was not a vestige of man-servant, at which I heartily rejoiced. It fell to my lot to dissect the chickens for the ladies. Abundance of meat and sauce seemed to be the desirable thing. One whom I had plentifully supplied with leg and pinion, and no small proportion of the parsley-and-butter, sent soon after to crave for the breast, and a little more of the green sauce! The thing was appalling; and the serious and busy manner in which every hand and mouth seemed to be at work during the first ten minutes, *sans mot dire*, plainly showed how palatable was the fare, and how keenly the sea-air and the sea-bathing of Blackpool, had prepared the company for it.

At Dickson's the scene is said to be somewhat more decorous and stately; for there the consuming classes, like the articles to be consumed, are of a different and a better order, although the charge at each place differs only by sixpence; five shillings being the highest price for not fewer than five meals daily.

The bedrooms at Nixon's face the sea, and most of them are desirable. In Dickson's house, which, by the by, is situated farther north, and will consequently be soon deserted, as the colony is travelling southward, there are bedrooms and accommodations of a very superior description, equal to any at Brighton.

Besides these two great hotels, sundry lodging-houses allure the passing strangers, who find in them every desirable comfort.

The town is scattered on a moderately high sandy bank,

terminating abruptly above the sandy beach. In no sea bathing-place have I beheld such an *extent* of superb sands. The cliff, as it is here styled, though it is nothing more than a sand-hill that separates earth from water, stretches nearly due north and south. Upon the very brink of this, good-looking houses have been erected, in a line of a mile and a half in length. Walls of stone have been built in a slanting direction, to keep up this said cliff, and prevent the else inevitable excavation which high water would make—and a little farther north *has* made—giving there a picturesque aspect to the shore.

About the centre of this line, between the extreme north end of the village and the recently-erected south pier, a terrace, nearly opposite Nixon's, has been established, which serves as a marine promenade to the pedestrians as well as equestrians, returning from the sands. Upon the latter I beheld numerous groups and single individuals, scattered in all directions, some walking and others riding, either on steeds or on asses, dotting the extended strand, which looks like the desert of Suez with the parted waters of the Red Sea, murmuring at the distance of half a mile.

Here the visiters bask in the sun; they trot, or they saunter; and some vainly try to pick up shells, but shells there are none on this shore. The scene altogether, viewed from the front of the cliff, with the sun brilliantly pouring upon its wide expanse in its fullest glory, is one of far superior beauty to that which Brighton or Hastings, with their terraced palaces, exhibit. The character of the shore alone, its succession of fine sweeping bays, the form of its cliffs, the ruinous castle, and the lofty hills around it, form at Scarborough a more picturesque landscape than we find on the Blackpool coast. But if extent of sea-shore, exquisite beauty of the sands, absence of all rocks, breadth and length, constitute the most striking features of a maritime place destined to collect hundreds of sea-bathers;—then Blackpool, I say, has not its

equal. Blackpool, in fact, as to sea-bathing and sea-sands, is to the west coast of England, what Scarborough is to the east, and Weymouth to the south.

I take it that the manufacturing inhabitants of Lancashire supply most of the company at Blackpool. It is rarely that the superior classes of Preston come hither. They prefer going to roast themselves on the less primitive shores of Brighthelmstone, or under St. Leonard's cliff. None but such as cannot proceed farther south, or farther east, across Yorkshire, take up their abode here.

The bathing, both at high and low water, is excellent, and the charges for the bathing-machines most moderate. From the appearance of the guests on the day of my visit, and still more so of many that I saw wandering along the sea-shore, I imagine that not a few persons repair to Blackpool with the hope of deriving real benefit or relief in severe disorders of outer limbs and internal organs; since many of them appeared lame, and others had a jaundiced face, or one that bore upon it marks of requiring the cleansing of the Pool of Bethesda.

That they are not all disappointed in their expectations from sea-bathing, if they persevere in it, and live *rightly*, I have no doubt. But the "five solid repasts," and "a *little* of the breast with some more of the green sauce," at the Nixon's and Dickson's, would counteract any good that might be derived from sea-bathing and sea-breezes.

# CHAPTER XXIII.

## CLITHERO, AND THE CRAVEN SPAS.

STONYHURST, or the Jesuits' College—Structure and Arrangement—Literary and Physical EDUCATION—Diet—Discipline—The Preventive and the "Roughing" System—Which produces most Men of Genius?—LORD ARUNDEL'S Library—Michael Angelo's Crucifix—CLITHERO—Mineral Spring—Physical Properties of the Water and Baths—The CASTLE and Religious Toleration—What is Clithero famous for?—Definition of the Devil—PRIMROSE—Calico-printing and the Ladies' Robes—Chlorine Inhalation Cures Consumption—Practical Hint—Bleaching the Lungs—Curious Porcelain—BOLTON HALL and Henry VI.—Relics—MINERAL SPRINGS in Ribbledale—The Ribble and the Warfe—A Papa of Twenty-five Children—CRICKHILL Sulphur Spring—Peculiarities of its Water—Analysis—BROUGHTON Stinking Well—SKIPTON Spa—The Water and the Baths—The old CASTLE—Curious Paintings—GRAZING and Geology of Craven—The EARL of Burlington.

At the termination of a cross-road which I found in the most wretched state of repair, Stonyhurst College, the place I wished particularly to visit, appeared in view, distant from Preston about fourteen miles in a north-eastern direction. The approach to that showy edifice, destined for the education of Roman Catholic youths, under the direction of the Jesuits,—which to a traveller coming from the east, along the bank of the Ribble, presents itself upon an eminence commanding an extensive view of the Lancashire and Yorkshire hills, is far less romantic, though more stately, when the College viewed from the side of Preston. A long and formal gravel-walk, like an avenue, flanked on each side by a square basin of water, leads to an outer gate in front of the open court before the college.

The remarkable feature in the façade of this building, one half of which bespeaks the Elizabethan style, is the square centre tower rising above the principal gate, and exhibiting in the pillars of its three stories three different orders of architecture. Up the outside of this very tower, did Waterton, the

naturalist, climb when a boy and a student in the college; betraying thus early in life that venturous spirit which he meant to display in subsequent years. The museum of the college, which is, by the by, displayed in this identical tower, contains many proofs of the practical effect of that venturous spirit, in the specimens of South American antiquities for which the college stands indebted to that eccentric traveller.

On the right of the tower the character of the building harmonizes with the church, and the covered cloisters which lead to it from the college. The design of the left wing is more simple, consisting only of three rows of plain, unadorned windows; but a project is under consideration for altering its front, so as to make it correspond with that on the right.

The structure has been successively enlarged since it became the property of the Jesuits, especially behind the more ancient part, or Elizabethan front, where a large series of buildings — lofty, showy, and with some pretension to Italian architecture—has been erected within the last fifteen years.

In this series of buildings, which extends to 250 feet from east to west, are the principal divisions of the college, devoted to the instruction of the minor pupils, as well as of those more advanced in their studies—called the *Philosophers*,—who are kept distinct from the rest. The *Theologians*, or novice clergymen, who are preparing to take orders, or become members of the congregation of Jesuits if so inclined, are likewise lodged here.

The provisions made within this part of the college, for a complete education in literature and science are ample, and as far as they were explained to me, likely to promote the ends in view. No expense has been spared to bring together every requisite appliance—whether in chemistry, natural philosophy, astronomy, or mechanics—for the successful tuition of the young people in practical science; and I could not help admiring, not only the beauty and expensive nature of the apparatus provided, but the neatness and method with which they were arranged.

Indeed neatness, order, and cleanliness, seemed to be the great prevailing character of the institution,—whose extensive apartments, school-rooms, the great exhibition-room, the refectory, and the dormitories, I had sufficient leisure afforded me to notice, as well as the silent and quiet regularity with which every operation was conducted.

When I walked through the dormitories, I thought the arrangements made for the comfort, as well as good behaviour, of the scholars, the best imaginable; but I have since had occasion to see something better of the kind, at the new Roman Catholic establishment of Ascott, respecting which I shall have to make some remarks hereafter. The discipline observed is the same in both, although the one is under monastic rule as it were,—the teachers and directors being of the order of Jesus at Stonyhurst—whereas there are only secular priests at Ascott.

The number of pupils was not very considerable at the time of my visit, and I had to regret the indisposition of the principal, the Rev. Mr. Brownhill, who, however, deputed a member of the college to show and explain to me, in the most unreserved manner, the entire establishment.

The physical education of a large number of young boys belonging to the easy classes of society, thus brought together for the purpose principally of cultivating their minds, is an object which was more likely to interest a physician who has, during a long professional life, paid great attention to the subject. I have often had to lament, indeed, that such a subject did not form a sufficiently prominent point of consideration in the collegiate or private education of boys in this country; and I was glad, therefore, of the opportunity of investigating in this establishment how far physical education was attended to.

The division of time, in reference to meals, and the nature of the food allowed, are the first points to be considered. At Stonyhurst that takes place in the following order: Breakfast

at a quarter past eight o'clock—milk-and-water with bread; dinner at half-past eleven—meat, except on meagre days, and some days in the week pastry in addition; a *goûter* of bread and beer at four o'clock; supper at six, consisting of bread and cheese, or potatoes,* with, occasionally, meat again. One hour and a half's recreation is allowed after dinner, one hour again after supper, and half an hour for night prayer, and then to bed. To it the boys proceed in regular order and in silence. At the several landing-places on the great staircase, as well as in the dormitories, they are received by one of the sub-prefects, who sits up in turn during the night, to watch over the safety and conduct of the pupils.

During recreation hours, gymnastic exercises are encouraged, for which purpose a large piece of ground is set apart, with all the usual apparatus. The presence of one or more of the assistant-teachers on the playground prevents all possible mischief.

It is this system of *prevention* which seems to distinguish the mode of collegial education adopted in this establishment, and those analogous to it, from that which obtains elsewhere in England, and which is based on the notion that boys should "rough it;" and that it is quite time enough to check mischief or vice when it is actually in operation. In this preventive system, the Moravians resemble the Roman Catholics. Their collegial or school rules also are of that character. "If you take care," say they, "that boys, in the progress of their moral education, shall find it impossible to put in practice any improper thought or vicious inclination, in consequence of the incessant watchfulness exercised over them by the never-failing presence of a superior; and if such a restraint against natural evil propensities be continued throughout the period of their education, the propensities themselves will at last be extinguished; and it is just as im-

* This is the only objectionable part of the dietary. What can be worse than cheese or potatoes just as we are retiring to rest?

probable that such boys shall in afterlife evince a tendency to evil-doing, as it would be that they should manifest any cleverness if their mental faculties had been in a similar manner unpractised or restrained."

How far the result of such a system—which, with regard to producing *good* people, has certainly worked well, both with the Romanists and the Moravians, and I may add also with many of the public colleges (not universities) I visited in Germany —has been also successful in, or may be deemed capable of, producing men of genius and of striking or commanding talents, is another question, and one which my experience does not enable me to answer, offhand, in the affirmative. But, as the great bulk of society among the easy classes can only consist of men of mediocre abilities, any system of education that tends to make them *good*, whilst it sufficiently brings forward and makes available their mediocrity of talent, must be the one most desirable for mankind.

Have either Stonyhurst College, or the larger establishment near Birmingham, or, thirdly, the one under the immediate superintendence of the Roman Catholic bishop at Bath, produced any number of men who stand aloof from the common herd, for their immense talents and extraordinary abilities,—as some other colleges or establishments in this country have produced—Winchester, or Eton, or Westminster to wit,—where, certainly, the preventive system flourisheth not, but, on the contrary, the *laissez faire* practice is the prevailing one? What says the biography of our present great men upon this question?

The expense of educating a boy at Stonyhurst is fifty pounds per annum, and about twenty pounds extras.

The two divisions of the college mostly deserving of attention at Stonyhurst are the old as well as the new library and the picture-gallery. There are objects in them that would detain a literary man, or one fond of the arts, for many an hour. The latter apartment serves also as a meeting and recreation

room for the masters. Many of the pictures, which are principally of the cabinet form, and by very old masters, both German and Italian, have either been sent from Rome or are presents. Chance enabled the member of the confraternity, who was kindly conducting me through the establishment, to pick up, very recently, at a broker's in Wardour-street, for forty pounds, a large well-painted and well-preserved picture, of great interest to himself and brethren, as it represents the chronological tree of the order of St. Ignatius, the founder of the Jesuits, comprising the portraits, three inches in diameter, of all the leading members of that society.

From the picture-gallery a door opens into the private chapel, the altarpiece of which is by Murillo.

The late Lord Arundel left his extensive and choice library, the books of which are mostly bound in white vellum, to this college. These were being neatly arranged in a handsome room in the old building, newly appropriated for that purpose, and, in connexion with the principal library, an oblong oval apartment, having a gallery all round, supported by columns. In the former I was struck with a beautiful copy of *Malvasia's* Felsina Pittrice, *vite dei pittori Bolognesi*, 1678. Each life is illustrated by the portrait of the individual painter, engraved in wood; but in the case of about half a dozen of these portraits, the head of the painter, placed within the encircling border, is drawn *à la plume*, in ink. Those of Ercole Procaccini and Pellegrino Tibaldi are in the most spirited style of pen-drawing.

The great gems, however, possessed by the Jesuits in this department of their establishment, are found in a glazed *escrutoire*, in the principal library, which contains some most exquisite objects of art. I shall only specify a crucifix painted on wood by Michael Angelo, in which the *chiaroscuro* and the flesh are quite deceptive, and the blood that streams from the feet seems quick.

I looked with much less interest on the many relics of the great Chancellor More, his seal, and his St. George, presented to the college by the last descendant of that great man, who died at Rome: all these are contained in the same *escrutoire*, with the Gospel of St. John found in St. Cuthbert's tomb, and supposed to be in his own handwriting.

Stonyhurst, after all, is not so much indebted to the comparatively modern establishment of the Jesuits' College, for its celebrity in modern English history, as to the circumstance of its having been the place into which wool-spinning was first introduced in this country.

CLITHERO has a Spa, and to it I directed my steps on quitting Stonyhurst, through a very rural-looking district, principally pasture-land, to the right and left of the Ribble.

The Spa, or Wells, for there are two of them, are situated at about a quarter of a mile from the town, and have not long been made available to their whole extent. They are close to a factory-mill of considerable size, lately erected, and they seem to rise from limestone shale.

The water in both wells is evidently sulphuretted; but that which I drew from the round well was only slightly so; whereas the one in the square well exhibited stronger marks of the gas when tasted. To the latter well the public have made good their claim after some squabble, and they avail themselves largely of the privilege of quaffing the water for nothing. The temperature of the water is 48°. It is perfectly transparent, and drank like common spring water—so little saline matter does it contain.

Baths have been established near the wells; but here again they convey the water in leaden pipes; so that by the time the water gets to the reservoir the slight quantity of sulphur-gas is gone. In warm-baths hardly a vestige of the sulphuretted gas remains.

The water has been found to be an excellent depurative for all eruptive diseases, and is a great favourite with the better classes of people of Clithero. Mr. Murray, the

travelling lecturer on chemistry, made a superficial analysis, but not a quantitative one, of the water, and states that he found the sulphuretted hydrogen gas abundant, the muriate of soda slight in quantity, the sulphate of magnesia and carbonate of lime small, and of iron only an atom.

Perhaps one of the most striking views of Clithero is that which presents itself on returning from the Spa,—when its castle-keep, and the large house adjoining, formerly belonging to Lord Montague, but now inhabited by the widow of a wealthy agent of the house of Clithero—also the churches and other buildings, seated on as many hills or eminences—seem to group admirably together, interspersed as they are with fields and gardens, and occupying a large extent of ground.

The view of the castle as a centre of this panorama, is interesting in other respects. The town is seen to rest on the slope of the hill below it towards the north; and, as it spreads, signs of religious toleration, very creditable to modern time, are perceivable throughout the mass;—for the very picturesque old church, forming the most distant point on the horizon, appears on the right, and St. James's on the left, while the Roman Catholic chapel occupies the centre, flanked by the Wesleyan on one side, and the "Independents" on the other. In the midst of these rises the national school, to which the sum of 300*l.* had been lately awarded—one of the first effects of the recently-promulgated order in council respecting national education.

But if the *proverb* commonly repeated in the place be true to its meaning—namely, that Clithero is celebrated for

"Lime, Law, and Latin,"

this first application of the education money was scarcely needed. That there is something in the proverb as far as lawyers are concerned in it, I had many opportunities of ascertaining. It is doubtful whether a town of the same size, containing about 7000 inhabitants, exists, where the door of every other house, in two or three of the principal streets, as in Clithero, exhibits the awful word "Attorney" on its broad brassplate.

What people in such a place, fattening upon fat cattle (of which, by the by, I witnessed the finest display imaginable in the market-place), and most of them graziers, can have to quarrel about, it would puzzle the very attorneys themselves to decide.

I asked my kind and hospitable conductor, Mr. Garstang, the leading practitioner in Clithero, by whose well informed conversation I profited much, whether he could explain that part of the proverb; but his skill extended not so far. That there is a spirit of mischief in "the honour of Clithero" which must either lead to cudgels or to the attorneys, I had a proof put into my hands, at the time, in the shape of a printed squib—one of a periodical set supposed to be edited by a mysterious trio, who mercilessly attack the *dandini* and the *dandoni* of the place; for it seems that even in the "honour of Clithero," amidst graziers and cotton-millers, such animals do exist.

"As to 'lime,'" said Mr. Garstang, "a trip to Salt Hill will soon convince you that the proverb is correct. Thither we proceeded, therefore, and I can only say, that to a geologist the examination of such an elevated spot, about a mile east of the town, with its extensive quarry of compact shelly limestone rock, would be quite a treat. To me the view from the top of that hill proved one also. On the south-east, "Diamond Hill," rich in crystals of quartz, rose nearly behind me, and close at hand, in the south, was that singularly-formed mountain called Pendle Hill. Salt Hill itself, on which we stood, sloped down to Whally, thus completing nearly a circle, in the north part of which Waddington appeared conspicuous at the foot of Waddington Fell.

But what to an old friend proved more than any other object interesting, was the spire of Browsholme Hall, seen buried amidst its dark green and extensive plantation at a distance, from the lofty staff of which good Lister Palmer, the true friend to the artists of this country, used, in more fortunate times, to display his flag, as a general card of "At Home," that he might show to every one his splendid

hospitality. His fame on that score is still great, and the people style him "a princely fellow."

Below, and a little to the left of this once hospitable mansion, is Waddow, embowered in a wood, the property of the late baronet Sir James Ramsden.

"Thus far then," said I to my friendly cicerone, "the two first parts of the proverb are substantiated. What of the last of its members? what of the 'Latin?'"

"Oh, as for that," replied Mr. Garstang, "the illustration is both simple and true, and you have only to cast a glance at that house which you see there on our right at the entrance of the town, where you perceive a dozen grown up urchins issuing with their satchels of books. That is the Clithero Free Grammar-school, which, under the Rev. T. Wilson, bachelor of divinity, acquired immense celebrity."

Wilson is the author of a theological dictionary, the first edition of which, published in 1782, he dedicated to the great leviathan of English literature. The name of this divine, oddly enough, stands in close association with that of the devil; for, having introduced into his dictionary a definition of that name, which set the faithful, and all the hierarchy of the church, in arms against him, he was forced to recall the work, and alter the obnoxious article in a second edition.

The article ran thus:

"Devil. An evil angel, supposed by his pride to have provoked God to cast him down from heaven; all evil thoughts and vicious propensities are imagined to be inspired by him. The word devil, in short, seems in general acceptation, to signify nothing more than that propensity to ill, which is observable in the human mind, and like many occult qualities, is found of great use in the solution of various difficulties. His existence now, like that of ghosts and fairies, seems to be called in question."

After all, the worthy divine had not even the merit of originality in this heterodox declaration; for the encyclo-

pedists of France, at that very time promulgating their dangerous doctrines respecting the Christian faith, had endited the very sentiment, if not the very words, of the learned schoolmaster of Clithero.

Dr. Wilson was a most amiable person, much esteemed by his fellow men, and a high churchman.

I left the Rose and Crown, a very comfortable inn (commercial of course), notwithstanding the bustle of a great fair then at its noontide of business,—directing my steps, first to that very interesting and curious establishment, called Primrose, a short distance from the town, and next to the direct road which was to lead me to others and very important points of my professional excursion.

* PRIMROSE, as almost every body who cares any thing about the manufactures of this county knows, is a celebrated establishment, conducted by Mr. Thomson, and his two sons, for printing calicoes. The entire establishment may be compared to a large village, in which square and lofty mills, some five or six stories high, stand in lieu of cottages and ordinary dwellings. It is *daily inhabited* by twelve hundred people, all engaged in working out the many subordinate parts of what seems a simple process—the stamping with indelible colours and designs millions of yards of cotton, and even woollen or merino, and chally cloths. These twelve hunhundred people receive, on an average, twelve shillings a week wages; so that a sum equal to seven hundred pounds is paid every Saturday to the temporary inmates of this colony.

Mr. Thomas Thomson, a very intelligent and scientific person, who with his brother, in the absence of their father, conducted me over every part of the establishment, has so little of the ordinary factor about him, that one felt a species of satisfaction in witnessing and hearing the learned explanation he gave me of every operation successively performed at Primrose—a satisfaction we do not usually experience in other manufactories under ordinary guides.

My fair readers, whose gay equipages are lingering at

Harding's, at Waterloo House, or in Regent-street, while they are pondering by the counters of those emporiums over many showy robes of English manufacture, from which they are to make their selection, hardly think by what series of almost interminable operations, the results they so much admire, and to which some officious and stiff-cravated shopman directs their attention, have been obtained. Yet the final, the one operation, which converts some thousands of yards of cotton cloth, previously bleached and prepared, into a surface covered with curious and tasteful designs, and rivalling for colour the brilliant plumage of a tropical bird, is almost magically instantaneous.

But of the details of this process, with which I can have nothing to do, there is only one that seems to require from a medical man a passing remark. I allude to the use of that peculiar gas called *chlorine*, which forms the basis of all bleaching processes, and which is applied to a great extent in a very long but not lofty apartment, on the ground-floor of Messrs. Thomson's establishment; where I found it diffused through the atmosphere, in spite of the precaution adopted, of having every door and window wide open. It was natural then to ask, since I was myself affected at once upon entering the premises, whether the many able-bodied men whom I saw there employed, and who were constantly hovering over the bleaching-vats, suffered from their perpetual exposure to such an atmosphere.

The reply furnished a curious practical illustration of the efficacy attributed of late years to chlorine inhalation in cases of diseases of the lungs. For not only did Mr. T. Thomson assure us that not one of the men so employed suffered in their health, but he added that catarrh, and other complaints of the respiratory organs, were unknown; and that on the contrary, those of the men who happened to catch cold elsewhere, and brought it with them to this place, were not long in casting it off. Certainly the looks of the hardy and robust fellows about me seemed to confirm this statement, which goes to corroborate the value of one of our modern im-

provements in the treatment of diseases of the lungs, by the topical applications of certain remedies, chlorine gas in particular, to the aerial vessels themselves.

On the exhibition of such remedies applied in the form of vapour, Dr. Corrigan, of Dublin, has published a lucid, philosophical, and satisfactory statement, in which he has moreover proposed a mechanical contrivance, called by him "the Diffuser," for the administration of chlorine, iodine, and other substances, in the form of vapour. Now here, at Primrose, or at any of the great bleaching-establishments, we have, ready prepared, the best and most effectual diffuser of chlorine; and a hint may be taken from it, by adopting, in a suitable apartment, the selfsame process employed by bleachers, for the gradual and imperceptible recovery of persons afflicted with curable diseases of the lungs. There can be no doubt as to the superiority of such a mode of *diffused* exhalation, over that lately attempted to be introduced by means of *confined* inhalers—the employment of which, ineffectual as it is, has proved Laennec's observation to be strictly true,—that inhalation, as a method of cure in diseases of the lungs, has never yet had a fair trial.

To another curious phenomenon connected with the bleaching process, Mr. T. Thomson called my attention. It is the deposition of the successive thin strata of sulphate of lime which takes place in the souring vat, where the pieces of cotton cloth, after having been well steeped in a cold solution of chloride of lime, consisting of 388½ pounds of that salt to 971 gallons of water (which suffices to bleach 700 pieces of calico), are placed for the purpose of removing the lime from them by the application of an exceedingly weak solution of sulphuric acid—the proportions being, I believe, four parts of the acid for every hundred of the water. These depositions, one above the other, form at length a solid thick plate at the bottom of the vat, of half an inch in thickness, so compact, so dense, and so perfectly white, that it is easily polished on its light smooth surface, and then looks like the finest piece

of Wedgwood porcelain. Upon this, expert artists in flower-painting display their talent to advantage, as I witnessed in the performances of their amiable sister, at the house of Messrs. Thomson, where my friendly conductor and myself were most hospitably entertained after the visit.

I required not many hours to reach Skipton, after quitting Clithero; but the desire to see the ancient baronial hall of Bolton, and several curious mineral springs in that neighbourhood, mentioned to me by Mr. West, of Leeds, detained me three or four hours on the road.

Antiquities, particularly of the feudal period, are not much to my taste: still I could not but feel interested at the sight of an exceedingly curious apartment, skilfully arranged and well kept up by its present spirited proprietor, the lineal descendant of the ancient masters of Bolton Hall, who being at the time at home, most kindly devoted two or three hours to show and explain every object of curiosity contained in it. Among these, the relics left behind by the unfortunate monarch who fled from the field of Hexham Levels, and was sheltered at Bolton Hall, are probably the most curious. On the present occasion we took refreshments in the very room which had been assigned for the use of Henry by the loyal, steadfast, and illustrious ancestors of my host,—who, in his turn, seemed to feel a sort of loyal pride in taking out of their carved wooden receptacle—to which they had been consigned ever since they had been given as tokens of remembrance—the gloves and boots and spurs of the defeated chief of the house of Lancaster, and even to the silver spoon with which the ill-starred king was wont to travel—no mean luxury in those times.

Mr. L—— next escorted me through the extensive park of Bolton-by-Bolland, and down to the vale of the Ribble, along a precipitous and narrow footpath on the steep and lofty-wooded banks of that river; crossing afterwards a narrow branch of the same, by stepping on a few insulated stones with the help of two branches of trees—as we found that the wooden bridge had been carried away in the night by the

BOLTON HALL, AT BOLTON.

flood. This course we took for the purpose of reaching that part of Ribblesdale—truly romantic—in which the several mineral springs I wished to examine are situated.

Of these I saw three. The first is in a limestone cave, a spring of pure and excellent water issuing from a fissure in the strata, charged slightly with sulphuretted hydrogen gas. It flows abundantly at a temperature of 48 degrees, the external temperature being 60 at this time. The second spring is from limestone beds also, and, at Knaresborough, would be called a petrifying spring, for it incrusts with lime the twigs of trees and blades of grass near it. But the third spring, which I found in a hollow, or conical cup, at the top of a small elevation dependent from a pasture-field, is the one most charged with sulphur, and free from muriate of soda, but remarkable for a soft alkaline taste. None of these waters have been analyzed, or made applicable to useful purposes.

The Ribble, though not so majestic in parts, or so important as the Warfe, is nevertheless a river marked by many interesting features. Here, between the shores of Bolland and those of Gisburne Park, the scenery is perhaps fully as picturesque as that of the Warfe, where the latter runs along a narrow channel, and between high embankments. These two streams, which play a conspicuous part in the topography of Yorkshire, flow in a southerly direction, and for many miles nearly parallel to each other, with a district of country between them of not more than from twelve to fifteen miles. They at length part company as it were—they bid adieu to each other—and assuming very different courses, the one reaches in tortuous windings the Irish Sea, whilst the other hastens to join the shore of the German Ocean, through the Ouse and the Humber. The Great Carn Fell, which rises 2245 feet above those seas, seems to be the parent of both streams.

The little church of Bolton-Bolland, placed nearly opposite to the gates of Bolton Hall Park, is of itself not worth an instant's detention; but there is a monument in it to a good knight, a Sir Ralph Pudsey, who had three wives and twenty-

five children in his lifetime, that deserves to be seen, were it only to view the pretty little darlings carved in stone, "all in a row," by the side of their papa. Such men were particularly valuable at the time of the dreadful slaughters committed by the two rival roses. In our days they would be considered as little short of a scourge to the country. A quarter of a hundred of babes by one man only is rather too prolific a progeny for a starving country.

At a farm further on the road towards Skipton, called *Crickhill*, I halted to examine a very curious, and, perhaps, one of the most abundant sulphuretted springs in Yorkshire. It is found in the middle of a field, removed about six hundred yards from the road, and forming one of the many roundheaded hillocks which, like the waves of a vast atlantic, undulate, with their peculiar features of the oolitic formation, over a vast extent of country.

The soil throughout this district is thin, and bears a short sheep or cattle grass, which clothes these hills in every direction, so as to give them the appearance of a fresh springy hue, even in winter, when the snow is not on the ground. Todd, the master of the farm, is, like every third man in this part of Yorkshire, a grazier. He explained why no part of the land, through which I passed in the morning, bore the smallest vestige of corn. "Why, sir, the landlord, in my case, gets two pounds per acre for the land of my farm, consisting of about one hundred and fifty acres, on which I fatten thirty cattle in the year, and which I sell afterwards at a very considerable profit. Besides, all my farming implements and attendants are my stick and my dog, and these eat none; and so, long may grazing prosper!"

The mineral water of Crickhill spring is blackened intensely by acetate of lead; but being wholly unprotected by any canopy or other contrivance, it is not unfrequently diluted or mixed with a large quantity of rain-water. The circular basin in which it surges exhibits at the bottom large depositions of sulphur, and a thin film of the same is constantly

floating on the surface, which is frequently broken by the many bubbles of gas that keep rising from the bottom.

As Mr. West analyzed this water, I have admitted it into my general analytical table; but in no other respect does the spring come within the scope of my present work, as Crickhill has not yet been made available as a Spa. Still it may be stated, as an additional corroboration of the efficacy of mineral waters, even when totally divested of every auxiliary resource peculiar to a well-established watering-place, that hundreds of country people flock to this spot, with grazier Todd's permission, to drink of the sulphur-water, in many inveterate complaints—the recovery from which was afterwards testified in person to me.

Before reaching Skipton, where I had another Spa in view, I stopped by the roadside to look at a small, insignificant mineral spring, contained in a stone reservoir, about one foot square and ten inches deep, called Broughton stinking well, which, at one time, was celebrated in the neighbourhood, but is at present entirely neglected. In this basin the water surges in very small quantities from the subjacent shale-rock, at a temperature of 51°, and numerous bubbles of sulphuretted gas are seen to ascend from the bottom of the same.

I am inclined to think, that this must have been the spring of which the historian of Craven recorded that it had a dome over it with a Latin inscription, "*Fontem hunc salutiferum, et perantiquum,*" &c. &c., denoting the sort of reputation it enjoyed eighty years ago. "But now (as the romance-writer would say) the vault which had covered the fountain was broken down and riven—the Gothic fount demolished—and the stream bursts forth from the recesses of the earth in open day."

At Skipton I had the advantage of Mr. Marsden's assistance, a leading surgeon in the place, in my researches after the mineral springs there held in repute, and commonly used in a variety of complaints, by the inhabitants and people from the neigh-

bourhood. Here, again, proofs were exhibited that a new impetus has recently been given to the treatment of diseases by mineral waters.

Skipton Spa has been known from time immemorial, almost, but had, at length, like the mineral springs of every other place in England, very few excepted, fallen into disuse —principally owing to the manner in which the common people had deteriorated its value to others, by using the waters as a wash to common sores, and for any species of foul disorder of the skin, in consequence of a right they possessed to the indiscriminate and gratuitous enjoyment of the spring.

The agents, however, of the Earl of Thanet, who has a land revenue of about 13,000*l.* per annum hereabout, settled the question, by declaring the spring to be part of his lordship's property, it being situated on his estates, and finally demised it to a worthy medical practitioner in the place, Dr. Dodgson, who has erected buildings over the spring, and established neat baths and a pump-room, to the management of which he has wholly devoted himself—with profit to himself and benefit to others.

The water is in every respect of the same nature as that of Crickhill, and has been found useful in the same classes of complaints in which alkaline sulphuretted waters have been successfully employed. It is, however, but slightly impregnated with the sulphuretted gas, and that little is often still more diluted and impaired by the infiltration of rain-water into the spring, and of that which descends from the great Rumboldmoor, at the foot of which the spring is situated, in one of those gullies which the many ridges descending from that upper land, 1300 feet high, form on one side of the great road from Skipton to Otley.

As every body who remains even a single day at Skipton proceeds to view its once celebrated castle, I submitted, like a good traveller, to the custom, and accompanied Mr. Marsden through the semi-antique and semi-modern or renovated apartments, towers, and dungeons, neither frightened by the

latter, astounded by the second, nor thrown into ecstasy by the appearance of the first. In one of these (indeed the oldest in the castle), which was once the polygonal tower, but now the drawing-room, fitted up in a modern style since the restoration of the castle, in 1650, by Lady De Clifford,—a specimen of the skill of the painters of that age is to be found, in the shape of a large piece of canvass, stretched on a frame, containing family portraits, with others on each of two shutters, originally connected with the principal picture, which admitted of shutting up the family group. A sad state the art of painting must have been in at the time, when one of the proudest and noblest families in the country could not command a higher degree of talent than that of the wretched limner who daubed their faces in this manner.

The historical recollections appertaining to this baronial edifice are the only subjects of real interest of which it can boast. It must be admitted, however, that the several restorations recently made, and the great order in which every thing is kept, places this castellated structure among the most interesting of that class of buildings which have been applied by their modern possessors to domestic uses, or have been converted into country residences.

My good *cicerone* would have fain persuaded me to proceed northwards from Skipton, and after visiting the hospitable mansion of the wealthy heiress and charitable mistress of Eshton Hall, in which I was informed I should have found a magnificent library, advance as far as Malham Tarn and Kilsay,—in order to view its precipitous and perpendicular rock. But such an excursion, however interesting at any other time, I could not at present think of undertaking.

I knew I was in the region of the great limestone district, abounding in caves and fossil remains, which have been examined by Buckland and others. Indeed the extensive region which I allude to is the very field, as I found on inquiry, out of which the druggist of Preston has for years been

making his large collections of fossil remains; and the method he has employed for procuring all of them that he can get, unattended by much trouble and expense or personal inconvenience on his part, bespeaks shrewdness, as well as an acquaintance with the foibles of womankind. Our collector buys ready-made women's caps, and tells the good farmers' wives that if they will let their children and servants rummage about their own neighbourhood, and bring him any sort of *curious stones* they can find, he will present them with a cap. Finery and dress are as attractive with the industrious country housewives as with the most pert lady's-maid in a nobleman's family; and accordingly the druggist's scheme succeeds so well, that he has been enabled to form the extensive geological cabinet of which favourable mention has been made in a former chapter.

The geology of Craven, through the extensive grazing district of which I was now travelling—the peculiar condition of the pasturage lands, exhibiting a cold soil unfit for the growth of corn—the magnificent Hardbank quarry of blue limestone in the body of a hill called the *How*, close to Skipton—lastly, the richly-endowed grammar-school in the latter place, having three masters, very liberally paid, for the instruction of seventy-five boys—all these various objects engaged the remainder of the time I had allotted to the examination of Skipton Spa and its auxiliaries. These, however, can hardly be legitimately presented before my readers in this place; and even if introduced, might be deemed by many too homely to excite interest or curiosity.

But curiosity would at all events be excited, as well as interest, in any traveller attached to architecture, by the principal hotel in which I would recommend them to dwell while at Skipton. This was once the residence of the aristocratic English Palladio, the Earl of Burlington, who so much honoured his noble caste, and after whose designs it was built: in commemoration of which fact the hotel bears he name of "Devonshire House."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### ILKLEY; OR, THE MOUNTAIN SPA.

An antiquarian Dialogue—Which is the best?—Should old Abbey Ruins be converted into Parish Churches—Bolton Park—The Wharfe—The Strid—Bolton Abbey—Kirkstall Ruins—A Wish—Ilkley—Topography—Accommodations—The Mountain Spring—Quantity and Quality of the Water—The Douche—Effects of cold Water Pumping on the Author—Disease cured by cold Water—The Peasant of Græfenberg—Hydrosudomania—Wonders performed.

In that very hotel, and in its snug little parlour on the left of the entrance-hall, after having parted for the night with my friendly conductor and brother practitioner mentioned in the preceding chapter, and after having committed to the pages of my diary the recollections of a long day, I engaged in conversation with a silver-headed gentleman in black, whose mild demeanour and address, and winning physiognomy, at once stamped him in my mind as a minister of the English church. Each of us, however, kept our own counsels throughout the dialogue, and at the end of a long conference we knew as little of each other's personal history as when we first "broke ice" and began to "exchange thoughts and words."

The prominent topic on which my fellow guest seemed disposed to dwell, was Bolton Abbey, in behalf of which he insisted for a decided superiority over every other monastic house in the north. In this he was only repeating Whittaker's

assertion contained in his history of Craven—an assertion from which I ventured humbly to dissent. I had very recently visited ten of the principal among those monastic or abbatial structures,—the glorious vestiges of an age as superior to the present in grandeur of idea and taste for architecture, as it was inferior in general knowledge and liberal sentiments. Among those various ruins, each invested with an almost specific interest, I had in a very special manner distinguished two—Fountains and Kirkstall (of which something anon)—and only the day before our conversation, Bolton priory and abbey had also engaged my attention. I was therefore in a condition to form an independent and unbiassed notion of their respective merits,—and that notion would not allow me to assent to any unconditional declaration as to the superiority of the favourite abbey of my interlocutor.

I admitted that the situation of that ancient structure was both magnificent and picturesque. The Wharfe, descending at the bottom of a narrow valley overhung by deep and solemn woods, among which huge and perpendicular rocks of grit-stone are seen to jut out in various places, bends gently half round a moderately lofty rock, on which stand the ruins of the abbey, modernized and converted into a parish church! Every thing—every accident—every circumstance in the ground near and about the edifice, which the most imaginative landscape-painter could devise—meets the eye in this sequestered scene. But the eye at the same time rests upon those restorations of our own days in a Gothic structure, the merits of which were its undisturbed ruinous antiquity—its fragmented outline—its ivy-mantled casements half demolished —finally its magnificent and grandiose western window, through which the unintercepted azure of a clear sky was often seen, ere a profane hand stuccoed over its beautiful tracery, and glazed the spaces between the mullions. But the eye falls upon the substituted tower instead of the ancient

one of the transept, the want of which is a fatal defect in this edifice. But the eye falls on the humble dwelling of the schoolmaster, and the modernized old school near the magnificent ruins of the priory; and, worse than all, the eye falls, lastly, upon a slated roof shining with that lilac hue and provoking polish, which bring to mind the every-day buildings erected by an ordinary mason, and destroy those imposing recollections which Bolton's conventual church in its pristine mouldering condition was calculated to excite.

The conversion of the body or principal nave of the abbey into a common parochial house of prayer, has been an error which, it is to be hoped, may not be again committed in regard to other equally important structures of monastic times. As it now appears, Bolton *church* is misplaced in the midst of a scenery the wildest and most romantic that any one can imagine. The sacred edifice should now change places with Kirkstall ruins. How nobly would the dismantled tower and lofty buttresses, and broken cloisters—massive, bold, magnificent—of that striking edifice look, if seated upon the rock on which Bolton Abbey stands! And how much more suitable to its present character would the latter building find the grassy and unobstructed plain, near a large city, on which all that remains of Kirkstall is now to be seen!

To these arguments, advanced with hesitation, against the alleged superiority of Bolton Abbey, my even-minded, yet tenacious stranger, demurred with much force and learned illustration. He contended, not only that the conversion of the ancient abbey into a modern church was proper, and a great improvement in itself, but also that the landscape had much gained by it. Nay, his zeal in the advocacy of such a measure induced him to wish that Fountains Abbey, and Kirkstall, and Rivaulx, and Glastonbury, and all, in fact, those magnificent ruins which form the only architectural glories of England, might be converted into parish churches by *suitable* restorations!—an idea, by the by, which some tight-laced economist in the Lower House lately reproduced

as a great hit, while debating on the question of church extension!

The silver-headed gentleman in black and myself could not quite agree at last; and having by this time drained to the last drop his very modest glass of something comfortable, and lighted his night-taper, he retired after we had bidden each other farewell, reciprocally unconvinced by each other's argument, as is mostly the case between two litigants.

I learned the following morning that this strenuous advocate for modern Bolton church, was no other than the very author of all its improvements and its historiographer—the Rev. Mr. C—, its most worthy, exemplary, and learned rector.

My approach to the scene I have just alluded to was from Ilkley, on the Leeds road, accompanied by a friend in an open carriage. A delightful drive along an excellent road commanding the Wharfedale, had conducted us down to the sweet village of Addingham in the valley; from whence we entered on a succession of the most enchanting landscapes that fancy can paint. On our right, beyond the Wharfe, hills and moors, in advance of each other, presented a rich cultivated surface almost to their very summits. Large masses of dense woods dotted the scene, over which the accidents of light and shade, caused by our own everchanging positions, while travelling over a very uneven ground of hills and dales, threw many and varied tints.

At length, on the top of a very steep hill, which descends immediately to Bolton Bridge, we halted where a broad terrace afforded us an opportune situation for that purpose, and surveyed the most striking panorama that had yet offered itself to our view. A vast green parterre lay at our feet, encompassed by a sweep of the Wharfe, which, in this part, describes a semicircle of nearly three-quarters of a mile. It was bounded by hills gradually rising in succession, covered with verdure, and dotted with villages or country residences. Bolton Bridge is seen to stride the Wharfe, and beyond it a woody

mass forms a group in a hollow, in the midst of which a small portion of the abbey can be distinguished. No region in Germany—so rich in landscape and views—ever presented to me a more exquisite amphitheatre than this.

We pulled up at the Devonshire Arms, a very neat and modern-looking hotel, standing at the junction of three roads, one of which, the nearest to the inn, leads to the abbey and Bolton Park. This house of entertainment is much frequented, and forms the rendezvous of the Harrogate visiters, as well as of those from Ilkley Spa.

Part of an ancient wall that once encircled the domain of the priory and abbey-lands still exists, in which a breach has been made to admit the visiters to view, as if by a surprise, the ruins of the priory and abbey-church. But we proceeded onward for the present, and having fairly penetrated into the park, drove up and down hills innumerable, through a most enchanting sylvan scene, which reminded us of Hackfall, in Uredale, though here every thing is on a larger and far nobler scale.

We advanced in this manner for the space of three miles along the valley, tracing upwards the course of the Wharfe, the well-wooded embankments of which, richly tinted at the time by the early autumnal colours, seem in some parts to reach an elevation of three or four hundred feet. The valley, now narrow and now expanded, presents a variety of beautiful features. Here it is seen suddenly to enlarge, and then the stream spreads itself over a large area of loose boulder-stones. It then contracts again, and the scene becomes at once as tranquil as that of Fountains Abbey; though the vale has a wider range—its embankments are loftier, and crested with barren rocks—and many of the trees are more magnificent, while the river is larger and more imposing.

At length we reached to where the vale has narrowed its dimensions, so that the greensward between its embankments and the margin of the water has disappeared, and nothing

remains but the rocky bed over which the Wharfe is seen coursing.. A little higher, the stream is nearly lost, though its presence is vouched by the incessant roaring heard from some deep abyss. It is the gallant stream that has pierced through a large mass of rock, by a fissure or cleft in it, constituting what has been called the *Strid*, of which ever-credulous tradition relates many fabulous stories.

Forming first a fall, and next a whirlpool,—the Wharfe, as it approaches the *Strid*, impetuously rushes through every rocky obstacle, hurrying to its fate impetuous and undaunted. But the struggle is not over after the first successful effort; for other rocks lower down again deny transit to the waters, and seem to strangle them in their passage. Loud and incessant does the foaming and indignant element murmur over these repeated obstacles and difficulties; but having at length overcome them all, it expands as if to breathe more freely, and is seen to sail along with a smooth surface towards the end of the valley from whence we had been ascending—there to lave the ample amphitheatre in which the abbey is seated.

I have already stated that the latter disappointed us. The prints do not portray the architectural as well as pictorial deformities enacted by the modern hand of man; and the draftsman, generally selecting his own point of view, exhibits only the few parts which deserve the name of ancient remains. In its best days the edifice never could have been either extensive or striking. The style of architecture is of unquestionable mediocrity, and its general mass and bearing disproportionate, and not congenial to the stupendous scene of which it ought to form the most imposing feature. Here and there, by the help of woody groves, as we quietly sauntered through them on our way back from the Strid, we could catch just as much of the abbey as we could group together with effect, by bringing to bear some of its lighter windows aloft,—or portions of the embattlements and but-

tresses, with the crowning arch of the great eastern window now towering over the roof of the modern structure. But a full or general view of this once renowned abbey, as it now appears, with closed side-windows glazed by a Skipton glazier, and roofed by a Cumberland slater, is most fatal to every sort of pictorial effect.

What would one not give for that miraculous faculty, which transported from its original to its present site, the *Santa Casa di Loretto*, that we might rob my Lord Cardigan of the highly picturesque remains of Kirkstall, and here plant them in perfect and harmonious keeping with the magnificent scenery of the valley, instead of its present unmeaning edifice! To have converted the abbey of Bolton into a protestant kirk, has been an error of taste as well as judgment.

It was, whilst following the road from Leeds to Ilkley and Bolton, that we drove by the ruins of Kirkstall, and there halted, leisurely to contemplate those monastic remains, to which the historian of Craven has assigned the second place among those of the north of England,—whether considered as a feature in a landscape, or as a specimen of architecture.

KIRKSTALL is hardly two miles from the extreme north-west point of the town of Leeds, and is a never-failing object of attraction to the passing stranger, who finds every facility afforded him of inspecting both the external ruins and the interior nave and two side-aisles, with their rows of massy clustered columns, having Anglo-Norman capitals to support pointed arches. The latter have been protected since 1806 from depredations and defilement, by gates, kept by a person appointed by the Earl of Cardigan, to whom the remains of the abbey and the ground on which they stand belong.

The lands round the abbey to a considerable extent on the north, east, and west side, are also part of the same manor, which, on the south side, extends to the river Aire. The commonalty of Leeds have not the slightest right whatever round the precincts of the abbey; and even a right of foot-way through the grounds, which existed up to 1832, was stopped in that year. The whole towering mass, therefore, now stands enclosed and insulated,—an imposing feature in the centre of a somewhat flat and tame landscape—preserved from all those ulterior dilapidations which generally result from the indiscriminate admission of the public to such ruins. To render these still more secure, the late earl, in the course of ten years immediately preceding his decease, caused the erection of buttresses and other repairs, as well as improvements, to be executed under his own direction, by which the several disjointed members of this sacred fabric, admirable for its elegant simplicity, now group and harmonize together in a most beautiful manner.

A further report from an able architect of Leeds, Mr. Chantrell, on the state of the ruins, was made a few years ago, but as yet no step has been adopted to carry his recommendations into effect; and perhaps, as a matter of taste, it will be as well that those ruins be left in their present condition.

It would, indeed, be impossible to desire more picturesque

outlines or more striking masses, than these very vestiges of Kirkstall present in all directions to the landscape painter. The ruins are extensive, and more pictorial than those of Studley, and infinitely more so than those of Bolton, from being more broken and shaped into more groups, each of a most fantastic character. Through the wooden railing which closes the interior, a full view is allowed of its nave, the roof of which is gone, though the clustered Norman pillars and arches are intact. The grandeur of desolation is present within :

> "The long ribb'd aisles are burst and shrunk,
> The holy shrine to ruin sunk."
> . . . . . .
> "The sacred tapers' lights are gone,
> Gray moss has clad the altar-stone."

Ancient ash-trees, and the magnificent beech, and limes that reckon some centuries, have grown in the very centre of the sacred compartments—their massive and columnar trunks rising above the ruins, and in the summer spreading their wide branches to canopy them from the sun. In one of those compartments, whose high-placed windows face the river Aire, the inner wall is clad entirely with luxuriant ivy. The walls, like those at Studley, are thick and cased with well cut and smooth sandstone, but filled with substantial rubble to give them strength.

The dilapidation is complete; no part of the ancient holy structure has entirely escaped the ravaging hand of time or man; and the scene would be of the most imposing kind, from the very broken condition of the remains, were it not for the absence of a congenial landscape around them. But the want of effect without, from that circumstance, is amply compensated by that which is excited within, at the sight of the deserted cloisters, the unroofed chapter, and silent tombstones.

" I do love these ancient ruins.
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history.
. . . . . Here in the very court
Which now lies naked to th' injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lie interr'd
Who thought they should have canopied their bones,
Till domesday."

From Kirkstall we pushed on in the direction of Otley, which appeared as it were suddenly before us, upon reaching the crest of a very long and steep hill, emphatically called here " The Shiven."

There, in the vast green map of the Wharfedale, lay the neat, compact town, refreshing to look upon from its clear stone colour, free from the factory atmosphere we had just left. It unrolled more and more to our view as the carriage kept advancing with a downward course to a hundred feet below the crest of the hill, until the town seemed to divide, into a western and eastern portion, the whole fertile vale.

Northwards, the vale is flanked by the lofty ridges which, under the name of *Jack Hill* and the *Blubber-houses*, mark the southern verge of the famed Knaresborough Forest; whilst on its opposite, or south and parallel embankment, the rugged and almost vertical walls of Rumbold moor rise to an elevation of fourteen hundred feet.

The Wharfe, straight and fleet as an arrow, shot through the town under a light stone bridge; then resuming its fantastic twistings, went on its way to Whetherby and Thorp Arch, decorating, as it coursed forward, many a delightful spot, marked by noblemen's and gentlemen's seats—the Ibbotson's and the Fawkes's and Lord Middleton's, both above and below Otley. In the latter direction its waters proceed to lave the garden-walls of Harewood House, and hasten to mingle, further on, with the stream of the Ouse below Whetherby, leaving on the left the high lands on which are

seated Harrogate and Knaresborough. Westwardly, on the contrary, or above Otley, the descending current, rioting in capricious girations, some of which form curious islets, seems to please itself with lingering and lengthening its course amidst the wild scenery of Bolton Park and

## ILKLEY SPA.

The latter it was my immediate object to visit, and towards it we directed our steps, passing through the retired and rural village of Burley. The road, ascending the valley, cuts in and out the inlets of the descending stream, at the foot of the great Rumbold moor, and winds through scenery of exquisite tranquillity, although perfectly romantic.

As we passed Burley the glaring white house of Ilkley Fountain, stuck, as it were, midway on the steep ascent of the Rumboldmoor, betokened our immediate approach to the Spa village; and the view of Denton park on the opposite or north ridge, with Middleton, the seat of the Lord of Ilkley, confirmed that notion.

The effect produced by the sight of that single and insulated building, within which thousands have been known to quaff the pure stream that gives health, and which to a superficial observer seems almost unapproachable, is one of that class which can hardly be expressed in words. As the carriage wound up the road, the humble fabric appeared and disappeared alternately, screened by the tufty and woody scene which spreads from the margin of the river as far as to the foot of the hilly range, and even creeps up its precipitous side to a considerable height. It would be the most attractive object for the moment, were not the attention of the beholder, while scanning the many beauties of this region, called to a mass of rocks, aping the form of a huge horned quadruped, which stands as if perched on the summit of a point or headland of the Rumboldmoor, and before which

a smaller mass, detached like a landslip from its parent rock, rugged and angular, is seen balanced on the edge of a precipice, ready at any moment to roll headlong down the whole declivity of several hundred feet.

How this last colossal boulder-stone was checked in its first and downward career, it is difficult to conjecture: but there it has stood ever since (and Heaven knows since when!) furnishing a subject to the imagination of the good people of the country for likening it to a calf—the parent rock being, of course, the cow. This lofty and almost aerial point—"the cow and the calf"—forms one of the excursions for the boldest of the summer visiters at the Spa of Ilkley.

We halted at the New Inn, a stone building, the last in this primitive and simple village, going towards Skipton. It is superior to two others in the place, both of which, however, had been very full during the season. The New Inn is, for so retired a place as Ilkley, very respectable. There is a large public room in it, and the back looks towards the rich and smiling ascent leading to the moor. In front, the road is a great posting thoroughfare from the West to the East Riding—from Skipton, or even the Lakes, to Leeds and York. As many as thirty dine in this room at a *table d'hôte*, in the summer, when some of the most renowned trout are served up, fresh caught in the Wharfe, such as scarcely any other river in the north is said to rival; game, also, as may be supposed, is plentiful; and during grouse-shooting no moor can offer a richer treat than Rumbold side and topping.

There are lodging-houses in Ilkley village sufficiently comfortable, and some that afford the convenience of boarding at a very moderate charge. Water is of the purest sort. Vegetables are in abundance, and milk is excellent, owing to the green pasturage and water-fields near the river. The air is pure and elastic. The north winds are shut out by the lofty range which, from the margin of the north bank of the

Wharfe, ascend for many hundred feet in the direction of Patley Bridge; while Rumboldmoor guards the village from the south-western gales. The summer is less rainy than in most places in Yorkshire.

The village of Ilkley is purely and intrinsically a rural retreat. It has its church, which, externally as well as interiorly, is not like one of those stone hovels one sees here and there among villages in England,—as far removed from what a house of God should be as possible,—but the contrary. The officiating clergyman exhibits in his person a fair specimen of the salubriousness and exhilarating nature of this favoured region. To such as can make up their minds to be for some time content with going without the luxuries of life, for the sake of the luxuries of health, now or hereafter, Ilkley is just the place for their temporary residence.

But it is not the fashion to dwell more than a fortnight or a month in this region; although it is perfectly, strictly, and imperatively fashionable for people in the north to come to Ilkley, or, at all events, to say that they have been at Ilkley. To ignore Ilkley among the higher grades of *factory* society at Halifax or Bradford, Leeds or Huddersfield, Wakefield or Sheffield, and even in the metropolis of the factory world, Manchester, is to bespeak oneself as yet uninitiated into all the mysteries and extent of fashionable life. Ilkley, unknown south of Yorkshire and Lancashire—a *terra incognita* indeed to the southerons of Middlesex—is the Arcadia, or the Malvern of the northern counties; and I had scarcely put my foot within them, when Ilkley's name was whispered in mine ears, and sundry times repeated every day.

Ilkley fountain, as was before stated, is high upon the side of the Rumboldmoor, consequently distant from the village perhaps three-quarters of a mile; the ascent is by a rough carriage-road, until about halfway; then by a winding foot-

path over the rugged moorside, strewed with large and small boulder-stones.

There is, halfway up the lowermost part of the hill, a range of stone houses, called *Usher's* lodgings, which, with an aspect to the west, are among the best here. They are generally well filled during the season by the superior order of visiters, who, I hear, find the *cuisine* excellent.

The healing waters burst from the rocky mountain-side, in a round and thick stream, at the rate, repeatedly measured by myself, of sixty gallons in a minute; the temperature, 47° F.; was only eight degrees lower than that of the surrounding atmosphere. It is brilliantly limpid and crystal-like; but its taste disappointed me, being, like the water at Malvern, which it resembles in other respects, neither sharp nor very sapid. From two to three pints of it are generally drunk by the visiters, who take long and fatiguing walks, round about the mazes of these hills, between the several doses of the water.

But the principal use of these waters is in bathing, or still more for the application of the *douche* to any diseased parts of the body or limb.

There are two baths, the one for male, the other for female patients. They are both open above, occupying a round area, three feet deep, surrounded by a wall. Over a centre room, placed between the two baths, there is a dressing-room; but all this arrangement is quite in the rough, and the whole building looks very much like one of those stone-built shelters, or houses of recovery one meets on the Alps.

A young girl, about eleven years of age, was being subjected to the *douche*, under the direction of an old primitive dame, who, besides escorting invalids on one of those useful climbing quadrupeds, an ass,—her own property,—serves as a bath-woman also. The application of the *douche* was made directly upon an inveterate sore in one of the young lady's legs,

accompanied with an almost total loss of power of moving that limb. The *douche* had been repeated about a week, and the patient admitted to me that she had already derived great benefit from it. I remained until the operation had been finished, and examined the limb. It looked blue, and felt extremely cold; but she was not sensible of this; on the contrary, the inward feeling throughout the deadened limb was that of a glow—a feeling which would last, she said, about two hours, and then she was able to move the limb better.

I next submitted my own hand and wrist to the whole weight of the precipitous stream, meaning to retain the limb in that position for five minutes—the time generally considered necessary for efficacious results; but the pain, principally at the wrist, became, at the expiration of the first minute, so intensely and peculiarly acute, that I withdrew it from the stream. On a second experiment the time was prolonged to four minutes. The first application imparts the sensation of cold for an instant; it then produces very acute pain for a minute and a half, and at last the sensation approaches that of exposure to ordinary tepid water.

The pulse previously to the *douche*, soon after mounting the steep acclivity, was 108°, and soft; the heat in the palm of the hand 93° F. After the *douche* it beat 63, and took one minute to ascend to 73 beats. The hand and wrist looked red, they became slowly warm, but upon returning home on foot, they tingled, and felt inwardly hot, although the thermometer marked only 90 degrees of heat of the skin.

This spring has been resorted to for upwards of two centuries. Dr. Mossman, the late Mr. Moorhouse, surgeon of Skipton, and Dr. Hunter, of Leeds, principally on the reports of Mr. Spence, surgeon at Ilkley, have treated of Ilkley fountain; Dr. Hunter, however, the same able physician of whom I have had occasion to make favourable mention in speaking of Har-

rogate, is the authority upon whom I principally rely.* In my

* In his essay on Ilkley, Dr. Hunter states that "The shock, on plunging into Ilkley bath, is excessive, and an irresistible impulse to escape from its influence is the first sensation produced. When this is accomplished, and the bather begins to dress, reaction almost immediately takes place, which is soon followed by a pleasant glow and lightness throughout the whole system. The body feels as relieved from a previous load, and unwonted energy and activity are communicated to the muscles of voluntary motion, while the mental sensations equally participate in the general animation. These feelings continue to a greater or less extent during the day, and are terminated by a night of calm and refreshing sleep. If, however, the body be kept still and quiet, some time after leaving the bath a tendency to drowsiness is perceptible: this seems to arise as well from the previous excitement, as from the ease and freedom from irritation which is almost universally experienced. I prefer assigning it to these causes, rather than to any undue determination of blood to the head or thorax, from observing that headach or similar complaints, are rarely experienced by those bathing in this water.

"Though one of the coldest natural baths to be met with, it is used by the most delicate and infirm individuals, a proper degree of reaction seldom failing to occur. This may justly be attributed to the body being so immediately withdrawn from its action, and to the heat being evolved in the same ratio with the previous cold. Indeed as the benefit derived from every species of cold bathing arises chiefly from the shock sustained, and the subsequent reaction; by leaving the bath as soon as possible, the necessary excitement must always be more speedily and certainly established. Consequently, where the water is very cold, there is no temptation for remaining in the bath; persons with great apparent debility are thus enabled to use it with safety; while, if the temperature of the water were several degrees higher, it might induce them to continue in the bath till the powers of excitement were exhausted.

"In its general effects, this water, used as a bath, is highly invigorating; it promotes the different secretions and excretions, and gives a keen edge to the appetite. In this respect, it excels any water with which I am acquainted. But a share of this quickening power must, in justice, be attributed to the bracing qualities of the mountain breeze, which sweeps along the strath in such ethereal purity.

"Few directions are necessary for the use of this bath. It ought not to be used above once in the twenty-four hours, and for very infirm per-

conversations with that gentleman, at Leeds, I found him strongly impressed with the great efficacy of the water as a remedial agent. Its chemical composition is extremely simple, according to the analysis he has given; being a binary compound only of muriate of lime, and muriate of magnesia, as two to one; with something more than twelve cubic inches of carbonic acid gas in a wine-gallon of the water.

The range of diseases which have been found to derive benefit from this water, includes scrofula in the first place, particularly in that form of it which shows itself in a tendency to suppuration of the glands of the neck and under the jaw; chronic inflammation of the eye; atrophy, and mesenteric diseases, either of children or adults. In deficiency of the vital power, in many cutaneous eruptions, in all stiff joints and muscular contractions, either from sprains, or rheumatic and paralytic affections; in chronic weakness of the general system; in irritability of the stomach, and in some female complaints, accompanied by weakness, the cold water at Ilkley has been found beneficial. I learned that the eminent surgeon of Leeds, Mr. Hay, sends patients to this Spa.

Here, then, is a proper field and an opportune appliance for establishing in this county a branch of that system of cold

sons once in two days will be sufficient. As a topical application, twice or thrice daily will answer every good purpose. For those in good health, or who are tolerably strong, the morning, before breakfast, is the most suitable period for immersion. Weak and debilitated habits generally feel languid till they receive breakfast; for such the forenoon is most proper; the natural heat of the day tending to produce reaction, besides rendering their feelings more comfortable on leaving the bath.—Nothing requires to be stated respecting the period of continuance in the water, as no one, whose external feeling is not completely torpid, will remain in it a moment longer than till he can get out. It should, in all cases, be particularly inculcated upon those using the cold bath, not to desist till, by dry-rubbing, exercise, or the use of warm liquids, they have produced a sensation of heat upon the surface; which will seldom or never fail to be induced by a steady perseverence in these measures."

water. cure, or Hydrosudomania, which has of late years become a universal topic of conversation, and a subject of the most marvellous stories in Germany: I allude to the practice of the Silesian peasant, Vincent Priesnitz, who has founded, on the rugged side of the hill of Graefenberg, in Bohemia—a spot nearly resembling this of Ilkley—a new Hygeian temple, wherein all diseases are said to be cured by the internal and external use of cold water, issuing from the recesses of his native mountain.

That spot has now become the rendezvous of hundreds of invalids, who resort thither from all parts of Germany (and the mania is now by means of branches extending further), to be plunged into water at 46°—urged to run up and down the mountain-side till ready to drop—wrapt up immediately after in a coarse woollen envelope or blanket, and made to sweat by the combined effect of heat without, and the ingestion of gallons of the same cold water within. True it is that hundreds of people attest the efficacy of this system, while learned and grave professors have been despatched to the all-health-giving peasant of Silesia, from Vienna, and other universities in order to examine and report on the reality of the proclaimed miracles.

## CHAPTER XXV.

HORLEY GREEN—LOCKWOOD SPA—SLAITHWAITE—ASKERNE —HALIFAX, AND LEEDS.

The Littleborough Railroad—Cheap Conveyance—HORLEY GREEN SPA —Neglected and now restored—Great Improvements—Dr. Alexander, junior—Physical Character of Horley Green Water—Suggestions—Effects of that Chalybeate on Disease—Cases—Great Importance of the Horley Green Spa—HALIFAX—Its principal Buildings—The Country, the Houses, and the People—Desirable Residence—VALE of the Calder good for Invalids in Winter—Minor Yorkshire Spas—ASKERNE—Its various Springs—The strongest sulphuretted Water—Their Analysis and Effect—The Author's Version—LOCKWOOD—Effects of the Water on Cutaneous Diseases—SLAITHWAITE—Rich Alkaline Water—Gratuitous Distribution of it to the Poor—Beneficial Effects —CALVERLEY—The Yorkshire Tragedy—BRADFORD—Horrible atmosphere—LEEDS—The Cemetery—Francis GOODWIN—His Fate—Improvements in Leeds—The Zoological Garden and the Sunday Question —Arguments *pro* and *con*—MINERAL Water at Leeds—Ordinary Water indifferent—The VICAR of Leeds and the Church—A WOOLCLOTH Mill —A Piece of Cloth and a Coat—Wealth—CONCLUSION of the Northern Spas—FAREWELL to Yorkshire.

BY one of those *tours de force* which theatrical scene-shifters, romance-writers, and *tourists* are alone permitted to perform, quitting the rugged side of Rumboldmoor, I am now travelling upon the exceedingly well-regulated railroad which from Manchester is to extend to Leeds, principally under the management of "the friends," who certainly seem to

understand matters of business better than any other class of people; owing, probably, to their deliberate and even-tempered manner of conducting them. As yet the said road goes not beyond Littleborough, a distance of little more than thirteen miles, and it runs unfortunately through an ugly country, the land being of a very inferior description, clayish, and hillocky. The remaining portion of the line, difficult, full of obstacle, and expensive, but penetrating through a country of the most beautiful and picturesque character, through stupendous tunnels and cuttings and along the lovely vale of the Calder,—will, it is expected, be opened for the public service in 1842.

It is remarkable, that since the opening of this first portion of the road, hardly a single accident has occurred on it. Some one of the directors of the company, or a responsible officer, is present at the departure of the train at each station, to keep the several guards in order, who are smart, active-looking fellows, clad in red, and wearing a glazed, round hat, with the name of the railroad in gold letters upon it.

This is the railroad which has proved by experience, that conveying of passengers at a cheap rate yields a higher profit than travellers do by the first-class carriages. Hence the directors have established third-class carriages, precisely for the manufacturing population in the immediate vicinity of the road, which requires cheap conveyance; and they have found that the third pays better than the first class.

Hear this, ye short-sighted mortals of Euston Grove! So dense is the population within three miles on each side of the railway, that there are nearly 1900 inhabitants to the square mile, where as the average population of England is only 250 per square mile. Upwards of 2500 people travel daily over the short distance of thirteen miles by this railroad, in the pursuit of business.

As for my *own* pursuit, in the present instance, it led to a

renowned steel-water Spa at Horley Green, near Halifax, once in high vogue, and much extolled by Dr. Garnett, who in his time published a work on the subject. Never doubting but that I should find the mineral spring in question, which all the personal information I could obtain respecting it, and the most recent of the topographical descriptions of the country, induced me to believe was still in existence, I directed my steps first to the thriving city of Halifax, in hopes of there ascertaining the fact, with the friendly aid of Doctor Alexander, junior (author of a treatise on the various modes of bathing), formerly of Scarborough, and now a distinguished practitioner in Halifax, to the infirmary of which place he is one of the physicians.

At Littleborough, a coach received the passengers whom the railway had brought thither, and who intended to proceed farther to the north. Crossing that elevated and bleak region called Blackstone Edge, which reminded me of the desolate heaths of Lammermoor; we soon perceived a most favourable change in the aspect of the country upon entering Yorkshire, and were not long in discovering, a little way beyond Sowerby Bridge, the "Clothier's City," lying in a smiling valley, between two elevated ridges, the North and South Owram. On the extended line of the former, the "Beacon Hill" stands boldly out, and by its direction screens Halifax with its lofty parapets from the easterly winds.

I waited not a moment after my arrival at Halifax, before I set out for

## HORLEY GREEN SPA,

accompanied by Doctor Alexander, in whose house I had been most hospitably received; but alas! no Spa of any sort was there. The worthy doctor well recollected the spot on which the spring had been, and knew also, that of late years, owing to certain changes in the land property, the spring had been much neglected; but he was not prepared

for its total obliteration from the visible surface—as we ascertained to be the case, upon close inquiries from a guide whom we engaged near the spot, as well as upon our own inspection of the site.

There lay before us, in a corner of a field, the vestiges of what seemed to have been a Spa-house, and a sort of dispersed streamlet appeared to meander along the surface; but the mingling of other streams from the upper fields, made it impossible to distinguish the mineral from the ordinary water. Of this entire dilapidation, even Doctor Alexander, living within two or three miles of the spot, seemed not to be aware.

The loss of a spring, known of old to possess powerful properties, was much to be deprecated in a place like Halifax, and its surrounding populous district; inasmuch as no class of people require more, or derive greater benefit from, mineral and strengthening waters, than the labourers closely and daily confined for hours together, in the heavy atmosphere of a manufactory, a coalpit, or a foundry. It was therefore agreed between us, that every step should be taken for the recovery of the lost spring—that water when so recovered, should be submitted to Mr. West for chemical analysis, and that certain measures which I pointed out to ensure the success of the operation, should be adopted.

I could answer for the zeal and activity of my excellent brother practitioner,—and he, in his turn, was quite certain that the proprietor of the spring, Mr. Drake, of Nidd Rock, near Ripley, upon a proper representation being made to him on the subject, would co-operate in recovering the mineral water, and placing it by suitable measures, in the same flourishing condition in which it formerly stood, according to Dr. Garnett's published "Account of Horley Green Spa."

In these expectations I was not disappointed. The Spa is restored—the water is now again collected for use—and the analysis by Mr. West confirms, in the fullest manner, the

notion of its great power and peculiarities as a chalybeate—first vaunted by Dr. Garnett. For all this the inhabitants of Halifax, and all those who will not fail to reap benefit from the restored Spa, are indebted to Dr. Alexander, and to the liberality of Mr. Drake, the latter of whom, from the first moment of my visit down to the period of the rediscovery of the mineral water, and its analysis by West, has gone hand-in-hand with that physician in endeavouring to obtain the results which have since rewarded their united efforts.

The Horley Green mineral water springs from the east side of a hill at the distance of a quarter of a mile from Horley Green, and is about a mile and a quarter north-east of Halifax. The soil around consists chiefly of clay-plates, shale and pyrites, the latter of which are so plentiful, that some works for obtaining green vitriol were erected in the neighbourhood some years since. Coal-mines exist also in abundance; and a rivulet which runs below the locality of the spring, derives its name of Redbeck from the ochry deposit in its bed and sides.

The temperature of the water at present is about 49 degrees, and its specific gravity, according to Dr. Garnett, was 1.0031, at the temperature of 60 degrees Far. On the 27th of May, 1840, a bottle of the fresh water was submitted for my examination. It had been perfectly colourless and transparent when first drawn from the well; and it continued so after its arrival in London for some days, at the expiration of which it began to throw down a light yellowish deposit, which, in the course of a little more time, assumed a greenish tinge. The taste of the water was then less intensely styptic than when drunk immediately at the spring. That taste is astringent and gently sub-acid; but the latter character quickly disappears, whereas that of astringency lingers a longer time on the palate.

The water in Dr. Garnett's time was not long in acquiring a prodigious celebrity, and to the many cases in his own practice successfully cured by it, were soon added several

others from Dr. Percival, the eminent physician, of Manchester, and the late Dr. W. Alexander, a relative of my friend. Its reputation continued until the absurdities of the Brunonian system on the one hand, and the purely chemico-yatraleptic theories on the other, so absorbed and engaged the attention of the medical world, that mineral waters fell almost at once into general disuse. We are now endowed with a little more of good sense in our professional endeavours to cure disease; nor can we any longer scorn the apparently simple, yet efficacious means offered to us by nature for that purpose.

A suitable building, the design of which I have seen, is now erecting for the protection of the spring, the south wing of which will embrace the well, and the rest of the house be appropriated to the purposes of the Spa. As the supply of water is abundant, and its impregnation with green vitriol, or sulphate of iron, far exceeds that of all other chalybeates now resorted to as such (being of not less than seventy-four and a half grains of the crystallized salt in the gallon), I trust that bath-rooms will be erected for private and public bathing. There should be two bath-rooms for the former purpose, for either sex; and a plunging cold-bath of proper dimensions for the latter object. Three or four dips during the summer-months, in a water of this description, at its natural temperature of 49 degrees, will be found to constitute one of the most powerful means (guided by discretion and skill) which a medical man can resort to for restoring impaired vitality—for bracing relaxed muscles and weak joints—and for strengthening the frame generally of people who are enfeebled by hard labour, or over-exertion of any kind. The recent analysis by Mr. West, I have inserted in the general table.

During my visit I had an opportunity of learning from the mouth of some of those who had derived benefit from the Spa in former days, its effects in verminous disorders, in complaints of the stomach and weak state of the intestines, as well as in irregularities of the female constitution.

With regard to its internal use, the great strength of the

Horley Green water as a chalybeate, at once indicates the classes of disorders for which it will be found useful in practice. Dr. Alexander himself is already engaged in making judicious and well-directed observations on its effects on the constitution of certain patients, and if his experience (for which his opportunities as a medical officer to a public infirmary are considerable) should confirm but the half of the virtues ascribed to the Horley Green Spa water, since its original discovery about sixty years ago, a little time before Dr. Garnett published his account in 1789 (as I little doubt will be the case), Dr. Alexander and I will have reason to rejoice that my mission of the summer of 1839 led to the investigation, and ultimately to the successful restoration of the Spa.

By a recent letter from that physician I learn that he has already employed the Horley Green water in a case of green sickness (*chlorosis*) with marked benefit, and in another of amenorrhœa with equal advantage. Dr. Alexander very justly thinks that this water will prove to be the best form of ferruginous medicines we possess—infinitely superior to the carbonated chalybeates; and I may add that it contains that form of the salt of iron which a justly-celebrated practitioner at a very fashionable Spa, to be hereafter described, is very fond of administering, where he does not prescribe instead his own magnetic oxide of iron.

We may now, therefore, confidently add to the list of the most important Spas in the northern group, this *unique* one near Halifax, whose inhabitants I feel convinced will reap great benefit from re-establishment.

Were I not warned by the increasing bulk of the present volume, and the prospect of what is yet remaining of materials for a second, I should have rejoiced in the opportunity of entering into some interesting details respecting the improving city of Halifax, and its delightful position in one of the most romantic districts, as well as neighbourhoods, in Yorkshire. I should have wished, in particular, to have

dwelt on its old church in the spirit of an antiquarian; or upon that striking and imposing quadrangle called the *Piece* Hall, or clothiers' exchange, the inner court of which surpasses in area and effect, from its surrounding porticoes and colonnades, any thing of the sort I have seen in Yorkshire. I should also have liked to have said a word on the museum of the Philosophical Society, and the musical hall, a spacious apartment, ninety feet long, divided into three compartments capable of being thrown into one, which serves for public meetings or assemblies; and probably I might have alluded, by way of contrast to that terrible gibbet-law which led, in this town, to the invention of a more expeditious instrument of death, improperly ascribed by the Scots to the Earl of Morton, under the name of *Maiden*, and which was afterwards adopted by Guillotin in France. Nor should I have forgotten to commend in due terms the order and neatness which I noticed in the interior of the Public Infirmary.

All these things it would have been more satisfactory for me to have described—my materials for that purpose being ample, and the novelty of many of the objects warranting their introduction in this place. But the reason I have already assigned precludes the possibility of such digressions, however interesting.

Of the beauty of the country around Halifax—which is principally bold and imposing in its character—I ought also in justice to descant. For position, Halifax is by far the most favoured of the manufacturing towns in Yorkshire. Its neighbourhood is enchanting, with a dash of the romantic in it. I myself beheld, with the same interest which one feels on hearing some exquisite old ballad sung by a minstrel, the Robinhood pillars, or palace, carved out of the solid rock on the face of an almost perpendicular hill, in the vicinity of Horley Green Spa.

The Elizabethan Hall, not a great way from it, called Scout Hall, and the curious embowered dell in which is the

GENERAL VIEW OF HALIFAX.

entrance into a coalpit drained by means of one of the most primitive and simplest forms of trail pumps imaginable; also Robinhood Well, with its waters charged with carbonate of lime, and some traces of magnesia, well adapted to cure acidity of the stomach; and, lastly, High Sunderland and Shibden Hall—each of these engaged my especial attention; but I should despair of conveying to my readers the feelings which those places excited, or the varied and interesting views to be enjoyed from them.

The appearance of Halifax, seen from the top of a hill called "the New Bank," in North Owram, is probably one of the most striking, and is the one selected as an illustration to the present chapter, because it embraces part of the road leading to the newly-recovered Spa—a road which in future years, will become much frequented during the Spa season. I am indebted for the original sketch to my kind hostess, the lady of my medical friend and correspondent.

The aspect of the houses, owing to the uniform drab tint peculiar to the freestone of the country, with which they are built, and even roofed, is pleasing and refreshing to the eye; and in this respect, as well as in many others, Halifax is far preferable to Leeds or Manchester, with their heavy and fiery brick buildings. Being, moreover, interspersed with groups of trees and small gardens, which display much taste; and also surrounded by the villas and private residences of many of the most wealthy citizens, the general tone of the place is calculated to create at once a most favourable impression on the beholder.

Altogether, I was much pleased with Halifax and its environs, its situation, its scenery, and, above all, its pure air (notwithstanding the presence of so many manufactories), and the visible effects of that most necessary element of life on the health and appearance of the inhabitants.

I speak this in my professional character; for, as it is more than probable that a mineral water so peculiar in its compo-

sition, and so powerful as that of Horley Green, and one the like of which is not to be found certainly in two-thirds of the extent of this kingdom, will be resorted to for the cure of diseases that can only be benefited by such an agent,—it is important that I should state my opinion of a town in which invalids will have to reside during their course of mineral water, before suitable houses are erected nearer to the spring, on some of the beautiful and picturesque sides of the hills by which the Spa is surrounded: a consummation much to be desired, and which may yet be accomplished.

To render a sojourn at Halifax very agreeable, there are other and various means besides those already alluded to, exclusively belonging to nature; and among the latter, by the by, I ought not to forget to mention the many interesting geological excursions for which the immediate neighbourhood of the town furnishes sufficient motives.

During a short visit that I had the honour of paying to the Archdeacon of Craven, vicar of Halifax, I learned from that reverend person, who is himself versed in science, and is the bosom friend of two of the great scientific luminaries of Cambridge, that the country around was rich in geological accidents and facts.

The career of this eminent and exemplary divine, like that of his still more fortunate brother—one of the present prelates of the English church—is full of interest and encouragement to such as, being lowly placed by fortune upon entering the world, know how to raise themselves to the highest dignities, by talent and the exercise of every virtue. The archdeacon, besides being himself a distinguished dignitary of the church, enjoys the patronage of eight chapelries in Halifax parish, one of the largest in England, containing not fewer than 150,000 inhabitants.

Society affords, perhaps, fewer resources in Halifax, than one would be led to expect; considering the large number

of opulent families resident in or about the place. There is not much intercourse among the various sections of the community; and although six great public balls are given in the very handsome Musical Hall already alluded to, few families of distinction are known to attend them, as there is found among them a spirit of etiquette, and a disinclination to mix, which are not at all favourable to that species of assemblies.

Society at Halifax would seem to be divided into two classes—those who give dinners, and those who only receive company in the evening. Among the latter, there is often a very objectionable *mélange*, while to the former belong the select and the exclusive few. To the houses of one or two of these I was introduced by my friendly conductor; and when one has beheld the situation, internal aspect, and pleasure-grounds of such a residence as the *Shay*, inhabited by one of the wealthier merchants of Halifax,—or seen the house of another of the primates of the place, Mr. Waterhouse, situated on a green knoll, of the same highly-cultivated ridge that overlooks the ravine, the Calder, and the canal,—it is impossible not to conclude that Halifax contains within itself the elements of comfort, luxury, and all the conveniences of an easy life.

This is no mean consideration for an invalid of consequence, who may be advised by his physicians to come hither in order to try the Horley Green Spa water;—nor is it less important that invalids in general should know, that in the beautiful and highly-cultivated valley, watered by the Calder and called the Elland basin, they will find a milder climate for the winter than in any other part of Yorkshire—with many very neat and nice houses, felicitously placed on the same acclivity, down which slopes Ellbank park and wood.

It is through this delightful region that the projected railway line of communication between Manchester and Leeds will pass, in the direction of the axis of the valley—marking

its progress through many of the sweetest villages in these parts.

I have yet to describe other Spas in Yorkshire, which I visited after leaving Horley Green. The number of mineral springs in that county is very considerable; and to attempt to give an account of the whole of them would be a bootless task. In my own case, besides those already described, I also visited and examined three or four others, on which I shall make only a few passing remarks.

I allude first to LOCKWOOD SPA, situated at about a mile west of the flourishing town of Huddersfield, to which I proceeded in company with Dr. Alexander; next to SLAITHWAITE, some miles further in a south-western direction; and thirdly to ASKERNE, not many miles north of the cleanest of all the towns in Yorkshire, Doncaster.

But these Spas I cannot undertake to bring before my readers in any other than a superficial manner. Far more interesting ones claim our attention in other and distant parts of England; and after all, the three mineral springs just enumerated so nearly resemble each other in their most prominent chemical characters, that when one of them has been described, little could be said of the other two which would not be considered a repetition.

From this observation, I ought perhaps to except the last of the three mentioned Spas, namely,

## ASKERNE;

where the water, strongly impregnated with sulphur,* surges

* So strongly does this water emit its sulphuretted effluvia, that Dr. Edward Chorley, of old a physician at Doncaster, perpetrated upon it the following epigram:

"The devil when passing by Askeron
Was asked what he thought thereon;
Quoth Satan—'Judging from the stink,
I can't be far from home, I think.'"

from an extensive bog or quagmire, covered over with a short sward, near the margin of a small lake or pond. This water has the very objectionable taste of a *vegetable* sulphuretted water, instead of that of the sulphuretted water which, as in the case of Gilsland Spa for example, springs from a shaly rock, limpid and colourless, and is, unlike the Askerne water, free from all decomposed vegetable fibres.

A species of Tuffa is found near the surface, which sufficiently denotes the sort of soil from whence the sulphur water oozes. It consists of a congeries of the reedy stems of gramineous grasses, incrusted with depositions of carbonate of lime, and nothing else.

Askerne, moreover, lies in a flat and unpromising locality, and so little success does it seem to meet with, that the Park Hotel, the principal inn of the place, at the time of my visit, which was at the termination of the season of 1839, was compelled to close its doors for want of a superior class of customers.

I tasted of all the waters in the place (for there are several), down to the one most recently discovered, two hundred yards to the south of Coes' South Parade Bath, in a green field,—which seems to be a water not only the most strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen of any in England, but one which is disgusting to look at, as well as to drink, from its greenish tint.

I cannot say that I was favourably impressed with what I either tasted or saw at this Spa; and the blunder again here committed, of transmitting a strong sulphuretted water through leaden pipes, convinced me that no scientific person presides over the establishment. I found that all the water-bibbers here are compelled to have recourse to the addition of Epsom salts to the water, if they wish it to act as an aperient.

When, on my return from it to Doncaster, I conversed with the very intelligent physician of that place, Dr. Scholfield,

on the subject of the employment of the Askerne water in disease, he candidly admitted that he knew little from personal experience of its virtues—that both the water and the place were objected to by invalids, yet that in some cases of obstinate cutaneous disorders it had proved decidedly beneficial.

There is a neat Spa-house at Askerne, which is much frequented by the poor, and a bath-house for the better classes of visiters, called the Old Manor-house Baths, placed upon the border of the lake, which plays a conspicuous part in the landscape. The writer of a fanciful and poetical account of Askerne, which I have seen, takes the trouble of discussing the point, whether this place had been known to the Romans as a bathing-station, and is candid enough to admit, though with great sorrow, that the evidence is not strong in favour of such a supposition. He need not have been at such pains to argue the question, for the Romans have invariably shown too much discrimination, and the most accurate tact, in selecting and fixing upon natural spots and springs for medicinal purposes. The nation who colonized Aix-la-Chapelle, established baths at Baden, and who settled near the *Aquæ Solis* of Bath, would never have planted their tents on the margin of a quagmire, covered though it be with green herbage, and inundated by sulphurous water, the result of vegetable decomposition. The Romans would not have established baths on the Pontine marshes.

Dr. Edwin Lankester, of Campsall, near Askerne, however, is about to publish a little work on that Spa, which will be an improvement upon the only work now extant on that water, by Brewerton, a member of the Society of Friends residing at Bawtry, where he died about nine years ago; and as he has also employed the chemical aid of Mr. West, of Leeds, to analyze afresh the water, I regret the less my want of space for the notes I had taken on the spot, on the same subject.

With respect to

LOCKWOOD,

it is a Spa, situated on the left bank of the Holm, which winds its way under a precipitous rock forming the opposite bank, and is an old sulphur-well, utilized recently by a company of subscribers, who have erected a neat cursaal and suitable bath-rooms, with a tepid plunging-bath besides. The water is derived from a well, a couple of yards below the surface, which is kept constantly covered—a vent-pipe alone being plunged into it through the ground for its ventilation. The water is plentifully supplied to the public, at the rate of four gallons for one penny, and used by the inhabitants in the neighbouring town of Huddersfield for making tea, to which it is said to impart an excellent flavour. In my general table I have inserted the most recent analysis of this mineral water, which belongs to the class of slightly sulphuretted alkaline springs.

It is gratifying to me to find that local experience of the efficacy of such a water as this, though mild in its composition, has induced people to confide in its use for the cure of many disorders, particularly those of the skin, which ordinary medicines fail to remove. This is an additional demonstration of the goodness of my cause, who contend that nature has not spread mineral waters so profusely throughout the globe without a salutary intention, did we but interrogate her properly on the subject, and avail ourselves, with skill and discrimination, of the boon she tenders.

Even a blunder, committed in pure ignorance, in one of the bath-rooms at Lockwood, serves to exhibit the power of this water on disease. A sorely-afflicted plumber and glazier of Huddersfield, having exhausted his purse and his patience under the care of successive medical men, for the removal of a cutaneous disorder of the most troublesome as well as disgusting description, had recourse to the Lockwood Spa water, and was cured. In thankful gratitude, the honest

tradesman, finding the bath-room, which had so often received him, in a very indifferent state of repair, offered to put it in good order free of any charge to the company, and, accordingly, not only repaired it, but also embellished it. But, alas! in so doing, he painted his own bath with lead-colour—which must alter the nature of the gas peculiar to the water and change the character of the latter—thereby depriving himself of any benefit he might require from it hereafter.

## SLAITHWAITE

is a somewhat analogous water, which is distributed and used in an establishment like that at Lockwood, except that the baths are rather too small. The water rises in the bed of the river Colne, and is now confined within a well or reservoir of solid masonry, from which an *iron* pipe (a blunder again) conveys it to the baths, comprised within an elegant building above which is a large news-room. As in the case of Lockwood, the mineral water is derived from the shaly limestone beneath the lofty moorland which crests the Blackstone Edge with reference to Slaithwaite, as it does the Farnley Tyas heath with regard to Lockwood.

It will be seen, by inspecting my analytical table, that the Slaithwaite water is richer in alkaline salts than any of the waters in the north, hitherto described. The proportion, also, of the carburetted hydrogen is very considerable, and this gas is emitted in so pure a state from the water, that it may be readily collected and burnt. Here, as at Lockwood, the dense population of manufacturers, and other mechanics, furnish the larger part of the visiters who frequent the Spa—the efficacy of which has been attested to me by more than one invalid who had recovered his health through its means.

The truth of this fact, and the need of so powerful an aid in freeing the poorer classes of their community from trouble-

some and disabling disorders, have so convinced the wealthier inhabitants of the advantage to be derived from the gratuitous distribution of the mineral water to the afflicted poor, that a subscription charity for that purpose has been established at the Spa. This is as it ought to be, and the propagation of this information ought to stimulate others to follow the benevolent example at other watering-places.

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An advertisement in one of the Leeds newspapers, one day, excited my curiosity to visit a mineral spring, said to have been discovered two years previous, at a place otherwise famous, called CALVERLEY, and supposed to resemble the powerful steel water at Sandrock, in the Isle of Wight. To Calverley, therefore, I felt it my duty to proceed on leaving Bradford, where I bade a friendly farewell to Dr. Alexander, after having changed vehicles. Nor was I sorry to flee from that terrific atmosphere which, at the very moment of traversing the infernal region of Wibsey Lowmoor iron-works in order to reach Bradford, so began to tickle my trachea and constrict the air-passages in my lungs, that I felt as much suffocated as if a bundle of lighted matches had been held under my nose.

Alas! for those who must dwell in such a pelagus of sulphureous effluvia. And yet, on looking around me, among the dense population that paraded up and down the narrow, black, fuliginous, and gloomy streets, many of them ascending with almost perpendicular acclivity, I could detect no evil result on "the human face divine," from such an atmosphere. On the contrary, the fair sex appeared well-grown and very showy—the children good-looking and healthy.

The condition of Bradford is dreadful. Lowmoor iron-forges most extensively spread their suffocating exhalations on the one side, and at a very short distance from the town on the road to Halifax or Huddersfield. On the other side, Bowling Iron *Hell* (for it is one truly) casts a still denser atmosphere and sulphurous stench, much nearer,—indeed, close

at home,—for it is but a short way out of the town on the right of the road to Leeds. At eve the view of these volcanic regions is awful: and Vesuvius in a dark night, up-pouring its first preliminary fitful flames which illumine the area around it, not unaptly may be said to resemble those which rise unceasingly in this place, showing more distinctly the thick covering of black and dense smoke that overspreads the hills on which the forges are erected.

Add to these two awful neighbours—these fields of never-failing combustion—three or four collieries at work within a span of the town, and its own hundred pyramidal or obelisk-like chimneys, which bespeak as many factories—and then for a moment imagine what atmosphere must that be, within which devoted Bradford is enveloped!

Bradford is in every way inferior to Halifax in the disposition of its houses, in buildings, in locality, and in comforts as a permanent residence. It is wanting, too, in water-courses for the conveyance of merchandise or the assistance of the manufactures. At night the town presents a mass almost theatrical to behold. Whichever way the eye turns, whether on the lofty hills that surround the town, or on the crest of ascending streets; large square buildings, whose black and massive outlines stamp themselves on the gray arch of heaven behind, appear like the palaces of Saladin, glittering with the magic and blazing light of gas through their hundreds of square casements.

I was glad to learn from good authority, that the depravity said to reign paramount among the miserable beings who work at their hard and unwholesome task in this part of Yorkshire, and of which so dismal a picture has been drawn by Dr. Wade, existed only in his heated and demagogic imagination. Of the generally favourable state of their health also, Dr. Outhwaite, of Bradford, assured me. I regretted not to have seen more of this highly-respectable physician.

## CALVERLEY

can only be reached by a deviation from the high-road leading to Leeds. The cross-road follows the crest of a hill immediately above the Aire, into the beautiful and fruitful vale of which it peers from a considerable height, commanding the view of many interesting objects—Kirkstall ruins amongst them. This digression of about a mile and a half amply repays the trouble. How few travellers think of these by-road excursions; or ever dream that, whilst following the beaten track, they may miss the most charming scenery or the loveliest prospect!

Calverley spring is in an open field, a little below the village. It was discovered in boring for a mine in a coalpit, through the aluminous shale strata. The water is a supersulphate of alumine and iron, and resembles that of the Sandrock, as was before stated. By dint of paragraphs in the public journals, thousands of people were made to flock to the spot, there to drink the water, on paying a small charge for each person.

It is in the colliery of Mr. Suttlefe that the spring surges, but the stream is contested by many; at present it is fast losing its fashion. At the vicarage of Calverley, where I was hospitably received, I had the water brought to me, and with it a statement of an analysis of its contents made in London, bearing the approving signatures of Drs. Prout and A. T. Thomson. That analysis differs materially from the one given in "White's History of the West Riding;"* but deeming it accurate only from the circumstance of the two respected physicians just mentioned having affixed their

* The difference is so great, that whereas the one represents carbonate of iron to be one of the ingredients in the water, the other states that it is sulphate of iron instead. The total sum of the ingredients also varies in each. In the one, a gallon of water is said to contain thirty-seven and a half grains; in the other, forty-five of solid contents. Neither analyzer takes notice of the gaseous principles.

names to it, and not from any belief I have in the skill of the analyzer, I have inserted it in my analytical table.

Farmer Thornton, who brought me the water, collected in one of his fields, into which it finds its way out of the colliery, where the spring was originally tapped at a depth of thirty yards from the surface, assured me that the supply would be plentiful if properly attended to. It now trickles down from his field into a small rivulet or *beck*, and thence goes into the Aire, where it is lost. No use is at present made of it. Its taste is subacid—*âpre*, like a very unripe crabapple—it puckers up the inside membrane of the mouth —it is quite transparent, and has a slight golden tint.

On finding myself in Calverley, "All's one, or One of the Foure Plaies in one, called a Yorkshire tragedy,"—generally placed among the minor dramatic poems of Shakspeare,—came strongly to my mind. The tradition of that dreadful deed is yet vivid in the village, and the rooms, still stained with the blood of the victims, in which the unnatural and foul act was perpetrated, are frequently pointed out to travellers, and supposed to be still haunted by the reckless spirit of the criminal.

On the site of the largest part of Calverley Hall, however, a number of cottages have been erected; and of the tragical scene of action, nought now remains but the ill-fated chamber in which a furibond and jealous husband, and a gamester, plunged into the heart of his lady and babe the murderous knife, still reeking with the blood of his eldest son! That murderer was the last seignorial master of the ancient hall of Calverley; and the castle of York never enclosed, in the course of its long existence, a greater culprit than the principal actor in the dreadful scene called the Yorkshire tragedy, who forfeited his life within that fortress on the 5th of August, 1604, to the violated laws of nature and man.

Leaving a spot so desecrated, and which, in spite of the

strong chalybeate spring lately discovered, will never rise to the rank of a fashionable watering-place,—I hastened to the capital of the manufacturing districts of the county, where it was my intention to terminate the first part of my tour and visits to the Northern Spas of England.

## LEEDS,

on a rainy day, as it was my fate to encounter, presents an aspect of filth through its streets perfectly appalling to a pedestrian, even though he may have had the benefit of experience in the purlieus of the great city. In this respect Leeds is infinitely worse than Manchester.

On such days we must not venture down the numberless narrow and intricate passages and lanes that, right and left of Briggate, the main artery of the town, spread in zigzag direction, forming perfect labyrinths; for there the maze is beyond conception. In this respect, however, Leeds offers only a repetition of what may be observed elsewhere in England. The *water lanes* of Sunderland, the *chairs* at Newcastle, the *cellars* at Manchester, the *yards* at Preston, the *courts* and *alleys* of St. Giles's and Seven Dials, or the *alentours* of Whitechapel, are only facsimiles of each other, for unspeakable filth and foul air; and they are not worse than Leeds in those respects; "Swine-gate" and the "Isle of Cinders" to wit.

The great difference that strikes one on a first view, between the two vast emporiums of wool and cotton, in both of which red brick buildings constitute the most conspicuous masses, seems to be this: that whereas at Leeds, factories and tall chimneys are interspersed with private houses; at Manchester, private houses are interspersed with tall chimneys and factories. In Leeds, hardly a single acre is to be found, a thousand yards square, which looks like an ordinary paved

city, with streets flanked by good houses, uninterrupted by bits of rough ground, by deserted mills, and dilapidated dwellings. Except in the heart of the town, empty spaces and waste portions of ground seem to be the order of the day. On some of these, a sort of short coarse grass seems to grow, amidst every species of rubbish; and the sheep which are allowed to wander about and feed upon it, look very much like so many ambulatory *popes-heads*, that have just been used to cleanse the foul flues of the factories.

Of the modern buildings that mostly attract attention, besides the lofty Ionic colonnade of the commercial rooms, erected by Clarke, the cemetery is perhaps the most showy, though, as usual, it looks finer in print than in reality. Such as it is, however, the general aspect of that region of death, which, with marked toleration is opened to the departed of every denomination of religious worship without distinction, is solemn and imposing, as far as it has been completed. Its small Ionic temple, with a portico of four columns, is of good proportions. It seems to rest upon, and occupies the centre of, a semicircular and elongated terrace, the lofty wall of which presents a number of divisional gates, leading to a corresponding number of catacombs.

Externally, the entrance into the cemetery is grand, and borrowed from the Egyptian architecture; while within, and on each side of it, a handsome house, after the Italian style, has

been erected for the residence of the officiating minister and his assistant; but so contrived that, in approaching the dominion of death from the town, those dwellings of the living do not obtrude on the sight to break the solemn impression of the place—being concealed behind the ponderous piers of the Egyptian gateway.

As a medical man, setting aside the feelings of philanthropy to which, in common with my fellow men, I may lay claim, I rejoiced during my recent extended tour through England, to behold at last the pernicious custom of burying the dead amidst the living, giving way to the enlightened practice of almost every civilized nation, of collecting the mortal spoils of departed citizens without the walls of the city, in an appropriate Necropolis. The impetus once given to the latter practice, it has steadily been gaining ground with the inhabitants of the principal cities in this country.

Of the very many benefits that must accrue to society from such a change, it is not the least gratifying or valuable that the establishment of cemeteries has given fresh impetus to architectural imagination and skill, as well as to sculptural talent; both of which have thus a new field open for their operations, as in the case, for instance, of this cemetery of Leeds, of those at Liverpool and Newcastle, and the many others recently established, including those of the metropolis.

Unquestionably the merit of first having started the idea of erecting a grand Necropolis for the capital belongs to the late Francis Goodwin, architect, whose splendid project for an establishment of this description, which should contain facsimiles of nearly all the most renowned temples of Athens and Rome, eclipsed every thing that had before or has since been projected or executed.

Poor Goodwin! I knew him well. With a sanguine temperament, a highly sensitive complexion of mind, coupled to great imagination and unrivalled skill in the art of design, he came with his project some years too soon, and overshot the

intellect and comprehension of the public. All his efforts proved unavailing; his labour was cast away; and his time, unremittingly devoted to the making and maturing of his plans, greatly to the injury of his other professional interests, was wholly lost. The public responded not to his appeals; and after many unsuccessful efforts to bring his vast conceptions into operation, he died at last, disappointed, mortified, and broken-hearted!

Alas! it is too often so with genius. Its fate is to point out to others the path of glorious originality and undreamt-of improvements, to be itself disregarded, scouted even, nay, persecuted; while, on the other hand, mere sciolists and aping imitators coming after, reap the whole benefit of the magnificent projects and inventions. Thus it has been with regard to the public cemeteries that have of late years started into existence in many parts of this country. They are but puny imitations of the magnificent project of poor Goodwin; and, like every thing else in the fine arts in England, they tend to show that if the country does produce men of transcendent genius, the nation is neither capable nor willing to embrace to the fullest extent, and in all the magnitude that appertains to them, their brilliant and splendid conceptions.

Woodhouse Moor, a clayish and swampy plain, by the side of the cemetery, is not unaptly the parade of the belles of Leeds, who come hither to witness cricket-matches, and be present at reviews. It is right that the bustle and riot of gay life should be rifest in the vicinity of the region of the tombs, within which all worldly concerns and pleasures must at last be buried.

This moor is the highest part of Leeds. Having a north-west horizon, of a pleasing character, and the lovely village of Headingly in sight, people are tempted hither in fine weather; and some even plant their residence on the spot, erecting new ranges of dwelling-houses, as in the case of the so-called Hanover and Lyddon squares.

A new and wide road of approach leading thence into the town is now in progress. It passes by many a waste piece of ground, on which the wealthy clothiers are hastening to build their villas, away from the dreadful atmosphere of their mills. In their eagerness to testify how gladly they make the change, they bestow the inspiriting and refreshing denominations of *Springfield*-place and *Mount Pleasant* on their new abodes.

But even favourable situations like these are but a half-and-half region, in the estimation of people *à plus grande prétention* in Leeds, who push further their own extension from the smoke of the town, and get upon Headingly's smiling banks, on which insulated suburban villas, graced with the names of the opulent Marshals, the Stanfields, the Gotts, and other families, are made to start into existence, facing the merry dale of the Aire, and constructed of freestone —that spurns the vulgar stare and blushing ornaments of brickwork.

In the vicinity of this favoured part of the town, a huge wall caught my attention, which I found on inquiry to surround the Zoological Gardens. The locality, and the internal arrangement of these pleasure-grounds, so far as it could be carried into effect, are praiseworthy. But at the present moment things are at a standstill, and the subscribers have withheld their further countenance from the establishment, in consequence of a resolution which has closed the gardens entirely on Sundays.

It is not easy to imagine a more injudicious or impolitic resolution on the part of those who wish well to such institutions, than that of closing them on the only day on which the industrious classes of citizens can and ought to have some proper and useful recreation, after the hours consecrated to divine worship. If it be admitted that exercise in the open air is necessary to maintain people in health, and that the contemplation of nature's varied and infinite beauties

contributes to that object also, as well as to instruct and ennoble the human mind; if it be not denied that general and useful knowledge is best obtained through the eyes, and that to render any point of information easy of acquisition, it is better to familiarize people with its peculiar objects, by repeated inspection;—then the excluding of those whom we wish so to benefit, inform, and instruct, from an establishment best calculated to produce all these effects, on the only day on which their weekly occupations will permit them to attend it, is, to say the least, to act in direct violation of principles admitted to be sound and philosophical.

The exclusion, therefore, is injudicious; but it is also impolitic. It is so, on the score of economy; it is so, on the score of morality. Unquestionably, if the only day on which the friends of the actual supporters of an institution like a Zoological Garden, or the supporters themselves, can attend it, be declared a *dies non*, and the establishment be shut against them, the latter will withdraw themselves from it, and cease to subscribe—as they have done at Leeds. A large portion of the funds will thus "cease and determine," and the operations, perhaps the very existence of the institution, will be placed in jeopardy.

Certain it is, that were such a measure to be adopted by the Zoological Society of London—judging from the names upon their present prodigious list of members—nearly four-fifths of them would cease to be such, by withholding their subscription. Why should they not, indeed? In subscribing, their object was to enjoy the appliances of the institution. To those they can only have access on the day of rest from labour or occupation, and on that day the doors are closed against them! Is it wonderful—nay, is it not natural—that they should then withdraw altogether from the concern?

And if they do not withdraw, yet are denied on a particular day an attendance upon the grounds, which is unaccompanied by tumult, profanation, or uproariousness, but

which, on the contrary, tends to keep the people congregated together, orderly, well-behaved, and observant of all the proprieties of life—is not then a most capital chance thrown away, of promoting and encouraging the exercise of certain moral virtues on the part of that portion of the community which most of all requires them?

If it be pretended that the admission of a large number of people within the enclosure of a garden on a Sunday, is a desecration of the Lord's day, then the same rule should be applied to every other public garden, and to the parks also, all of which ought in such strictness to be closed on the sabbath. It can be no more an infraction of that holy day to walk in one garden than in another; and if in the one there are many objects of interest to excite curiosity, collected from the most important kingdoms of nature, while in the other nothing but a vain and indecorous staring at each other takes place,—the reason for closing the latter is infinitely more valid than any which can be urged for closing the other; for in that, at all events, the wonderful works of the Deity, and the endless varieties of animal creation, can be duly contemplated.

In fact, if a preacher were every now and then to take up his argument for redeeming evil-minded persons, and such as are idle in the worshipping of God, out of their ignorance of his miraculous works—he might, with surpassing effect, select his examples from among the wonders of the animal creation, and send his congregation, after the discourse, to a Zoological Garden, where such a one exists, for the best illustrations of his subject.

The plea that certain persons, in their capacity of servants to the establishment, must, if that establishment be kept open on a Sunday, be prevented from attending a place of worship on that day, ought to have little weight, inasmuch as it must ever depend on their own spontaneous

good will whether, even if the gardens be closed during the hours of divine worship, they will attend those holy places. But besides, such a plea would apply to so many analogous cases, that it would be obviously impossible to act in accordance to it. Why—in the very house of God, on the sabbath-day, a certain number of male and female attendants are constantly occupied, during divine service, with their individual duties, which are perfectly inconsistent with the true exercise of devotion.

In Leeds, in particular, a prohibition to the middle and industrious classes from attending the Zoological Garden would have the worst effect, as the people are fond of viewing and examining any number of objects capable of conveying information to them; a fact which I had a very satisfactory opportunity of ascertaining when I attended the gallery and saloon of the Leeds public exhibition, where many a thousand objects of art, skilfully displayed, seemed to be a never-ceasing source of interest to all the visiters present.

Leeds is not without its mineral spring. An alkaline and very slightly sulphuretted water peculiar to the town, and indeed hawked about the streets every day, or supplied to families regularly, is one which has enjoyed considerable reputation for many centuries, I may say. The supply is abundant, and drawn from a suburb of Leeds, on the south side of the Aire, at a village bearing the name of Holbeck; hence called *Holbeck water*. It is not only drunk medicinally, but used also for domestic purposes, especially for making tea, the flavour of which it is supposed to enhance considerably.

In the supply of ordinary water Leeds has always been deficient, and is so still. It used to be drawn from the river high up in the stream; but the multiplication of dyers and manufacturers on the banks so soiled the water that the Leeds people, like men of sense, are just about completing

an arrangement for drawing water from springs and other sources in the country, and ten thousand pounds had been subscribed towards it.

Two other important objects engaged my attention at Leeds; the state of the church, and the woolcloth factory.

The parish church of St. Peter, now in course of being rebuilt on its ancient site, but on a more splendid scale, after the designs of Mr. Chantrell, the very able architect of Leeds, which will be, in appearance, grandeur, and internal service, almost a cathedral, first attracted my notice as I returned from the York railway station, and drove past it.

The eminent divine who for some years has been vicar of this densely-populated town, has exerted the great influence of his name, his pulpit eloquence, and his character with all those of his own communion among the inhabitants, in hopes of giving to Leeds a parish church worthy of its rank as the principal emporium of, perhaps, the most important species of manufacture in England. In this object the pious zeal of Dr. Hook is likely to be amply satisfied, and in a short time hence it will not again be observed of Leeds parish, that while the dissenters possess not fewer than thirty-two places of worship in the town, among which some are of an imposing size; and the Roman Catholics have two chapels, besides the lately erected and very splendid structure, called "St. Ann's Catholic Church," which comes nigh to the cathedral form and character,—the members of the church of England could not boast of a sacred edifice equal in magnitude and design to the catholic temple, and were satisfied with the old cruciform structure of St. Peter's, and its square embattled tower of Norman origin, as their first and principal place of worship. Henceforth, modern St. Peter's will command admiration for its imposing mass and richness of design, even though there be among the seven or eight other subordinate protestant churches or

perpetual curacies in Leeds, one or two that are very favourable specimens of architecture.

A visit to a woolcloth factory, or mill, is one of the most interesting occupations for a stranger in Leeds. I devoted some hours to it under the friendly guidance of one of the partners in an eminent and extensive firm; and though every operation I witnessed, from the sorting of the raw material to the folding of and preparing for market a superfine piece of cloth, was shown and explained, according to the clear, methodical and successive order in which it takes place,—I confess I was bewildered at the sight of so much complicated machinery, extensive contrivances, ingenious devices, and improvements in mechanics, which appeared necessary to produce an apparently simple result.

Three long months does the completion of a single piece of the finest woollen cloth require—as much time nearly as it takes to wear it out, if converted by some modern Stultz into coats. An idea may thus be formed of the extent and variety of labour which such a manufacture involves, and of the number of hands it demands; and yet one of these pieces of the finest sort, with a beautiful gloss upon it, although died in the wool, will be sent out from the factory at fifteen shillings per yard, to the general merchant or wholesale dealer, who is himself satisfied with the profit of one shilling a yard upon his purchase-money when he re-sells it to the retailer.

It would seem to be the latter trafficker, therefore, who benefits most, and for whose advantages all this immense machinery, population, capital, and ingenuity, are principally put in motion; it is for him who retails to the public at twenty-two or twenty-four shillings a yard, a handsome cloth which cost him but sixteen, thus making a profit of from forty to fifty per cent. And this without risking any capital himself; often taking long credit from the wholesale mer-

chant; and not unfrequently paying nothing, by becoming a bankrupt. Such an arrangement, though inherently unjust, is one which must be submitted to by the manufacturer if he means to get a market for the goods he produces.

After all, however, the Leeds clothiers are men of wealth, as the Marshalls and the Gotts may testify; one of whom, among the latter, hesitated not in sinking a capital of 40,000*l.* within the last few years, for the erection of a triple parallel range of gigantic cloth-mills! I recollect sitting at dinner one day by the side of one of these opulent men of the broad cloth, and inquiring of him how his brother was, whom I had not seen for a year or two—"Oh," was his answer, "he has retired from business, and been occupied in looking out for an estate of 200,000*l.* to purchase." The said brother had, to my knowledge, been engaged in his factory very little more than thirty years before, principally during the late war!

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The time had at length arrived for leaving the Northern Spas, and the magnificent country which has supplied me with the principal subjects of the present volume.

I quitted Yorkshire with regret. In the whole range of my travels in England, I have not seen a county which, take it all in all, can be compared to this. Yorkshire is a kingdom of itself, with all the resources of one, and with capabilities inexhaustible. For extent of area, it surpasses every other county, and is nearly equal to the aggregate area of the two largest counties in England, Lincolnshire and Devon. In population, it is not only superior to Lancashire and the metropolitan county, which are the next most densely inhabited provinces, but it nearly equals that of some of the kingdoms of Europe, such as Würtemberg, Saxony, or the Hanseatic towns; while it surpasses that of the sovereign duchies of Baden and Tuscany. As an agricultural county,

its importance may be deduced from the number of its inhabitants engaged in the cultivation of the land, which, according to the census of 1831, amounted to 85,660, or to one person in every sixteen of the whole population. A number of people in Yorkshire, very little short of this, namely, 76,060, busy themselves in manufactures of every description; while not fewer than 13,211 persons are engaged in professional pursuits, or in banking, or in the cultivation of science and the *belles lettres*,—showing that in Yorkshire, at all events, knowledge and talent are consistent with opulence.

Nature has showered its choicest gifts on this fortunate portion of the British dominions. Yorkshire possesses every thing desirable, except an Italian sky or a Lisbon climate. Level lands that yield food for men, and pasture for animals in abundance, with very little trouble, cover a large extent of the whole area, and in some places exhibit the richest cultivation, equal at times to that of the choicest garden. Scattered in the middle plains, one sees dense forests dotting the great map of the country; whilst on the mountain-tops, or within the caverns of Alpine ranges, or beneath the gentle and rounded undulations that rise from the plain, most plentiful supplies are found of building and ornamental stone, of metalliferous substances, and of that most important of all combustibles, coal.

In rivers, what other county is superior? In canal navigation, what other part of England is better provided? Of highways and byways, where do we find any better? Its valleys are rich, smiling, and extensive; they teem either with modern towns and villages, or with the remains of ancient cities and stations. In scenery of the most romantic character, few other counties can vie with it. Of interesting ruins of bygone monastic splendour, no single county besides can reckon so many; neither can any competitor be found for equality in the number and grandeur of its seignorial residences. As to its race of men, whether for personal

appearance, stature, or hardiness, are they not looked upon as some of the finest in the kingdom?

Nor let us forget to add to all these blessings vouchsafed by Providence to the county of York, the not contemptible one of being provided with many mineral springs as sources of health, which it has been the main object of the present volume to make known to the public, in a more detailed and ample form than has hitherto been done. In the pursuit of that object, the author has not only become well acquainted with the fair region he has just summarily described, but with many most excellent, exemplary, and learned men also—the recollection of which, and of whom will ever prove to him a source of happiness and gratification.

END OF VOL. I.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE STRAND.

FIRST PART OF A

CHEMICO-PNEUMATIC AND THERMOMETRICAL

# TABLE

OF

# THIRTY-SIX MINERAL SPRINGS,

## VISITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPAS OF ENGLAND."

EXHIBITING AT ONE VIEW THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF THE WATERS, THEIR DIFFERENT DEGREES OF HEAT, AND QUANTITY OF FREE GASEOUS PRINCIPLES.

N.B. The Springs are arranged in the order in which the Author visited them, for the sake of convenience in referring to the text.

| No. on Section | Thermometer Temp. F. | NAMES OF THE SPRINGS. | Ounces, or Grains, and Thousandth Parts of a Grain, of the ingredients contained in a Gallon of Water. Solid Matter with: Soda M. | Soda S. | Soda C. | Lime with: M. | Lime S. | Lime C. | Magnesia with: M. | Magnesia S. | Magnesia C. | Alumine with: Phos. | Alumine with: Phos. | Silica. Phos. | Oil of Amb. Phos. | Oil of Amb. Water &c. | Iodine. | Bromine. | Sulph. Hydr. Gases in Cubic Inches. | Carbonic Acid Gas in Cubic Inches. | Azote or Gas in Cubic Inches. | Free Carbonic Gas in Cubic Inches. | Authority for the Analysis. | Date. | REMARKS. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 77½ | HARROGATE. OLD WELL | 104,47 | | Bi.c. 8,5 | 13,07 | 1, | 1,5 | 1,5 | | 9,1 | | | | | | | | | | | | Sir Ch. Scudamore. Dr. Hunter. | 1830 1831 | These analyses differ from each other in many essential points in their solid saline ingredients, and two should seem to be incorrect in figures. |
| 2 | 60 | MONTPELLIER SALINE CHALYBEATE. | 91,5 | 8,48 | | 11,05 | | | 4,5 | | | | | | 0,37 | | | | | 9,63 | 1,0 | 2,2 | West or Lewis. | 1840 | The Cheltenham saline chalybeate at Harrogate, analysed by Dr. Garrod, contains scarcely double the quantity of iron, an ingredient of little, and by him this is chlorine. |
| 3 | 58 | WALKER'S SALINE. | 74,05 | | 4,68 | 5,07 | | | 1,07 | | | | | | | | | | | | 2,0 | 0,75 | Dr. Hodge. | 1838 | is worthy very close further analysis. |
| 4 | 54 | OLD CHALYBEATE. | | | | | | 0,09 | | | | | | | 0,21 | | | | | | 1,0 | 0,42 | Dr. Hunter. | 1838 | chalybeates are simpler than this. |
| 5 | 53½ | KNARESBOROUGH. | 10,72 | 97 | | 2,0 | | 1,37 | 2,52 | | 0,67 | | | | | | | | 1,0 | | 0,50 | 1,0 | Dr. Murray. | 1837 | Dr. Murray's analysis differs from this, and moreover shows both sulphuret and carbonate of soda. |
| 6 | 52 | ALDFIELD. | 17,2 | | | | | 3,36 | 0,6 | 0,76 | 0,4 | | | | | | | | 0,68 | | 0,3 | 0,75 | Will. Charnock. | 1838 | This analysis is open, a doubtful authority, and the sulphur gas. [illegible] Iron Springs. |
| 7 | 49 | THORPE-ARCH. | 7,6,01 | | | 1,31 | | | 1,09 | | | | | | 0,09 | | 0,03 | | | | | 0,75 | 1,38 | Dr. Hodge. | 1838 | The sulph. hydr. gas, ascertained by Dr. Wither was not found out by Dr. Hunter, or by Mr. Watt, of London, in 1840. |
| 8 | 51 | SCARBOROUGH. { NORTH. SOUTH. | 3,52 3,09 | | | | 12,05 12,17 | 4,37 4,19 | | 12,55 12,12 | | | | | | | 0,37 0,39 | | | | | 0,75 0,54 | (1) | E. Phillips. | 1839 | The accidentation of carbonic acid with the lime as a bicarb., and the sulphuret with the iron, the latter of which is in a state of peroxidation, may in further estimate here. |
| 9 | 51½ 52 | ESTHWAITE. { OLD SPA. NEW WELL. | | | | 2,29 2,4 | 2,3 2,0 | 2,53 2,0 | | 2,09 2,4 | | | | | | | 0,34 | | | 0,31 0,73 | | 0,43 0,49 | 1,79 1,95 | F. Wallis. | 1839 | There was some loss in both series of experiments, and an uncertain quantity of peroxide. |
| 10 | 51 | DINSDALE. | 1,75 | | | 1,13 | 12,51 | 1,0 | 0,09 | | | | | | | | | | | 9,50 | | 9,8 | 1,13 | F. Wallis. | 1839 | [illegible] matter and quantity per cent. |
| 11 | 50½ | GUISBOROUGH. | | | 1,91 | 0,12 | 0,18 | | | | 0,13 | 0,25 | | 0,80 | | 0,31 | | | | 0,27 | | | 0,23 | C. Chapman. | 1838 | |
| 12 | 50 | SUTTERBY. | 7,00 | | | 0,84 | 14,07 | 1,09 | 9,38 | | | | | | | | | | | 1,84 | | 0,27 | 1,00 | Dr. Clanny. | 1838 | ur two wells at Ramsby have not been analysed. |
| 13 | 48 | SHOTLEY BRIDGE. | 25,18 | 3 | 1,40 | 4,48 | | | 0,69 | | | | | 0,40 | | [illegible] 0,75 | | 0,07 | | 0,93 | 1,40 | 1,24 | Wait, or Lewis. | 1838 | ost found traces of iodine and potash in this water. |
| 14 | 51 | GILSLAND SPA. | 0,16 | | 0,34 | | | 0,23 | | | | | | 0,24 | | | | | 0,10 | | | 0,24 | Dr. Clanny. | 1838 | |
| 15 | 49 | SHAP-WELLS. | 0,10 | 0,16 | 0,71 | 0,32 | | 0,2 | | | | | | 0,10 | Traces | | | | Traces | | | 0,3 | Lambert & Dr. Fyfe. | 1838 | the analyses is correct, but it is not unreasonably assess like an [illegible] by [illegible]. Four grains of magnesian muriate was found in a gal. |
| 16 | 49 | CROSSHILL. | 1,75 | 0,70 | 1,05 | 0,35 | | | | | Traces | | | | 0,21 | | | | 0,79 | 0,41 | 0,41 | 0,63 | Wait. | 1838 | |
| 17 | 51 | HORSLEY GREEN SPA. | | | | 0,66 | 1,21 | | | 0,63 | | 0,13 | | 0,11 | Traces [illegible] 0,32 | | | | | | 0,81 | 0,43 | Wait. | 1838 | The proportions in the analysis required the ingredients to be in [illegible] of sulphuret iron. |
| 18 | 51 | LOCKWOOD SPA. | 1,24 | | | 0,42 | 0,39 | 0,11 | | 0,14 | | | | | | | | | 0,34 | 0,41 | 0,24 | 0,09 | Wait. | 1838 | |
| 19 | 50 | SLAITHWAITE. | 0,21 | | 1,10 | 0,35 | | | 0,08 | | | | | | | | | | 0,27 | 0,05 | 0,21 | 0,15 | Wait's, Henry & Tomkins | 1838 | |
| 20 | 51 | CALVERLEY SPRING. | 0,12 | 1,00 | | | 0,21 | | | | | Sulph. 1,24 | | | Sulph. 0,31 | | | | | | | | Ryan, a second [illegible] Lewis, [illegible] Dr. Thomson and Mrs. Powell and Thompson. | 1838 | ses nearly by a discrepancy observed in London, and in more [illegible] Department. |
| 21 | 50 | ASKERNE. | | | 2,74 | 0,41 | 10,55 | 1,37 | | 1,04 | | | | | | | | | 1,09 | | 1,00 | 0,67 | Watt. | 1838 | This spa contains differs from the rest one. It now melt, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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